

PHOTOPLAY

OLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

DECEMBER



MYRNA LOY
By Paul Hesse

...inning **ANOTHER THIN MAN**—Read the **MYRNA LOY-BILL POWELL** ...

"I'M FOR RENT!" — Astounding Adventures of a Hollywood ...

A LOVE WORTH FIGHTING FOR—The Romantic Truth about **VIVIEN LEIGH**

PP 6/40 R 266357 P
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
FILM LIBRARY
11 WEST 53RD ST
NEW YORK CITY

Better start gargling with Listerine, Lady!



WHEN you've got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it's a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection . . . throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full

strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it's a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up. Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users . . . fewer sore throats, too.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—

germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!



The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

**FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT
USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Christmas Shopping

FOR YOU AND THE STARS

BY FRANCES HUGHES, NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR

1. SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!

Quick like a flash! Constance Spry's sentimental cabbage rose whisked to the lady of your heart by F.T.D. (Florists' Telegraph Delivery), in a Cellophane basket tied with glittering golden ribbon. Around \$3.00.

2. REACHING FOR THE STARS

"Adastra" does it! A heavenly perfume. Caron's Christmas present to America. Judge its splendor by the golden sphere and the stopper that looks like a blazing sun surrounded by celestial rays. Price still unknown—but whatever it is, "Adastra" will be worth it!

3. FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS

A baby basque evening sweater, designed by Shepherd, with multi-colored sequins-circles twinkling brightly on the bosom. Note the sentimental heart-neck and the family-album puffed sleeves. Wear it with a velvet day-length skirt for tea or cocktails, and a whirling dervish of an evening skirt in faille or taffeta. Around \$6.00.

4. SONJA HENIE'S SKATES

Don't ask any questions! It's enough, isn't it, that Sonja Henie, Hollywood's skating queen, approves these streamlined, chromium-plated skates, and anchors them to high-lacing white buck shoes. This is the way to say "Merry Christmas" to your favorite outdoor-girl for just \$8.50.

5. MUSIC ON THE MARCH

You sling your Majestic radio over your shoulder and you're off, carrying in the palm of your hand the news of the world . . . music . . . Uncle Don! 100 hours of entertainment on batteries that cost only \$2.25 to replace—the whole contraption complete, in colored leathette, for \$14.95. How many, please?

6. SONJA HENIE'S LITTLE RED HOOD

That Sonja Henie! Not only does she skate rings around the world, but she can even take a simple red wool Parka-hood and make it into a fashion masterpiece that everyone is clamoring for, for winter sports. In fireman red Australian zephyr with deep white fringe. Around \$2.00.

To your fashion editors, it's been Christmas since August! We've spent months snooping in the shops and haunting the little secret places where Christmas ideas are born. We've cheered out loud over some and turned thumbs down on others. And now that the chaff is fully separated from the wheat, we're passing these Christmas treasures on to You and the Stars. You'll find approximate prices on everything here, but for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you want, please write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Pity the poor mail man and *do it now!* And a Merry Christmas to you all!

7. CHRISTMAS ANGEL

The trappings of a saint, but underneath it all—a siren, hiding a bottle of Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom Cologne under her glistening cellophane skirts. A breath of spring in darkest midwinter—for just \$2.50.

8. BORROWED FROM BABY-BIBS!

Giant, jeweled bibs to do over simple black frocks into glittering masterpieces, or to make evening décolletages something to write home about! Do it with Silson's shiny, iridescent Christmas balls . . . big ones . . . little ones . . . strung like beads on glittering golden cords. They look a fortune, weigh a feather and are every bit as light in price—\$5.00!

9. STARTING THE DAY RIGHT

This morning miracle begins with a 2-slice electric Toastmaster and ends with buttered toast and jam in a jiffy! Nothing up your sleeve, either. Just what you see on the polished walnut tray—the Toastmaster, a pottery bowl for jam, another bowl for butter or marmalade—and it's all yours—or your favorite housewife's—for just \$8.50!

10. A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING—EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

Volupté's Christmas "Sophisticase"—with a nook for this, and a niche for that—cigarettes, extension comb, "Hussy" or "Lady" lipstick, powderwell, cigarette compartment, tiny purse, big mirror and a jeweler's top of gold etched with prancing Arabian stallions. Priceless elegance for \$15.00.

11. DOUBLE DEBUT

Parker presents, for lady-literateurs, a new streamlined "vacumatic" pen and matching pencil, the "Parker Debutantes." Take it out of the plastic gift box, and there's a tiny leather "penvelope" for toting them around in safety. The pen alone, \$8.75; the set, \$12.75.

12. HANDS UP!

And believe us—hands nurtured on the polishes and lotions, and groomed with the implements in this "20th Century" Revlon manicure kit can well come up and out into the open—for Christmas or at any other time of year! The Facile-fastened checked tweed case does double duty as a sporting handbag when the manicuring-innards are out! \$5.00.

(For More Christmas Presents See pages 82-83)

IT'S A
BLESSED EVENT



HEY! WAIT
FOR BABY!



Popular Bill Powell, Merry Myrna Loy
re-united, and everybody's happy!



WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY

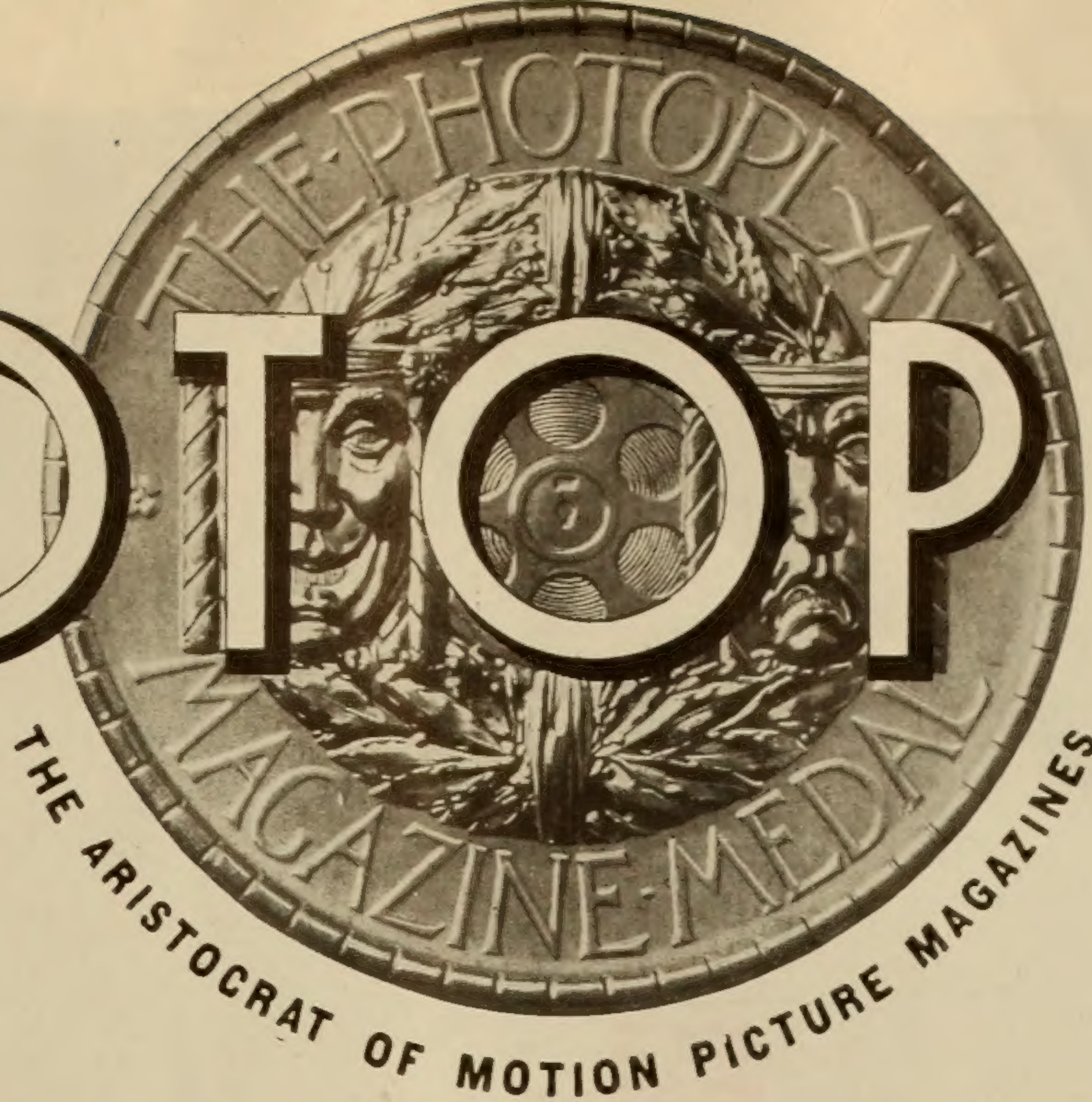
IN
* *Another
Thin Man*



Good news, America! Nick and Nora
are back in their newest, merriest,
most amazing adventure—with Asta,
and a brand-new member of the
family! Wait 'til you meet him! It's
the BEST from Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man!

with
VIRGINIA GREY • TOM NEAL
RUTH HUSSEY • C. AUBREY SMITH
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Myrna Loy, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------|----|
| The Queen's Office Hours | John Erskine | 17 |
| <i>An imaginary historic episode, inspired by Bette Davis and Errol Flynn</i> | | |
| A Love Worth Fighting For | Ruth Waterbury | 18 |
| <i>The romantic truth about Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier</i> | | |
| Another Thin Man | Fictionized by Lyon Mearson | 20 |
| <i>Beginning: The new Loy-Powell hit in gaily exciting novelette form</i> | | |
| I Watched Charles Boyer Go Away to War | Wilbur Morse, Jr. | 23 |
| <i>An eyewitness brings a poignant story from France</i> | | |
| Play Truth and Consequences with Madeleine Carroll | Katharine Hartley | 24 |
| <i>The best fun of the month—and the most enlightening</i> | | |
| Miracle Men at Work—to Make You Lovelier | Adele Whitely Fletcher | 26 |
| <i>An Open Sesame to the world of charm</i> | | |
| "I'm For Rent!" | | 28 |
| <i>Adventures of a Hollywood escort girl</i> | | |
| Funny Face | Ida Zeitlin | 31 |
| <i>A pawn of fate—that's Eddie Albert</i> | | |
| Portrait in Scotch Plaid with Shamrocks | Joseph Henry Steele | 32 |
| <i>A "black and white" of a Hollywood bachelor—Richard Greene</i> | | |
| A House to Live In | Dorothy Ducas | 40 |
| <i>Rosemary and Priscilla Lane make a dream come true</i> | | |
| Photoplay Fashions | Gwenn Walters | 49 |
| <i>A gala parade of holiday modes for every occasion</i> | | |
| Tenth Avenue Girl | Adela Rogers St. Johns | 68 |
| <i>The rags-to-riches novel Alice Faye actually lived</i> | | |
| The Camera Speaks:— | | |
| Come to My Party! | | 34 |
| <i>An invitation from the Darryl Zanucks to the year's best barn dance</i> | | |
| Their Favorite Photographs: Chosen by Hollywood's Favorite Photographers | | 36 |
| <i>Prize pictures—and the great "unknowns" who made them</i> | | |
| Whose Little Boy Are You? | | 44 |
| <i>A match-'em-up game that teams parent and son</i> | | |
| Typhoon | | 46 |
| <i>A new partner, the same sarong—Dot Lamour and Bob Preston</i> | | |

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

| | | |
|---|------------------|----|
| Christmas Shopping for You and the Stars | | 1 |
| Boos and Bouquets | | 4 |
| Brief Reviews of Current Pictures | | 6 |
| How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood? | | 9 |
| PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop | Carolyn Van Wyck | 10 |
| Close Ups and Long Shots | Ruth Waterbury | 13 |
| Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood | | 59 |
| The Shadow Stage | | 62 |
| We Cover the Studios | Jack Wade | 64 |
| Ribbon Round-Up | Frances Hughes | 67 |
| Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue | | 92 |

New Notes

THREE new notes on the cinema scale:

First, a new actress—and an important one—born in "Intermezzo." Ingrid Bergman has in common with Greer Garson the quality of making every woman feel that this could be she, and every man feel that this could be the woman he loves.

Gregory Ratoff, the director, knew he was dealing with humans, not with movie characters, and that is why *Anita Hoffman* is a great portrait of a woman in hopeless love and why Ingrid Bergman becomes what Hepburn might have been and what Garbo was in silent days.

Second, a crackling good musical, "Babes in Arms," launches a new legend (I prophesy) that will take its place beside the Chaplin legend. I find fun in the *Hardys*, but much of Andy has embarrassed and annoyed me, heresy though it is to admit this. But the Mickey Rooney in "Babes In Arms" is definitely a Chaplinesque adolescent, fully sympathetic, frequently touching. His imitations of Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore and Eddie Leonard are first rate comedy, but minor achievements compared to the uproariously funny scenes with the erstwhile baby movie star for whose preposterous dinner he dresses in clothes far too large and smokes a cigar far too fast.

Third, and most important, I think, is the appearance on the American screen of Hollywood's greatest, most uncompromising, and humanly patriotic document. Frank Capra has allowed himself hokum where he has needed it, but where the essential theme of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is concerned—a sincere and honest young man fighting a "lost cause" against political chicanery—Capra has allowed himself no compromise except the legitimately theatrical happy ending.

I like to think that James Stewart as *Jefferson Smith* may inspire some as yet unawakened Abe Lincoln to a responsibility most of us are much too busy to bother with.

Ernest V. Heyn

VOL. LIII., No. 12, DECEMBER, 1939

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States, \$3.00 in U. S. Possessions and Territories, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. \$2.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries \$5.00. Remittances should be made by check, or postal, or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the post-office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual.

Printed in the United States of America

"Every month in my diary has three new days"



Dear Diary: What a difference Midol has made in my life! Not so long ago I was only a "possibility" on party lists; now I'm the "girl who never says no"! What fun—not worrying about regular pain, never breaking dates, really having three gloriously active new days in every month! How I do it is a secret among us, Diary—you, Midol and me!

IF YOU haven't tried Midol to relieve functional pain of menstruation—to release you for active living during the several dreaded days of your month—you may be passing-up comfort which more than a million enlightened women enjoy.

It is common medical knowledge that much of this pain not only is needless, but can be relieved. And Midol proves it. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol usually brings relief. It is made for this special purpose—to ease the unnecessary functional pain of the natural menstrual process, and to lessen discomfort.

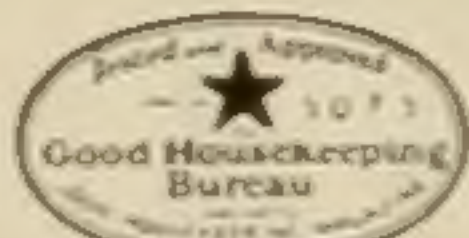
Give Midol the chance to redeem your lost days for carefree living. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you through even your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.

MIDOL



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU



Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the interesting chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"Untamed" puts a parka on the long hair—and boots on the pretty legs—of Patricia Morison. But glamour can't be hidden

BOOS AND Bouquets

AGREEING—TO DISAGREE

CONGRATULATIONS to Dorothea Staffan of Augusta, Georgia, for her suggested schedule for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in the October issue. I would like to see each of these and many more pictures made by this immortal team.

However, I don't agree that, separated, they are not so good. Seems that "San Francisco" did right well at the box office. Certainly, "Let Freedom Ring" is Nelson's best picture to date. If anyone could sit through it just once and not leave the theater feeling humble and proud of this, our nation's freedom of worship, speech and press, there isn't an atom of patriotism in his nature.

I say, reverently, God grant that such freedom as we know may soon reign throughout the nations of the earth.

C. M. AGNEW,
Greenville, S. C.

OH, BABY!

I'VE got it bad. The love bug, or Cupid, or some dratted critter, gave me a double dose and I've gone under for the third time. There is positively no hope for recovery, but, dad-blame it, who cares? This is a wonderful feeling! Well, here's how it happened. I'm a normal Texas lug who stays in his own back corral and bothers no one. Then, one afternoon, just as I'm leaving the office where I do my grazing, the Editor calls me over and gives me a verbal pat-on-the-back for some extra-fancy news wrangling (I'm not at all bad!), and darned if I don't step out onto the main drag feeling like the prize horse at a stock show. I mosey into the corner drug for a pint 'r so of ice cream and then, just to top the evening and to make it a real celebration, I decide to take in a show. I step up to the theater, check my gun, plunk down my spondulix and pick myself a choice seat. Then—pow, it happens. I'm in the middle of nowhere, with stars in my eyes and a pounding around the ticker. Like a bolt from the blue, I've been roped, hog-tied and hobbled, and I know I'm a branded maverick. Gawsh, I, who never pitched woo or snuggled to anything in a theater other than a sack of popcorn, was plain gaga. Yep, she's a blonde, and just a little chit of a thing, too, but then I've always heard that dynamite comes in small packages. Wotta smile, wotta personality! I think her monicker is Henville, but she's "Sandy" to me. Sandy, the new oomph-oomph girl. I'm gonna write 'er a mash note, too, soon as she's old enough to read it.

ATRELLE ESTES,
Baird, Tex.

VIVE LA FRANCIS!

THE Kay Francis banner still waves on high and, in the recent turn of events, Miss Francis has more fully established her position in motion pictures. Her performance in the RKO picture, "In Name Only," left nothing for Carole Lombard in the way of credit for acting or personal appearance. Indeed, Miss Lombard, since she appeared with Kay

Francis, has been greatly criticized by the press and public for her lack of chic in dress and make-up, and for her insufficient grasp of her role as the other woman.

This case of a star taking a secondary role in a picture proves that sooner or later the work of a capable individual will speak for itself. Alone, Carole Lombard has held her own in many a picture, but, given every advantage in star privileges, she was a poor second to Kay Francis. She is not to be blamed, either, because it was not her fault. It is just that the producers should never have exposed her to comparison with Miss Francis, who is an experienced actress with an innate sense of good showmanship.

DOROTHY BROOKS HOLCOMBE,
Shorewood, Wis.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED—?

THIS is neither a "boo" nor a "bouquet," at least to a star. It is directed at one Jack Wade—the "We Cover the Studios" Wade. He states in the September issue of Photoplay that a certain scene in a Leslie Howard picture was retaken several times because the director, Gregory Ratoff, insisted the puppy smiled. He concluded with: "Ratoff is either nutty or a genius, we don't dare guess which."

Now, if this worthy gentleman (Mr. Wade) does not believe a dog can smile, he is very much mistaken. It is true they do not all smile, but I have a great Dane who smiles very sweetly, in a coy sort of way. Not with her mouth open, which some folks are wont to refer to as a smile on a dog; her mouth pulls back at the corners and about four wrinkles appear at each side. The smile is usually used to get around me or some member of the family, but is a smile, nevertheless.

MABEL STAIGLE,
Rapid City, S. Dak.

JUSTICE FOR JOEL

SHAME, Hollywood, shame! Are you crazy, or do you "just don't care"? Good heavens! You take the star of "Union Pacific"—Joel McCrea—and slam him right into "They Shall Have Music"! I'm sure the picture could have gotten along without him. Why, after such a stirring bit of close-lipped acting in "Union Pacific," Joel McCrea could have played *anything* and gotten away with it. Then you turn around and cast him in a picture starring So-and-So—also Joel McCrea. We want Westerns! Good ol' horse opries! We want more of the real McCrea from "Wells Fargo" and "Union Pacific"!

EUNICE MCCOY,
Warrington, Fla.

DEAR JACK HALEY:

NEVER thought I'd be writing a fan letter to *you*, of all people. You've always been just another comedian. Oh, your bright eyes were rather cute, but who'd ever remember you? Or go to a picture because your name was on the marquee?

And then I saw you in "The Wizard of Oz." I sat there as popeyed as you were when you first beheld the mighty Wizard. Could this appealing *Tin Woodman*, searching so wistfully for a heart, really be Jack Haley? Heart or no heart, his tin countenance clearly registered real emotion: the openmouthed fear that made his tin knees clank together, the overpowering desire for a heart, his affection for *Dorothy*. Then, when he had found his heart, only to feel it break when *Dorothy* was leaving, our hearts broke with his for a moment. When an actor's breaking heart causes a temporary fracture in

our own, then we call that actor great.

So, Jack Haley, I salute you—a new dramatic star. If M-G-M doesn't star you in some serious roles worthy of all the pathos you brought to the *Tin Woodman*, then you'd better find a boss who will. Because you certainly have what it takes!

A new Haley fan,

ALICE OMAN,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

CONFESSION

I JUST got through reading "Boos and Bouquets" in the September PHOTOPLAY, and I am very much ashamed of myself. I'll admit *I did ask for it*. No, I didn't see Mr. Power every minute of that day at Treasure Island. How I wish I had! And I do regret having said anything about his not smiling. Following him through the magazines, I've seen just dozens and dozens of pictures of him smiling as only he can. I do wish I could do something to make up for what I wrote. Of course, he didn't smile when I was around. He was looking the other way. And thanks for writing up the duties and qualifications of a Power fan. I'll make use of them, for I really am a Power fan. You ought to see my room! If you see anyone else's picture beside Tyrone's, you have to use a microscope. And don't ask me how I felt when I read that Tyrone had wed. I can't describe the feeling. But now I'm rather glad that he is married, because I won't let myself write anything about Mr. Power's not smiling. I've a better hold on myself. You see, when he was single, I imagined him as my dream prince, for being young, as I am, I still have a broad imagination. When he didn't even look at me at Treasure Island, I put my feelings into writing, an action which I very much regret. Thanks very much for putting me in my place, you other Power fans, and I assure you it won't happen again. I'm for Tyrone Power 100 per cent and I mean every word of it. Please do forgive me!

TYRONE POWER'S SAN FRANCISCO FAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

OPEN LETTER TO M-G-M

DO you want a really suitable story for Hedy Lamarr—a published novel by a writer of established reputation? I refer to "Glitter," an early book by Katherine Brush, but one having the same screenable qualities that made "The Red Headed Woman" and "Young Man of Manhattan" (by the same author) such entertaining pictures.

May I go further and suggest that Lew Ayres appear opposite Hedy, and that Edward Arnold and Jane Bryan play the other man and girl, respectively, for perfect casting?

Make this picture, call it "Fascination," and you'll have a film in the "hit" class . . . And you don't owe me a cent for the suggestion!

MENAHN GAYMES,
Charleston, W. Va.

ALL IN FAVOR, SAY "AYE"

I WISH to call favorable attention to Sonja Henie's work in "Second Fiddle." There was much talk, at first, of the seemingly ridiculous idea of Miss Henie's giving up her ice skating. Well, I will say this: In my estimation, the little skater from Norway has proven herself a very capable actress, as well as being a wonderful athlete.

Before ending my letter, I want to say something about Tyrone Power. WHY haven't we heard that he could sing, as well as act? Let's hear more of Tyrone Power's singing and see more of Sonja Henie's acting.

MARCIA SEIDEL,
Inglewood, Calif.

Lady Esther says

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams to keep your Accent on Youth!"



Go ask youth—and a whole chorus of youthful voices will tell you to *stop using* heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther Face Cream!



Modern life with its fast tempo challenges your face cream—calls for a completely *different kind* of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Cream.

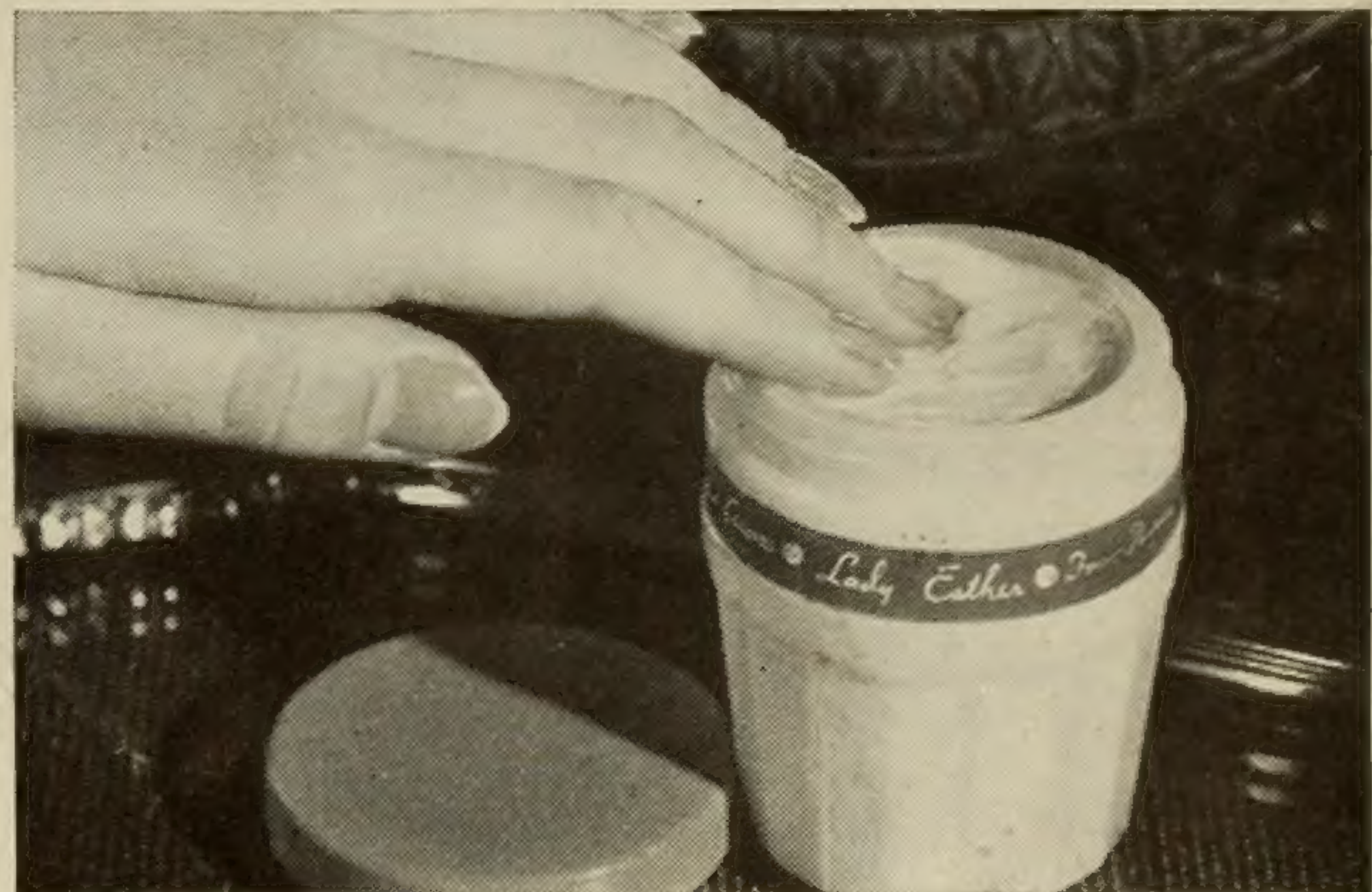


Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness—make you look *older than you really are*? Give up those "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles . . . and turn, with youth, to my *more modern cream*!



A glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances . . . to romance! Why miss life's gayest moments? Give *your skin* "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun . . . more happiness!

Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a *modern cream* that keeps your Accent on Youth. It goes on lightly . . . thoroughly removes imbedded dirt . . . leaves your skin feeling gloriously fresh. Why not compare the face cream you have been using with Lady Esther Face Cream? Just make the simple test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the *one cream* for you?



See the difference . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

FIRST, cleanse your complexion with your present cream—and remove it thoroughly. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off with fresh tissue, and look *at the tissue*.

Thousands of women have been amazed to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Unlike many old-fashioned creams, Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a lovely skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER,
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Brief Reviews

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

When *Professor Moriarty* decides to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, he doesn't figure on Sheer-Luck *Holmes'* uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play *Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers and George Zucco, the *Professor*. Lots of murders but little pace. (Nov.)

★ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

Easily the best of the series. Mickey Rooney faces disillusionment when he falls in love with his pretty teacher, new Helen Gilbert. There's a mild counterplot to keep the *Judge*, Lewis Stone, busy. But your throat will ache with wanting to bawl over Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him. (Oct.)

★ BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

They don't come any funnier. Mickey Rooney, as the son of ex-vaudeville artist Charles Winninger, tries to change the family fortunes by organizing his own show. With the aid of Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, June Preisser, he puts on routines that will have you in the aisles. Guy Kibbee is the kindly judge who keeps the kids out of the state work school. Don't miss this. (Nov.)

★ BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio

Here's a honey—smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, a line a second. Ginger Rogers is a shopgirl who has an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss' son, David Niven. It's a case of no baby, no job. When Niven's papa, Charles Coburn, thinks it is his own grandson, no one wants to disillusion him, so Ginger and David fall in love. A "must." (Sept.)

BAD LANDS—RKO-Radio

This is pretty bewildering. It's about nine men sitting around waiting to die. A sheriff and a posse go out to search for a killer, and the killer traps the hunters. No females in the cast, either. Robert Barrat, Noah Beery, Jr., and others are uninspired. (Oct.)

★ BEAU GESTE—Paramount

Remember Ronald Colman as *Beau Geste*? This time it's Gary Cooper who, with his loyal brothers, Ray Milland and Robert Preston, rushes off to the Sahara when accused of stealing the giant sapphire. It's a man's film, since romance is limited to a few yearning glances between Milland and Susan Hayward; and since blood and thunder comprise the remainder of the offering. Brian Donlevy is excellent. (Oct.)

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

Dagwood takes the rap while *Blondie* takes a vacation, and it's all just as amusing as the other films in this comic-strip hit series. Larry Simms, as *Baby Dumpling*, keeps disappearing, but he's cute when on the screen. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake rattle along as the *Bumsteads*. (Oct.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

At long last, *Drummond's* married! Oh, yes, there's some mystery—a thief hides the stuff in *Drummond's* radio, then keeps walking into the sleuth's hands—but it's slight. Heather Angel is John Howard's long-awaited bride. Reginald Denny's in again. (Sept.)

Youngsters Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail set a pace in "Babes in Arms" that's more than a challenge to the oldsters

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

Routine *Chan* fare, with philosophical *Charlie* uncovering the hocus-pocus of one *Dr. Zodiac*, mystic. An exposé of fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as *Chan*, does admirably, Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon help the plot. (Nov.)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

Originally scheduled for Will Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. She's swell, but the piece isn't quite right for Leo Carrillo, who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for chickens. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute their bit. (Nov.)

★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

This is sparkling mystery, with Ralph Richardson in the role of sleuth. Scotland Yard is set to work when some British bombers disappear. Test Pilot Laurence Olivier takes an interest in Richardson's investigations, and also his sister, Valerie Hobson. The climax is fantastic, but the witty lines compensate. (Sept.)

COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warners

Bert Wheeler's first solo without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a hick football player who gets into big time. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little. (Nov.)

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, finds he will need a new partner, publicity agent Roscoe Karns tosses a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hooper, turns college girl for the stunt; Richard Carlson, newshound for the school paper, starts an investigation. There's a surprise ending when Ann Rutherford enters the contest. Artie Shaw gets hot with his clarinet. (Nov.)

★ DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners

A depressing, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again imprisoned unjustly. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. But, finally, out of tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. (Nov.)

★ EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners

There's a quiet brutality, a believable horror about this film in which Jimmy Cagney portrays an innocent victim who is sent to prison by crooked politicians. His newspaper friends, particularly Jane Bryan, take up the fight. There's murder and a jail-break riot done in a superlative manner. George Raft, as a fellow convict, has never done a better job. Add George Bancroft, Maxie Rosenbloom and John Wray to the list who make this picture a must. (Oct.)

★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wangers-U. A.

You'll like this story in which Loretta Young marries master magician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic (Continued on page 8)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

| | Page |
|---|------|
| BLACKMAIL—M-G-M | 90 |
| CALL A MESSENGER—Universal | 91 |
| CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic | 91 |
| CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount | 62 |
| CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films, Ltd. | 90 |
| COAST GUARD—Columbia | 91 |
| DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE—RKO-Radio | 90 |
| DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount | 63 |
| ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners | 90 |
| FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M | 63 |
| FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick-Monogram | 91 |
| FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia | 91 |
| HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox | 90 |
| HERO FOR A DAY—Universal | 91 |
| HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox | 62 |
| HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount | 90 |
| HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U. A. | 90 |
| INTERMEZZO; A LOVE STORY—Selznick-International-U. A. | 63 |
| KATIA—Metropa | 90 |
| KID NIGHTINGALE—Warners | 63 |
| \$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount | 90 |
| PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox | 90 |
| PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners | 62 |
| RIO—Universal | 90 |
| ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners | 63 |
| RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount | 62 |
| THREE SONS—RKO-Radio | 62 |
| TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal | 91 |
| WHAT A LIFE—Paramount | 90 |

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



IT'S GOT EVERYTHING!

GAY DOOFY BAGS!

TORRID TEMPTING TUNES!

RADIANT RAPTUREOUS ROMANCE!

IT'S ZENSATIONAL!
IT'S ZINTILLATING!
IT'S ZUPERB!

IT'S

Corrina

SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance — direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS.
ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes... it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of 'Brother Rat' — he's a super-sensation in this!
and **ALAN HALE** • **FRANK McHUGH**
JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright
Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by **RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART** and **GEORGE ABBOTT** • A First National Picture

LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!

TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY



Win SMART FOOT-EASE in SCOTTY SLIPPERETTES

Trade Mark Reg. No. 296702; Pat. No. 1841518; Design Pat. No. 86152

Win freedom from cramping shoes, from nipping wind and chilling slush! Relax, doubly comfortable because you know these fuzzies flatter your feet. Ideal for lounging... bed wear... travel. Give them as gifts—one size only, spares asking embarrassing questions about size. Washable. Eight colors at better department stores.

Win ONE OF THESE LIVE SCOTTY PUPS FREE

Nothing to buy, nothing to write! Merely fill in on coupon the name you'd choose for one of these smart, plucky, loyal dogs. Twelve winners will receive male Scotty pups, aged 3 to 8 months, housebroken and trained to walk on lead, with pedigree papers certified by American Kennel Club. Also month's supply of RED HEART Dog Food and RED HEART identification tag. Contest limited to U. S. and open to all except employees of Slipperette Co., their advertising agency, and families. Duplicate prizes in the event of a tie. Subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Each contestant allowed only one entry. Judge's decision is final. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, Jan. 2, 1940. Winners will be notified by mail, and prizes sent by prepaid express not later than Jan. 15, 1940.



THE SLIPPERETTE CO.
5216 IRVING PARK ROAD, CHICAGO

Gentlemen: If I owned a male Scotty pup I'd call him

My Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

act. However, David's femme fans are too fond of him, so Loretta does a disappearing act that is a dilly; divorces David and marries Broderick Crawford; but David won't give up. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts and Raymond Walburn rustle up a brace of laughs. (Nov.)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (Nov.)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

Little Irene Dare zips across ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing, but unimportant, film. Fourflusher Roscoe Karns takes his nieces Irene and Lynne Roberts to Florida where he lives in high style, hoping to marry off Lynne. Of course, he chooses another fourflusher. (Nov.)

★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers has another hit, and it's as cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife pretends romance with a pretty down-at-the-heels girl to make his wife jealous. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. (Nov.)

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

Out of the old story about a forced landing comes a tale of strange psychological effects. The pilots can fix one motor which will return five to safety. Which to choose—a murderer, a child, two lovers, a professor and his wife, a shady-lady, two pilots? Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, C. Aubrey Smith, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor and others form the party. (Sept.)

FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE—Universal

Sigrid Gurie returns in a rather good little movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, advertise for companions to share expenses. Two gangsters answer. They stage a holdup in which her husband is killed and Sigrid is convicted as an accomplice. (Sept.)

★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-U.A.

Filmed in Technicolor, this is unmatched for sheer spectacle. John Clements resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers and his fiancée, June Duprez, send him the white feather of cowardice. How he redeems himself makes this a fine movie. (Sept.)

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

You can guess from the title what this is about. Tombstone, Arizona, is the locale where silver is discovered. The bad element comes in and Marshal Randolph Scott sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes all help to make this good cinema. (Oct.)

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, in another "Informer" role, plays a criminal who thinks he is expiring, confesses a murder to priest Joseph Calleia, then recovers. It's Calleia's job to make him confess voluntarily to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

An indifferent production, in which Movita is forced to leave Rio on the eve of her debut as a singer, in order to help her brother out of a jam. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meanie. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin contribute. (Nov.)

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

Here's as funny a comedy as you have witnessed in many moons. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again, with Joan as a waitress who has a yen to see Paris; tries a bit of mild blackmail; is run out of town. Enter Melvyn Douglas. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. (Sept.)

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

Clifford Odett's famous play introduces William Holden as the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring. He is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him to eventual downfall. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and others help the definite "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama. (Nov.)

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A happy little story dedicated to good cheer. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner who loses his job when he organizes a band. He takes his musical lads to Hawaii and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes romance in the person of Constance Moore. Matty Malneck's orchestra is swell. (Nov.)

★ HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox

A story of disillusionment. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years to buy a ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property and collects troubles along the way, among them: hobo Nicholas Conte; Spanish refugee Jean Rogers; and tramp Raymond Walburn. It has movement. (Oct.)

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

Ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while Superintendent Grant Mitchell piles up a tidy sum. Racketeer

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

Stanley Fields, with Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work afoot. (Sept.)

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Shades of "Stage Door." You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a hostelry presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Southern is very good, indeed. James Ellison is the romantic lead. (Oct.)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal

The murder happens right at the beginning. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to reopen the theater, on the theory that the murderer will strike again. He does. (Sept.)

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer. He's quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turns in an interesting performance. (Nov.)

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

Swell melodrama, with George Raft (capably abetted by Claire Trevor) portraying a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, is labeled a criminal and works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute to the emotional power of this film. (Oct.)

IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're a pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you'll like this. Kay Francis is the wife who won't give Cary a divorce to marry Carole, despite the fact that she has never loved him. But Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander is good, and Grant, magnificent. (Oct.)

IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic

There's a bonus tossed into this typical Gene Autry film—the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Ranch Boys, Smiley Burnette and Sarge and Sally. Gene's an army sergeant; the army wants some training grounds. Gene rides to the rescue. (Oct.)

ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island and cracks the whip over escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. The law comes to the aid of the innocent and the natives take care of the guilty. Anna May Wong is exquisite and Eric Blore adds the comedy. (Sept.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That's the fix Stuart Erwin's in when he finds a body in his car. He's held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes to his rescue. Good suspense. (Sept.)

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang who wreck ships for their cargoes in this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But neither the members of his gang, nor pretty Maureen O'Hara, know that he is the archvillain. Hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues will satisfy those who like action. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene. (Oct.)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

Oriental Saigon provides the lush background for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in this story of a young American engineer who braves the dangers of far places; with Joseph Schildkraut as the smooth scoundrel who is killed by Hedy when she discovers his interest in her is business, not sentiment. Taylor and Schildkraut give performances to be proud of, while Hedy is her most beautiful self. (Oct.)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

If you were a visitor at either Fair this summer, we hope you saw this. If you were a stay-at-home, watch for it now at your local theater. Here's the story of America—its heroes and heroines—welded together into a magnificent cavalcade. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille. (Sept.)

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison are effective, but the characters they portray are not. The film's about a mythical empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor, impersonates him. Suspense and cast good. (Sept.)

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

Here's awfully good cinemah, really. Producer Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England and the basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags aplenty, delivered with the Benny timing and artistry. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, almost steals the show. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.

Dumas' famous novel sees Louis Hayward cast in the dual role of the twin Dauphins of France. You'll remember: One twin is given in the care of the Three Musketeers, while the other becomes Louis XIV. Circumstance brings Philippe into contact with his brother, the king, who devises a plan to keep the dangerous twin a prisoner. This has moments of horror. Joan Bennett plays Maria Theresa. (Sept.)

MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—Columbia

Boris Karloff, a mad scientist who can bring the dead back to life, is interrupted in the midst of an experiment; the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the judge, jury and district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all. (Nov.)

★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

The Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie this time when they come to the rescue of Kenny Baker, who is about to lose his circus and pretty Florence Rice to the villainous Fritz Feld. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny solos. There are plenty of circus acts, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla. (Nov.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

A college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (Oct.)

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

The kids will love this since it's all about magicians. There's murder, too, and Robert Young, paired with pretty Florence Rice, to solve it. If you believe in ghosts, you'll be pretty annoyed at the exposé. (Oct.)

★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia

This is a kind of "Mr. Deeds," in which lanky Jimmy Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in dirty politics, but sticks to his ideals through the urgings of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There's a rousing climax in the Senate. Edward Arnold and Claude Rains are the political villains. The entire cast contribute fine performances, but it's Capra's direction that makes this. (Nov.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

Boo! It's Boris Karloff who makes a nice menacing Chinaman in whose home a Chinese princess is murdered. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out. There's a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. And there's comedy to keep you chuckling. (Oct.)

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

There's conflict in this when Editor Preston Foster's best friend turns out to be a criminal and an innocent man is awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister. Good pace throughout. (Oct.)

★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the role of a lieutenant in the Russian army who is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. The attractive Melvyn Douglas convinces her that love is more important than the benefit of the masses. The sophistication of Ina Claire is a perfect foil for the amusing performance Garbo turns in. (Nov.)

★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

Remember the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety during the World War? As that nurse, Anna Neagle turns in a performance worthy of Academy Award attention. Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson contribute fine work, too. (Nov.)

★ OLD MAID, THE—Warners

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young girl who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child and turns herself into a sour old maid. The baby grows up (Jane Bryan), hating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching it. (Oct.)

★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

The strange and gentle tale of an old man who gets Death up a tree, and keeps him there until the moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain is brought forcibly home. Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson are superb as Gramps and Pud, as is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the personable Mr. Brink. (Sept.)

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. Susan Hayward supplies the romantic interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart and Charles Bickford do credible work. (Oct.)

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

A sleepy bit of celluloid in which the marriage of Jean Parker and Johnny Downs is annulled by her father. The boy is sent to reform school, but escapes and runs away with the girl again. (Oct.)

★ RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox

Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India; the effect upon each when disaster, disease and death touch them, is transferred to the screen with compelling

(Continued on page 91)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Ann Sothorn, star of "Fast and Furious," is setting just such a pace for herself

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 89.

1. Two of these actors have played the role of Philo Vance in the movies:
Warren William John Barrymore
Ronald Colman William Powell

2. An Oscar is the colloquial name for:
An actor who blows up in his lines
A type of motion picture camera
A bit player
The gold statuette given Academy Award winners

3. Two of these actors were once married to the same actress:
Herbert Marshall Ralph Forbes
George Brent Basil Rathbone

4. She started her career as a brunette; and her name at that time was Harriette Lake:
Joan Blondell Ann Sothorn
Carole Lombard Jane Wyman

5. This glamorous star is making her comeback in a Western picture in which she discards all her glamour:
Gloria Swanson Evelyn Brent
Marlene Dietrich Nancy Carroll

6. Two of these movies are picturizations of successful stage plays:
The Old Maid Stanley and Livingstone
The Gorilla The Rains Came

7. This star's father will appear with him in his next picture:
Eddie Cantor Mickey Rooney
Jackie Cooper William Holden

8. She tops the fan mail list at her studio:
Ann Sheridan Bette Davis
Priscilla Lane Olivia de Havilland

9. He will soon have his adventures appear in a daily comic strip:
Gene Autry Gary Cooper
Tyrone Power Errol Flynn

10. This actress has never appeared on the stage:

Rosalind Russell Jean Arthur
Loretta Young Glenda Farrell

11. The Studio Club is:

A drive-in restaurant
A resident club for picture girls
A club for producers and directors
A night club

12. Two of these stars have been married more than twice:

Claudette Colbert Constance Bennett
Joan Crawford Kay Francis

13. He invented the kinetoscope, which was the forerunner of the modern motion picture machine:

Thomas Edison Guglielmo Marconi
Robert Fulton Alexander G. Bell

14. The first Academy Awards went to two of the following stars:

Charles Chaplin Janet Gaynor
Emil Jannings Norma Shearer

15. Two of these stars were born in California:

Wayne Morris Jane Bryan
Spencer Tracy Ginger Rogers

16. He will be seen in a Maxwell Anderson play, "Key Largo," in New York this season:

Melvyn Douglas Franchot Tone
Cary Grant Paul Muni

17. "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" is this number in the series:

Ninth Eighth
Seventh Sixth

18. She never blows up in her lines:

May Robson Shirley Temple

Greta Garbo Deanna Durbin

19. Two of the following movies were picturizations of novels:

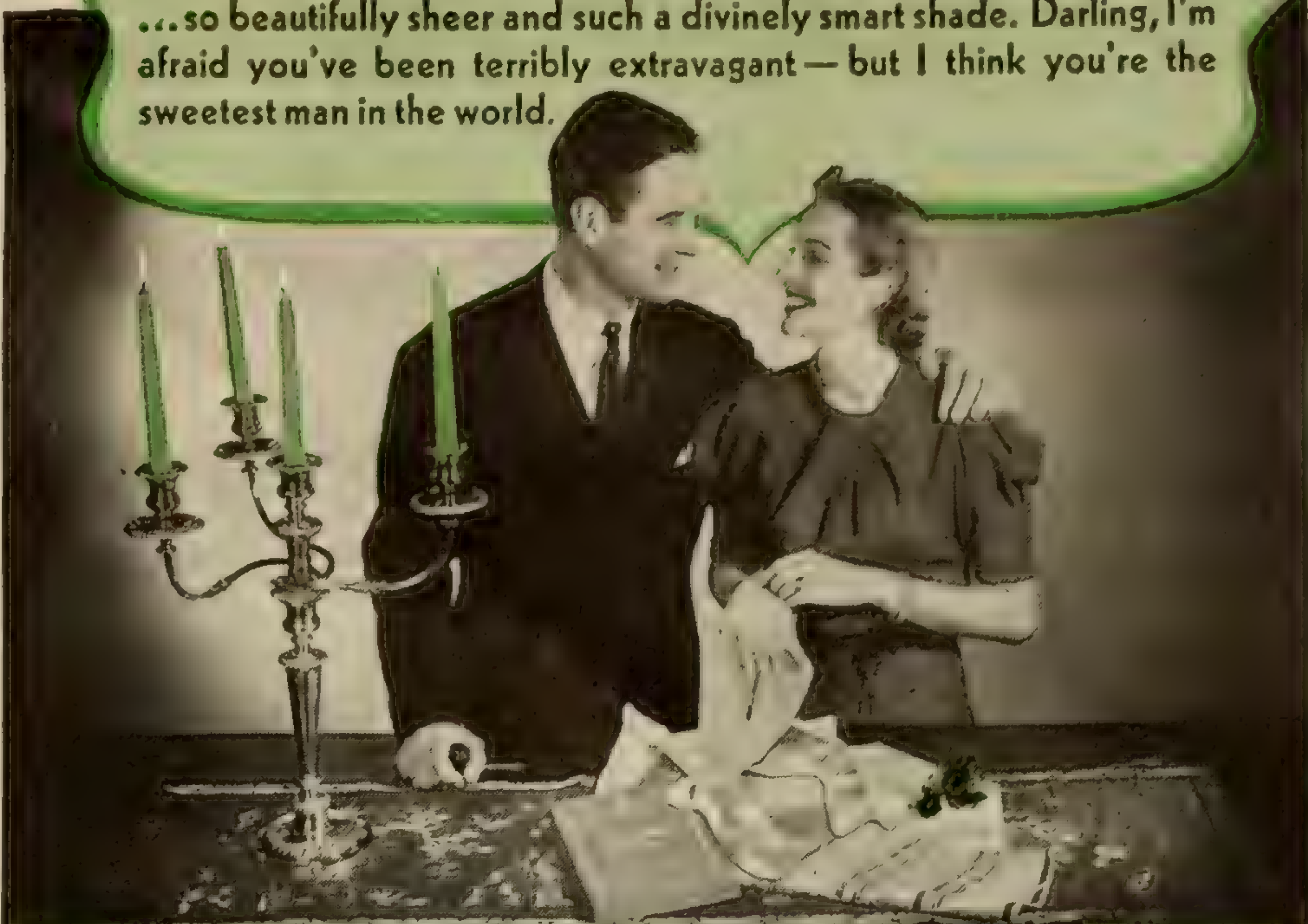
The Real Glory Dust Be My Destiny
Love Affair Golden Boy

20. Two of these songs were chosen as most representative of the era portrayed in "The Roaring Twenties":

Among My Souvenirs
Melancholy Baby
Collegiate
I'm Just Wild About Harry

WHAT LOVELY HOSE!

...so beautifully sheer and such a divinely smart shade. Darling, I'm afraid you've been terribly extravagant—but I think you're the sweetest man in the world.



LATER

...Let me see some VALCORT stockings.

Yes madam, we have some lovely sheers at 69¢

What! do you mean that these exquisite stockings are that inexpensive? Why from the way they look and wear, I thought they cost at least \$1.

Yes, most women are amazed to find them so reasonable. In fact, VALCORT crepe deluxe sheer chiffons which are suitable for the very finest occasions are only 79¢ and 89¢



MONTHS LATER

I see you have the VALCORT habit too!

My dear, I wouldn't wear any other. I used to spend \$1 or more and my stocking bills made me do without other needed accessories. Now, with my VALCORT savings, I can buy the little luxuries I couldn't afford before... without sacrificing one bit of the alluring sheerness, smart shades and long wearing qualities I've always expected of good hose.



One Woman



Tell Another

VALCORT

FAMOUS FOR WEAR

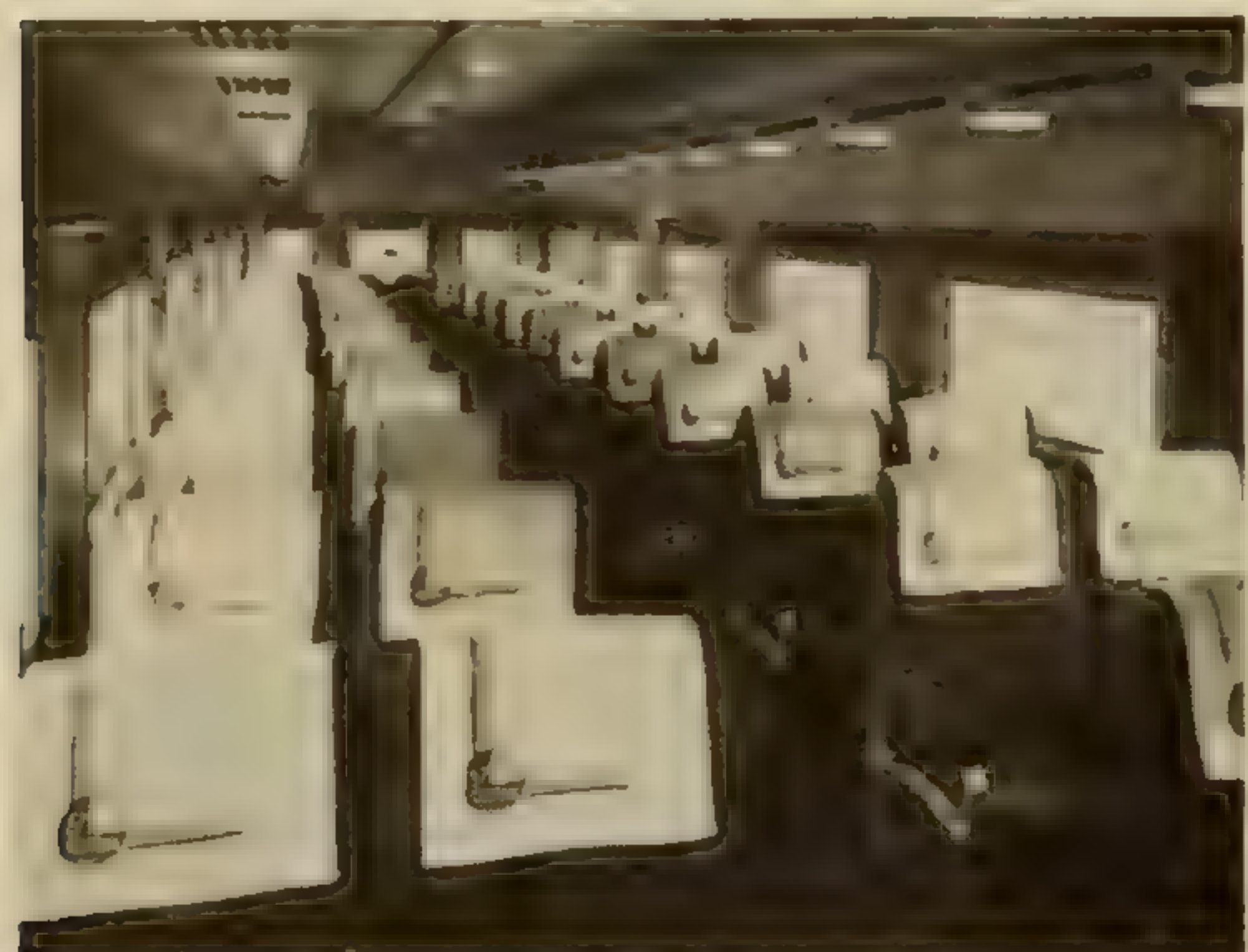
Silk Stockings

VALCORT HOSIERY MILLS

IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY



● Fast as the Super Chief itself, El Capitan—America's only all-coach transcontinental streamliner, whisks between Chicago and Los Angeles in just 39¾ hours!



● Your deeply-cushioned chair on El Capitan (reserved, of course) tilts back at several angles for comfort by day and night. You'll like the pleasant dressing rooms, too.



● Delicious, low cost, Fred Harvey meals are served in El Capitan's cheerful lunch counter-dining car. At night, it's the fun center for jolly parties.



● Then, too, aboard this popular economy streamliner, an alert, uniformed graduate courier-nurse assists all passengers requiring her free, friendly and skillful service.

Chicago to Los Angeles
only \$39.50 plus \$3 extra fare
 round trip \$65, plus \$10 extra fare

T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
 1326 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
 Send El Capitan picture booklet, and fare

from _____ to _____
 Name _____
 Address _____

Perc Westmore (right), Warner's make-up expert, has a loyal follower of his "twenty-four hour road to beauty" in Jane Wyman. Described in detail below, Jane gives us a pictorial lesson (opposite page) in a few of the tricks he has taught her. Top: How to apply a cream powder base so it will spread smoothly. Right: How to prevent a made-up look. Center: An antidote for skin dried by sun and wind. Bottom: A lesson in pin curls, so your hair will be soft and curly when brushed in the morning



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH BEAUTY—Beauty doesn't consist just of putting on your make-up and looking lovely for a couple of hours; it's a twenty-four hour road you have to travel to reach your goal of loveliness. Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department at Warner Brothers, has been directing people toward a more natural make-up for years, and he declares that it requires much more care than did the old put-it-on-thick method that covered up all the defects in your skin by applying a couple of inches of heavy make-up. The make-up aim today is for casual loveliness at all times—which is a much more difficult thing to acquire.

All the young stars at Warner Brothers are free to take their beauty problems to Adviser Westmore who solves practically all of them by recommending his twenty-four hour routine which features playing up your natural attractiveness.

Jane Wyman, the pert little star of "Lady Dick," follows Westmore's set of rules—and the result is very well worth-while. A natural, unaffected make-up is attractive only when your skin itself is clean and glowing and healthy, so one of Mr. Westmore's basic rules concerns skin care.

The first thing Jane does when she hops out of bed in the morning is wash her face—and she does it with great gusto, too. She whips up a rich lather of warm water and her favorite soap, dips her complexion brush into it and gives her face a brisk scrubbing. The brush must be stiff enough to stir up circulation and bring color to her cheeks, but not stiff enough to scratch the skin. In a rotary motion Jane

spreads the suds over her forehead, cheeks and neck, giving special care to her chin and the skin around her nose. Then she rinses her face thoroughly with warm water, only to have it ready for another soaping. This time she uses a soft washcloth. Her final rinses are in gradually cooling waters until she finishes off with water into which she has tossed a few ice cubes. The icy water acts as a mild astringent to Jane's scrupulously clean skin.

Teeth are next on the program and Jane brushes hers with a toothbrush recommended by her dentist as the right type for her teeth. She always follows her regular dentifrice with a lime juice brushing, which sweetens her mouth and acts as a mild bleach.

If Jane has a game of tennis scheduled, she now follows the Westmore rule of a light make-up for sports. "First I pat the entire surface of my face and throat with cotton soaked in a refreshing and mildly astringent skin tonic. After this has dried I apply a cream powder base very lightly. Mr. Westmore has taught me to apply it by putting tiny dabs of it on my forehead and cheeks and then spreading it smoothly all over my face. After that comes a very little bit of cream rouge."

Westmore's theory is that rouge has only one purpose—that is to create an illusion of contour. It should be applied so no one can tell that it's not your natural coloring—which takes practice to do correctly. Since Jane's face is round and the illusion we all try to create is an oval, she shades the rouge into the roundest parts of her cheeks, carefully blending it with her fingertips, it fades into her skin.

Then Jane dusts her face lightly with powder and finishes off with lipstick. She uses only a trace of powder before engaging in active sports because there is always a possibility of its streaking, and she wants to look as fresh after she's finished as she does when she starts.

For a street make-up the procedure is the same up to the powder stage. Then Jane applies powder generously, patting it over her face and throat with a big puff. "There's a technique to this, too," says Jane. "I begin by powdering my throat, then my chin and cheeks, and work up to my forehead. I take care that there are no lines of demarcation and that the powder is spread evenly by using a soft powder brush and brushing away any surplus powder from my face or brows or hairline."

BECAUSE her hair is blonde, Jane uses brown mascara on her lashes and brown pencil on her brows. For day wear she applies both mascara and pencil sparingly. She puts on her lipstick generously with a lip brush, but blots most of it off because a mat finish is more natural for street wear.

"I build my lips up slightly with the brush the way Perc Westmore showed me, then I blend the coloring over the entire surface with my finger to be sure it's all even. A good trick is to smile widely when you've finished to see if there are any pale portions left, then fill them in, too. When I'm sure the outlines are clean-cut and my mouth is completely covered, I remove the excess color by pressing my lips against a piece of cleansing tissue."

For evening, Jane's make-up is essentially the same except that she uses a little more rouge and a brighter lipstick. Her eye make-up is also more definite after dark. She deepens the color of her brows with tiny strokes of the pencil as though each individual hair were being drawn on. This gives a much more natural effect than just drawing a heavy line to extend your brows.

Jane uses light brown eye shadow and blends it very carefully, so that it is almost imperceptible. It is darkest at the lashes and delicately shaded off up to the brow. Jane applies her mascara with a clean brush and, after the mascara has dried, she strokes her lashes with another little brush to be sure that none of them is sticking together to give a made-up, harsh appearance to her eyes. The second little brush is also used to smooth her brows.



"Oh, another precaution I take against a made-up look is to pat my completed make-up with a piece of cotton wrung out almost dry in ice cold water. This sets the make-up and seems to make it more permanent."

If she is going out formally in the evening, Jane uses liquid powder on her arms and shoulders, applying it with cotton. As every girl should, she is particularly careful that the liquid powder exactly matches the powder and base she uses on her face. If she is wearing an upswept coiffure, she also uses liquid powder on her ears, touched off with a bit of dry rouge on the lobes.

Ordinarily, Perc Westmore never countenances trying to patch up a make-up which has been on several hours. However, if you're a busy working girl you don't always have the time to cleanse your face and start all over again, he has a suggestion to make things easier for you. That is to wipe your face off with a clean square of chamois skin. But under no circumstances does he believe it's possible to patch up your lip rouge to good effect. Since it's so easy to keep a small size of cleansing cream in your purse or desk drawer, you should remove every trace of your old lipstick before applying the new color.

JANE has an interesting trick for keeping lipstick intact throughout a meal. After she has removed the surplus rouge with tissues, she powders her lips lightly, compresses them and then moistens them. This sets the lip rouge so it won't come off on your glass.

Westmore has a definite beauty routine that he recommends for every girl to follow before she retires at night. If you value the loveliness of your complexion, you'll follow these rules as faithfully as Jane does.

First she removes her make-up with cleansing cream, but she doesn't stop at just a single application. The first application, gently smoothed over the face in small, rotary movements merely loosens make-up and dust. Jane removes it with cleansing tissue and then slathers on some more cream. The cleansing process continues until no more color shows up on the tissues. After this thorough cleansing process, Jane examines her face closely in a magnifying mirror to see what sort of treatment may be necessary.

If her skin seems to be a bit oily she follows the cream cleansing with a soap mask or an egg mask, either of which she rinses off with warm water. And if



the sun and wind have dried out her face a trifle, she massages it gently with a good lubricating cream which she leaves on overnight to keep her skin smooth and velvety.

Next, she takes her little brush, dips it in warmed castor oil and brushes her lashes and brows to make them long and luxuriant. And if her lips are even slightly dry she smooths them with cream to keep them soft. Jane has also learned how to put up her hair in pin curls at night so that it will be soft and curly when she brushes it out in the morning.

This all may sound like a lot of trouble especially when you're tired, but if you'll follow this routine as faithfully as Jane does, you'll have the same faultless complexion that she values so highly. This basic care of the skin insures the glowing freshness that is so important to today's natural beauty.

You can Save **\$10.00**

on new

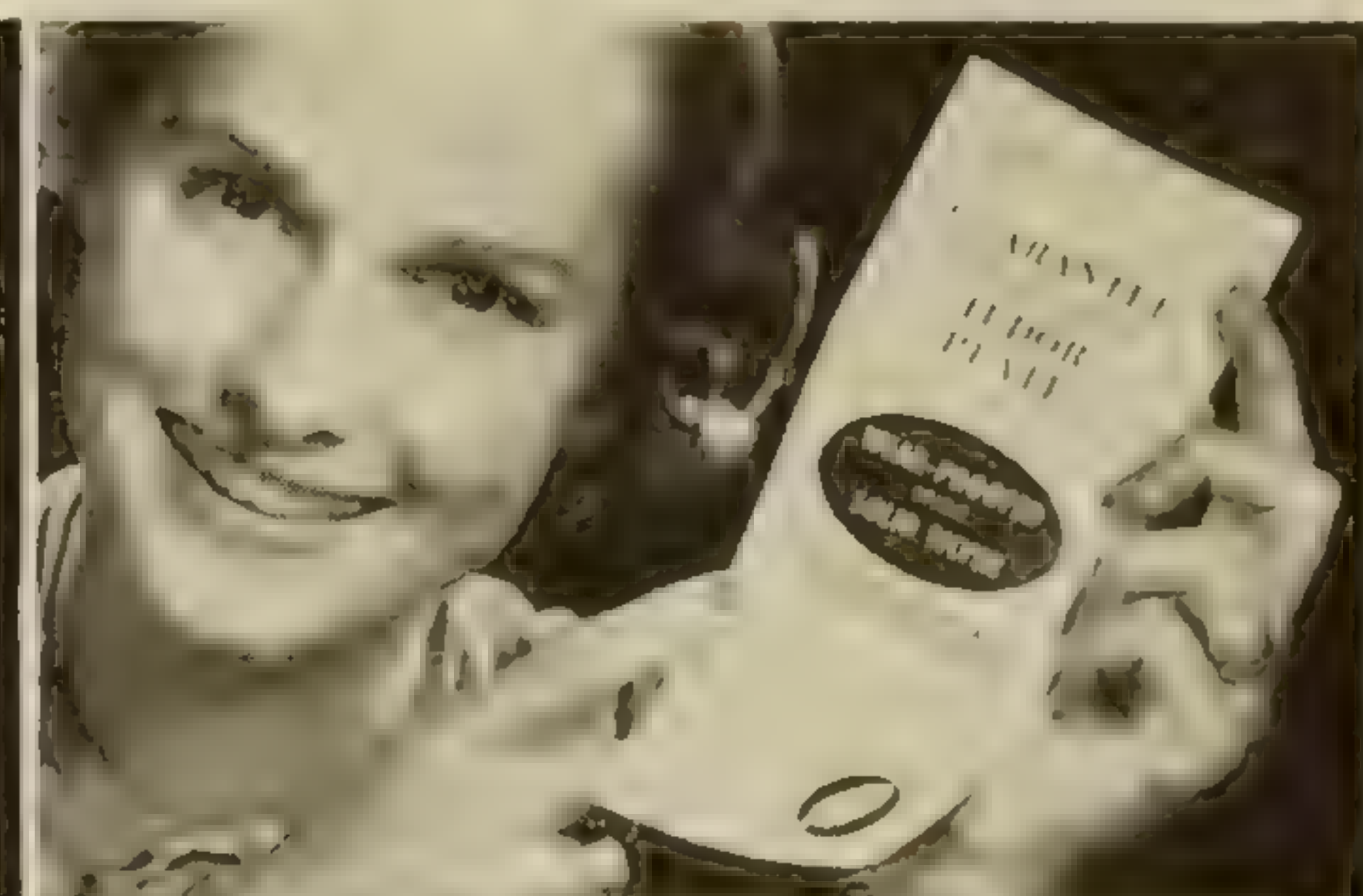
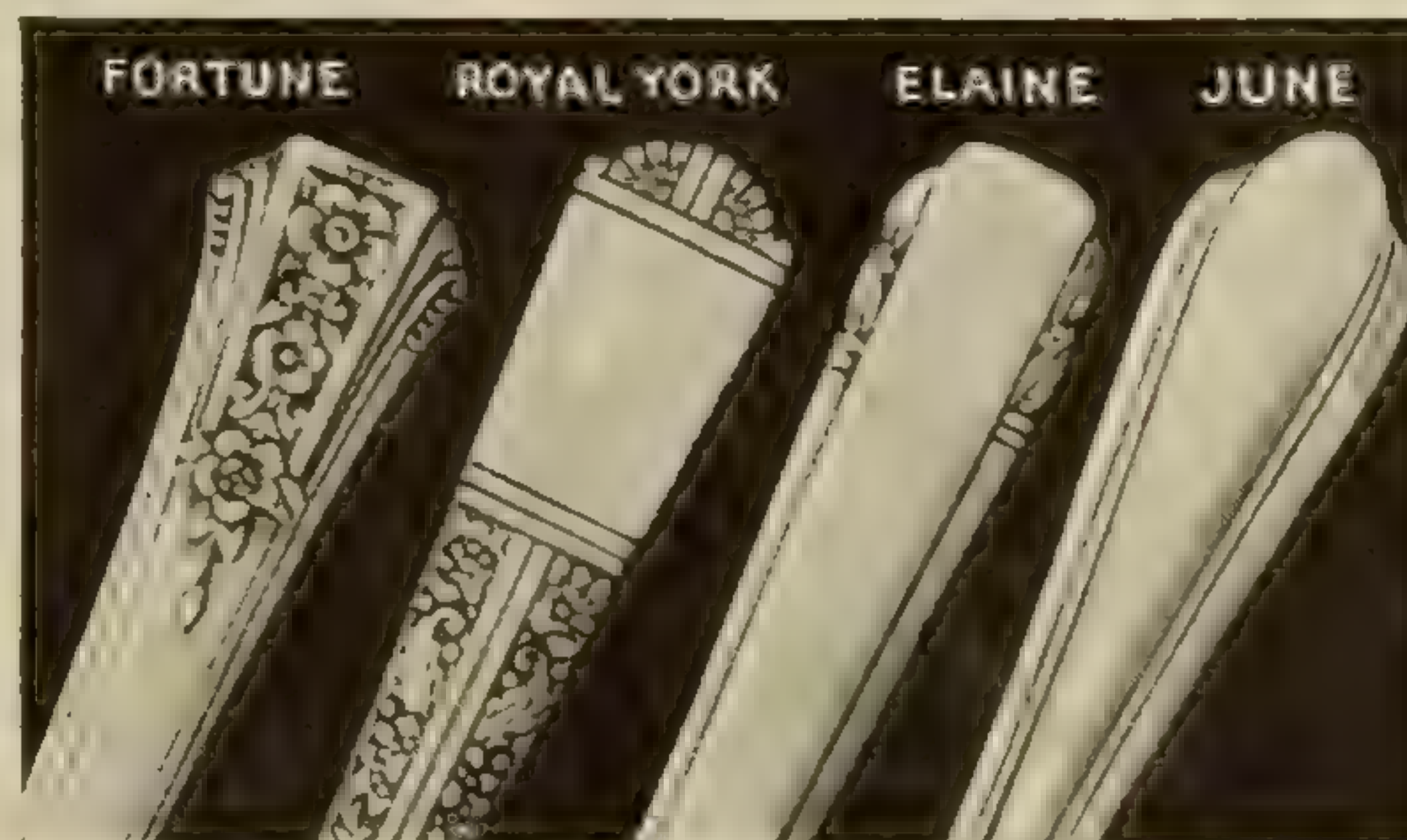
**COSMOPOLITAN
SERVICE**

in wear-proofed*

TUDOR PLATE



61 EXQUISITE PIECES IN FREE CHEST WITH DRAWER \$29.75—Here is every piece you'll need to entertain eight people. Includes eight each of: knives, forks, soup spoons, salad forks, individual butter knives, and sixteen teaspoons plus two serving spoons, sugar spoon, butter knife, cold meat fork. Free tarnish-proof Chest with Drawer is valuable piece of furniture. See your silverware dealer, while limited number of COSMOPOLITAN services last.



America's Favorite Patterns in medium-priced silverware as proved by dealers' sales: the *New* Fortune*, Royal York*, Elaine* and June*. **Wear-Proofed Guarantee** insures lasting beauty and years of extra wear.



NEW 3-PIECE SERVICE FOR \$20

Distinguished new LAKEWOOD Service in TUDOR PLATE* includes 10-cup coffee or tea pot, creamer and sugar. See these amazing values this week!

**TUDOR
PLATE**

by Oneida Community Silversmiths

*TRADE-MARK

COPR. 1939 ONEIDA LTD.

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

IN TECHNICOLOR!

...from the great novel of adventure
and romance when America was young!

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

WHEN TORCH AND TOMAHAWK
SPREAD THEIR TERROR...AND
FRONTIER WOMEN FOUGHT BESIDE
THEIR MEN...THESE TWO BRAVED
THE WILDERNESS TOGETHER!



starring

**CLAUDETTE HENRY
COLBERT • FONDA**

with

EDNA MAY OLIVER • EDDIE COLLINS • JOHN CARRADINE • JESSIE RALPH
DORRIS BOWDON • ARTHUR SHIELDS • ROBERT LOWERY • ROGER IMHOF

Directed by **JOHN FORD**

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
and Sonya Levien • Based upon the novel by Walter D. Edmonds



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS BY RUTH WATERBURY

While the icy blast of Oblivion is chilling some of Hollywood's greatest stars, the gentle breeze of Success is already blowing on the dainty heads of (left to right) Lana Turner, Rosalind Russell ("The Women" worked a miracle for her) and Brenda "The Rains Came" Joyce

tures (and being very nice, too, as witness her work in "Thunder Afloat"). . . .

After the premiere of "The Rains Came," you heard precious little talk about Myrna Loy . . . but a great deal about Brenda Joyce, who made her debut therein . . . a refreshing and sincere personality, a really beautiful face, and (whisper it) a small salary make Miss Joyce look very good indeed to the heads of Twentieth Century-Fox. . . .

In the leading role opposite Tyrone Power in "First Kiss" is little Miss Linda Darnell, undoubtedly a talented young comer . . . but her wages, in contrast to what the studio would have to pay a Sonja Henie, must look very nice to the bookkeepers. . . .

To me, the realest threat that Shirley Temple has ever had is little Gloria Jean at Universal . . . these little girls are most unlike . . . the flirtatious enchantment that is Shirley's is not in the other baby, apparently . . . but she has something of which those who guide Shirley's career should be aware . . . she is being presented as a much more real little person right now than Shirley is . . . instead of Shirley's being permitted to grow up . . . mentally, that is, because she is, all too obviously, growing up physically . . . her roles still make her immature . . . perhaps "The Blue Bird" will be very wonderful . . . with all the millions who adore Shirley, I certainly want to be numbered as hoping so . . . but there is no stopping your heart

"purge" will be the quiet elimination of many a present big star. . . .

By way of making this possible, the youngsters are coming up . . . and a very interesting crop they are, too. . . .

Take "The Women" for example . . . that's doing very nicely at the box office, but it isn't doing as well as Metro hoped, at that . . . it stars, as you know, Shearer and Crawford and Russell . . . but the first two stars, who are the bigger ones, are not the girls who are getting the most out of it . . . "The Women" seems to have worked a miracle for Rosalind Russell . . . Columbia borrowed her immediately for "His Girl Friday," a role for which it had originally tried to get Irene Dunne . . . after that opus there are many pictures lined up for Roz . . . next to Miss Russell as a winner comes Joan Fontaine . . . that lovely creature won the leading role in "Rebecca," opposite current heat-wave Laurence Olivier, as a result of "The Women". . . Paulette Goddard, except for being tied up with Chaplin's "The Dictator," would be in terrific demand . . . little Virginia Grey, spotted only in a bit scene opposite Crawford, is being pushed into leading roles in other pic-

THERE is a "purge" on in Hollywood . . . an attempt to cut down the overhead on pictures, now that the foreign market is so uncertain . . . the "purge" so far . . . typically Hollywood . . . hasn't netted much more than a few score stenographers, laboratory workers and the like, whose salaries all added together wouldn't equal that of one executive . . . but behind the scenes of those same executive offices (and, after all, it is unfair to expect the business to drop its top men overboard unless it becomes a matter of sheer necessity . . . no business, pictures or otherwise, ever does that), the way for a real "purge" is being prepared . . . that



Ruth Waterbury



Privilege of approving the story is not enough before signing a contract, in the judgment of Irene Dunne—

—an opinion which Adolphe Menjou also supports. Both have had unfortunate experiences with recent movies



from going out to Gloria Jean, who is as real as the child next door . . . tumbling around in the dust of a typical girls' camp . . . getting into very typical girl's difficulties . . . scuffing her shoes and dirtying her cute face . . . gorgeous, human material . . . not being a little girl lost in a fairy story . . . or mascot of a faraway Indian regiment . . . or lost little slavey of a strange English school . . . or the like, such as Shirley has been recently portraying . . . Twentieth Century-Fox will fight with all its skillful ammunition to protect its great investment in Shirley . . . but Universal has no such gamble on Gloria Jean . . . where Shirley's salary runs into thousands, Gloria Jean's runs only into hundreds, and not many hundreds at that. . . .

The point of this is that none of these newcomers is being presented with any great flare of trumpets . . . no phony "build-ups" are being put behind them . . . Metro has a very great bet, it believes, in Lana Turner . . . I think you'll agree when you see "Dancing Co-ed" . . . but M-G-M has given Lana none of that "oomph" routine (though she has plenty of "oomph" to justify it) any more than Twentieth has poured out a lot of phony stuff about Darnell and Joyce, or Universal has about Gloria Jean . . . the studios are letting us discover these personalities for ourselves . . . even Warners with all its campaign on the undoubtedly charming Ann Sheridan has more pictures ready for its lesser-publicized but very talented and young Priscilla Lane. . . .

EVEN those very great discoveries, Vivien Leigh and William Holden, can lay some of their good fortune to the great god cash register . . . their respective studios cashed in on them in two ways . . . each gave Selznick-International, in the one case, and Columbia, in the other, the benefit of a great publicity campaign . . . but they also gave their studios the benefit of star-in-the-making material at a very nominal cost . . . in young Holden's case it is whispered that his salary was a mere hundred and fifty dollars weekly . . . Miss Leigh's, as befits an established young English actress, was very much higher but certainly no match for the probable \$150,000 to \$200,000 that Selznick would have had to pay had Norma Shearer gone through with playing *Scarlett* as she was once announced to do . . . incidentally, Tyrone Power wanted to portray Bill Holden's role in "Golden Boy" and Columbia was very keen for him to play it . . . Twentieth wouldn't let their wonder lad go, however, and the result was that we, the public, got a new and interesting personality . . . just as we will when we see Vivien Leigh's *Scarlett*. . . .

Not all substitutions are perfect . . . I certainly don't mean to infer that . . . it was Cary Grant who was originally scheduled to play opposite Garbo in "Ninotchka" . . . for my money Cary is just about the finest comedian on the screen (and the least appreciated when Hollywood praise is given out) and since "Ninotchka" is a comedy, he should have been terrific opposite the Swedish Sphinx . . . but here again a studio interfered . . . Columbia refused to let Mr. Grant free to visit Metro . . . Melvyn Douglas was substituted in the role . . . with all due respect for Melvyn, a suave and charming but much less expensive actor than Cary, I can't believe he will bring the production that vitality and zest with which Cary infuses even the tritest scene . . . in this case replacing one desired actor with another was no matter of calculated economy but of sheer necessity . . . besides Cary and Melvyn are both well-known, even though Melvyn got his first important picture break when Claudette Colbert couldn't get Herbert Marshall for "She Married Her Boss" because he was much too costly, and requested Douglas in place of Marshall. . . .

There are still a few \$10,000-a-week or \$150,000-a-picture contracts around Hollywood . . . but they are getting fewer . . . the big stars have justifiable jitters over roles . . . one horrible picture like "The Housekeeper's Daughter" could have killed a star bigger than Joan Bennett . . . fortunately, Joan can weather it because she is beautiful and promising enough and not so abnormally high salaried, that producers can't still take a chance with her. . . .

Incidentally, Joan tells about Adolphe Menjou's funny routine while on that picture . . . Adolphe had signed for it, as Joan had, after reading the book, which they both liked, but

without seeing the script, which was impossible . . . when they got to work they couldn't escape because of their contracts . . . but, just the same, Menjou worried . . . every time Joan left the set for any reason whatsoever, he'd hurry to her side . . . "Don't leave me here alone in the middle of this picture," he'd cry, "Joan, you promise to come back" . . . he would tag her to her dressing room . . . to the parking lot . . . wherever she went . . . moaning "Don't desert me" . . . It was only by such kidding that they managed to live through the picture at all . . . they knew how awful it was from the very first take . . . for actors do know a lot more about stories than they are given credit for knowing . . . Miss Bennett says she will never again go into a picture on which she has not seen the full script . . . Irene Dunne, sick with disappointment over "When Tomorrow Comes," on which she never saw the finished story, says the same thing. . . as do Cary Grant and Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard . . . and they most certainly had better follow that precaution, everyone of them, if they expect to survive. . . .

There is one picture ready for Norma Shearer at Metro . . . but no rush to make it . . . the only picture ready for Crawford, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," she does not want to make . . . neither does Gable, who is supposed to make it with her . . . Kay Francis plays, and excellently, a secondary role to Carole Lombard and Cary Grant, and then you hear very little more about her . . . there isn't a single production ready for Robert Taylor, but you do hear that Louis B. Mayer believes that the best picture ever made under his management, in all his years in Hollywood, is "Babes in Arms," starring Mickey Rooney. . . .

THE youngsters are coming and mighty good they are, too . . . not all the newcomers click . . . Simone Simon didn't, or Annabella, or Isa Miranda . . . not all of them last after an initial flash, as witness Martha Raye . . . and your guess is as good as the next guy's as to the future of Hedy Lamarr . . . some of them click once, die down, and rise again . . . as witness Lew Ayres and Robert Cummings and Joan Fontaine, who got the most terrific build-up by RKO, then was dropped, and now has a magnificent Selznick contract . . . even possibly Dietrich, though it still remains to be seen if she will come back in that Western at Universal . . . a very rare one goes on to the vivid glory of a Tyrone Power . . . but the thing is that the new throng of them is in Hollywood . . . not hidden away in "B" pictures . . . not being overballyhooed . . . carrying "A" pictures on their strong young shoulders . . . giving us pleasure . . . making it possible for the studios to cut down on expenses . . . and sending cold chills down the spines of the stars who have long since kissed the thirties good-by.



Cary Grant was scheduled to play in "Ninotchka," but again a studio interfered

He must take me
to see these

"The Cat and the Canary"
for laughs & thrills

"Disputed Passage"
for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea"
for a romantic adventure



PARAMOUNT ADV.

Gifts that Promise loveliness and charm wherever she goes!

Evening in Paris Perfume with atomizer top, Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity. . . . \$4.00

Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Lipstick in shimmering box. . . . \$5.00

The Evening in Paris Daintiness Combination—Eau de Cologne and a glass flacon of Talcum Powder. . . \$1.25

Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder, famous because it "stays on, stays clear, stays smooth." . . \$2.25

Evening in Paris loveliness for her! Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Single Loose Powder Vanity. \$1.35

Luxury gift for less than \$2.50! Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon, Eau de Cologne, Face Powder. . . \$2.45

Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume and sparkling, fragrant Eau de Cologne. 95c

"The Fragrance of Romance" in star box. \$1.10

Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Rouge. \$2.95

New Double Loose Powder Vanity. \$2.00. Other vanities are \$1.25, \$2.00, \$3.50.

Evening in Paris Perfume, with its own atomizer for best application. . . \$1.75

Evening in Paris **CREATED BY BOURJOIS**

es!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The appearance of Elizabeth and Errol Flynn as Essex, and this photograph of them in Warners' colorful "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," suggested a novel feature for PHOTOPLAY readers. I asked the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Helen Retires," "Galahad," "Adam and Eve" and other famous stories, to use Bette Davis and Errol Flynn as inspirations for a short story based on the great love of the famous queen for her troublesome courtier. Here is the happy result.—E. V. H.

ONE morning late in the year 1590, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., was transacting business in

while waiting. One of her chair held the inkhorn, but she used her knee for a desk, and though it was awkward reaching across herself to dip the quill, that way she kept an eye on the heavy curtains through which callers arrived. Behind her chair were other curtains, but they didn't interest her.

She wrote with energy, stabbing the paper as though she had a grudge against it. She was, you guessed, a person of impulse and dramatic contradiction. At this moment her costume and her activity suggested youth. Her face suggested sixty years or more.

father, King Henry
"Well, who is it now?"

Encouraged by her loud inquiry, a ceremonial individual came through the curtains, an elderly man with a black beard, dressed completely in black, all black except for silver shoe buckles, linen ruff, a few square inches of skin, and his own bald head. He carried a slender staff, mark of an usher or indoor herald, and his deportment suggested patience with the world and a willingness to tolerate it.

(Continued on page 88)

most of these are
flash irritations quickly entered into and
even more quickly forgotten.

But what has happened to the old-time romance that defied the studios, challenged the conventions—and diverted the public? What has happened to the love that laughs at lock-smiths, that must find a way to happiness in the face of every obstacle society can place in its path?

True, there have been many recent Hollywood marriages founded on abiding love. But

The love between
Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier is *romance*—that high, tumultuous romance that laughs at careers, hurdles the conventions, loses its head along with its heart, and laughs for the exhilarating joy of such wildness.

These two are the most provocative, least known, most potential personalities now exciting filmdom. The lucky insiders who have already seen "Gone with the Wind" are afire with enthusiasm over Vivien Leigh's *Scarlett O'Hara*. They proclaim that her work therein makes her one of the greatest stars in the entire film firm-

an appeal

live actor.

Being the case, it would be sensible for Miss Leigh and Mr. Olivier either to forget each other or to avoid going, as they are about to, through the British divorce courts (which are not nearly so polite as our own).

Yes, indeed, it would have been much more sane if they had let the bright flame burning between them die down, dampened by the demands of their careers and of smug respectability. It would have been sensible, but it would not have been glory and fever of the blood and the intensity of living. And therefore it did not, and it will not, happen with Larry and Vivien.

Shortly before the approaching new year, unless something goes seriously amiss, their re-

pretty severe

lish not being inclined to

Larry and Vivien care terribly about

There is a passion and a vitality that touches both of them, that makes them care terribly about all things. But they care more for each other. They care more for each other than they do for money or careers or friends or harsh words or even life itself. And this is the story of why they do.

They met, three years ago, when they were cast opposite each other in a London play called "The First and Last Time." Three years ago, Vivien Leigh aged twenty-four, wife of Herbert Leigh Holman, distinguished barrister, was a promising young actress. Three years ago, Laurence Olivier, aged twenty-nine, husband of

other well-bred English

which means saying nothing whatsoever in a very brittle way. Nevertheless, one pair of exotic, green eyes looked deep into a pair of passionate, hungry brown eyes and forthwith said more than the entire unabridged Oxford dictionary.

Even at that, nothing might have come of it had not their work and their families and even fate itself tried so hard to keep them apart, thereby bringing out the rebellious determination within each of them, making everything about each other seem glamorous indeed if for

education and

At eight she had been sent to a school just outside London and had stayed there until she was fourteen, when she was transferred to a school on the Italian Riviera. That was followed by a year in art school in Paris and another at the Royal Dramatic Academy in London. She left that, confident of conquering the world and all the London managers, but the best she got was "walk-ons." Thus, when Herbert Leigh Holman came along and proposed to

(Continued on page 79)

But it's nice to have a man around, just the same," said Nora with passion.

"I thought that one of these days my value around here would be recognized," Nick remarked smugly.

"It certainly is nice to have a man around," repeated Nora, "because it feels so good when he goes away."

The new nurse, a nice-looking girl with glasses, came in to say that the baby was asleep.

... continued to ring.
"Try it yourself, sometime," said Nick lazily. "Nice easy work you can do at home. You just lift up that arrangement and put it to that left ear—the most beautiful left ear in the world—and you talk into it and—"

Nora gave him an icicle-garnished look and picked up the phone.

"Don't forget that I've retired from detecting," Nick added.

"Hello!" said Nora. "Oh, Colonel MacFay . . . it's nice to hear from you." She turned a look of warning on Nick, who had growled when

... and the Charles family was on his way to the estate of Colonel MacFay, though Nick still insisted bitterly that he was retired and should be allowed to stay that way. The nurse sat beside the chauffeur in the antiquated, large limousine. Nick and Nora were in the back seat. Between them was the baby, in a little seat of his own. He slept soundly, as did Asta, who lay on the seat under him.

It had been a silent ride. The chauffeur evidently labored under some great strain. Nick, feeling put upon, was more silent than was his wont. He leaned forward and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder. There was an ejaculation from the chauffeur, and the car swerved



"Down, Jesse!" Lois commanded.
"He's very tense, for some reason"

Beginning right now! The new, long-awaited Myrna Loy-Bill Powell hit in gaily exciting novelette form!

momentarily. Evidently his state of panic increased as they approached their destination.

"Not so fast, son," said Nick. "The baby has a hangover. Much farther to go?"

He could see that the chauffeur made an effort to answer calmly. "About half a mile, sir." He slowed the car down for a few moments, and then speeded up again.

The car started up a slight hill, the headlights picking out the roadside objects with a clear white definition. Their glare suddenly revealed the body of a man lying at the side of the road.

The body of a man! He lay on his back and was arched so that only his head and heels touched the ground. From the left side of his breast protruded the five-inch handle of a knife!

"My God!" came from Nora. The car swerved as though to avoid hitting the body. It flew past, the accelerator pressed to the floor.

"Stop the car!" said Nick quietly. The chauffeur continued with unslackening speed. Nick tapped him on the shoulder. "Stop the car I say!" repeated Nick.

"I can't! I can't!" shouted the chauffeur.

"It certainly is nice to have a man around," Nora said again, "because it feels so good when he goes away"





"The place is full of guards," the Colonel declared, "but I never can tell which minute will be my last"

Nick stood up in the lurching car, put his forearm around the chauffeur's throat, choking him into submission. His other hand was on the wheel. The car came to a stop. The door opened and the chauffeur leaped out. In an instant he was out of sight, running across a field in the direction of the MacFay house.

Nick got out grimly. "Stay right here," he said to Nora and the nurse. "I'll drive you to the house . . . it can't be more than a few hundred yards."

He walked back to where he had seen the body. There was nothing there!

The air of mystery lay thick about the house of Colonel MacFay. Strange shadows seemed to move through the far corners of the room where the occupants clustered in front of the fireplace as though for comfort and safety.

Colonel Burr MacFay was tall and scrawny. Though seventy, he was still vigorous. He stood in front of the fireplace and looked around him with belligerent suspicion.

"Do you mean to tell me you saw a dead man on the road with a knife in his chest?" he demanded. "What are you trying to put over, anyway?"

The chauffeur stood his ground stubbornly. "Nothing, sir. I did see him."

"You're like all the rest of them," said the Colonel. "You're just trying to intimidate me."

"Sorry to intimidate you too, Colonel," said Nick from the easy chair where he sprawled, "but the man was there."

"Did you examine him?" asked a nice boy of twenty-two or three, whose dimpled chin belied the dignity of his neatly-cropped mustache. He was Freddie Coleman, the Colonel's youthful secretary.

"He wouldn't talk," Nick answered.

"I wish you would be a little more serious, Charles," said MacFay. "If your life were being threatened you wouldn't think it was so funny."

"You see," said Nora, "by the time we stopped the car and got back to where the body was, it wasn't there any more."

"It's a lot of April-foolery," said the Colonel.

"You can call it what you like," insisted the chauffeur stubbornly, "but I seen what I seen. It was the Cuban—"

"I wouldn't worry about it," said Dudley Horn, the Colonel's right-hand man. He was a tall, good-natured young man in his early thirties. Like the youthful Freddie, he, too, wore a small mustache, but it was better suited to his maturity and air of quiet authority. "Obviously, the two men had a falling out, and one of them killed the other, so . . ."

The Colonel exploded cholericly. "I'm not

worried about them killing each other. I'm worried about them killing me."

"Now, now, father," interposed his adopted daughter Lois, a pretty blonde. "Don't get yourself all worked up." As she spoke, the enormous Irish wolfhound at her feet rose, every bristle standing up. "Jesse! Jesse! Down!"

THE CAST

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Nick Charles . . . | William Powell |
| Nora Charles . . . | Myrna Loy |
| Van Slack . . . | Otto Kruger |
| Lois MacFay . . . | Virginia Grey |
| Col. MacFay . . . | C. Aubrey Smith |
| Dorothy Waters . . . | Ruth Hussey |
| Asta . . . | Himself |
| Nick Charles, Jr. . . | William Poulsen |
| Dudley Horn . . . | Patric Knowles |
| Freddie Coleman . . . | Tom Neal |
| Mrs. Bellam . . . | Phyllis Gordon |
| Sam Church . . . | Sheldon Leonard |
| Dum Dum . . . | Abner Biberman |
| Lieut. Guild . . . | Nat Pendleton |

Screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II
Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

she commanded. "He's very tense tonight, for some reason."

"For some reason!" exploded the Colonel. "Who wouldn't be tense! With them trying to terrify me."

Mrs. Bellam, the ample, pleasant-faced housekeeper, came into the room. "I've put the baby and nurse in the room next to yours," she told Nora.

Nora thanked her, and at Nora's voice the dog Jesse arose again, still tense. "Down, Jesse," said Nick soothingly, stepping in front of his wife. The dog rose on his hind legs and started to lick Nick's face.

"Come here, Jesse," said Lois. "Where are

your manners?" The dog obediently got down.

"I wish you'd take that hound of yours outside," said the Colonel.

"It isn't Jesse's fault," said Nora. "Nick smells like our dog, Asta."

"Dogs and little children are crazy about me," observed Nick complacently. "Basically, I must be one of Nature's noblemen."

Lois started out with the dog. "I think we ought to get ready for dinner," she said. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles must be famished."

"All right, in a minute," the Colonel answered, and Lois went out to prepare for the evening meal, followed by the tall Horn and the youthful Freddie and Mrs. Bellam.

Nick started for the door. "Wait a minute," said the Colonel. "I want to talk to you . . . get you working on this."

Nick was hungry and he had not been offered a drink, rendering him far from gracious. "I'm not interested in your personal affairs. I'm not working at that sort of thing any more. I thought you wanted to talk to me about Nora's estate—"

"This is your affair," the Colonel broke in. "What do you suppose would happen to the estate if anything happened to me, anyway?"

Nora put her arms about him soothingly. "Now, nothing's going to happen to you, Colonel. Run along to dinner and we'll be right in." When the Colonel had gone out Nick turned to her.

"Just what do you think you're doing, my little head of lettuce, getting me into a case? That old skinflint's just trying to get the services of a detective for nothing."

"Why, Mr. Charles, how you talk!" said Nora. "I'm an innocent woman."

"Maybe," grunted Nick. "Then what was all that business of putting your arms around him and whispering something in his ear?"

Nora answered calmly, "I was just picking his pocket." She held a key out to him. "I know why you're sore. I saw you trying the door of that liquor cabinet over there when you thought nobody was looking."

"It was locked," said Nick.

"Try this key," said Nora.

Nick looked at her with delight. "Darling," he murmured, "from now on you're my grand passion. I practically love you."

DINNER was a morose and jumpy meal, and during the course of it Nick got from the Colonel the story of what was occurring. It developed that one of the Colonel's former employes, Sam Church, who had gone to jail for a touch of shrewdness during which he had overreached

(Continued on page 74)



Madame Louise Boyer, and her son



Along with his make-up box, Boyer is laying away laughter



The two loyal women he loves — his wife and his mother — will remain in Figeac

I WATCHED CHARLES BOYER *Go away to War* BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

The poignant story from France only an eyewitness could tell!

SOMEWHERE on the Western Front, clad in the ill-fitting, lumpy blue cotton uniform of the French Field Artillery, Charles Boyer is rehearsing a new role today; a role that will be played beside belching cannons instead of before noiseless cameras; a role of grim reality staged in the muck and mud of far more gruesome a battlefield than any studio could ever depict; the greatest role he has ever undertaken, that of a simple poilu.

As I write, Boyer is at Agen, in Southern France, headquarters of the 37th Colonial Artillery, completing a month's intensive training. By the time this story is in print, he probably will have been moved up to the Maginot Line where France is concentrating the entire strength of her mighty military machine.

And the first movie actor to see action in this new war most likely will not be one of the

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last month I told you that PHOTOPLAY would avoid reminding you constantly of the war, but would not hesitate to bring you significant features with a war theme. All Hollywood is asking, "What has happened to Charles Boyer," and fortunately Wilbur Morse, Jr., whom we sent to Europe before the war started, has just returned with the engrossing answer.
—E. V. H.

chest-thumping heroes whose enlistments were headlined from Hollywood, but a quiet, uneager Frenchman to whom the war came as a repugnant job, yet a duty that could not be shunned.

Charles Boyer did not want to go to war, I know. I was with him in France those tense, last few days before the call to colors came. The actor, used to dramatic gestures, faced that inevitable summons without heroics.

He was no soldier, he said. The blowing of bugles sent no martial tingle up his spine. Rather, war was an ugly, repulsive thing. But he was a Frenchman and his France, the France of beloved Paris boulevards, of peaceful, tranquil country towns, had called. There could be only one answer.

No trans-Atlantic cable had been needed to bring Boyer back to his native land when war was declared. The actor had been making a French film, "Le Corsaire," at Nice, on the Riviera, during a summer's vacation from Hollywood and radio contracts.

(Continued on page 78)

Play Truth and Consequence

The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so 'elp her—or pay the penalties—that's what England's most beautiful contribution to the screen agreed to when we invited her to hop on the bandwagon of the month's best fun. When the questions got too saucy, she reneged—but, whether she answered them or not, you can't lose, for here's a Madeleine Carroll you never met till now

It's hard to tell whether Madeleine was being tactful or just modest in refusing to answer question No. 9. Anyhow, we get a chance to laugh at what she calls her most unflattering "candid"

WITH

Carroll

Madeleine

1. (Q) Are you easily impressed by "Private, Keep Out" signs, or are you a natural trespasser?
(A) I bow before all signs of superiority and authority. As a "poor child" I was kept out of so many places that I still have a feeling of awe about such things . . . I'm still afraid of cops, and would never think of going any place without a full and proper invitation.
2. (Q) Did you ever, before coming to the United States, make fun of Americans?
(A) No, because I really envied Americans those very things which Europeans sometimes hold up to ridicule . . . the gaiety, the ability to let loose, the frenzied hurry and informality. The United States was always my goal, and, in fact, I took the biggest gamble of my life to come here: When I signed with Walter Wanger I had to personally buy up the six remaining months of my contract with an English firm . . . and, believe me, that took every penny of my savings.
3. (Q) Have you consciously tried to keep your English accent?

Question No. 19 is a taboo subject, but the penalty illustrates the inappropriate nickname which tagged that cute moppet in the center

Game Conductor: KATHARINE HARTLEY

(A) No, I have consciously tried to modify it. In fact, when I first landed in Hollywood, and was met by my producer, he seemed very disconcerted and said, "Good grief, I didn't realize you had such an English accent; you'll have to get rid of some of it." He had signed me in London, and there it hadn't seemed so noticeable, but here I guess it stood out like a sore thumb. He forbade me to see any English people my first few months here, and I believe I did succeed in getting rid of the very broad "a" at least. I have also tried to modify the usually so-clipped English syllables because they are not pleasant when heard over a microphone.

4. (Q) What are your social amenities?

(A) I have none. I have never learned how to kill time; I don't know how to play bridge or other such games. I am not even expert at any group sports. I have always been haunted by the feeling that life is so short that I will never be able to accomplish what I want to accomplish, so I am not very good at wasting time, or helping others to waste theirs. I do like conversation, and I think there is nothing to equal the adventure of meeting people—but I would much rather talk with them and find out what they're like, than to sit down with them at a card table.

5. (Q) Do you lend things readily?

(A) No.

6. (Q) When you first came to Hollywood which male star were you most anxious to meet?

(A) Gary Cooper. He always was and still is my screen ideal. And the fact that I had the great fortune to be cast opposite him in my second American film, "The General Dies at Dawn," is something for which I will always be grateful.

7. (Q) As a young girl did you ever dream that someday you might be a "Femme Fatale"?

(A) I certainly did, and once during an early picture I tried to portray one with laughable results. I was all done up as a vamp, in trailing black lace and bobbing feathers. The picture was called "Fascination," and it almost ended my career. Also during that period I had the notion that I should become a ballet dancer. Since then I've had to face the fact that I'm just not the type.

8. (Q) If you could have been some famous woman of history, whom would you choose?

(A) Mary Queen of Scots. I know that she came to a tragic and miserable end, but I think she had the most important thing which a woman can have—charm; and I'm sure too that in her early life she must have had lots of fun.

9. (Q) How would you rate the following women in the order of their beauty: Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Madeleine Carroll, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo? (Continued on page 72)

Feminine psychology was at war with masculine in Madeleine's silent acknowledgment of the first half of question No. 32, and her refusal to answer the second. Penalty—this unglamorous still



Question No. 42 was a ticklish one to ask any gal, but Madeleine was a good fellow to go for this bit of nonsense when we demanded that she pose an incongruity—all dressed up and eating a hot dog

THE NAME IS GARY

Handsome is as handsome does,
And Handsome sleeps and sleeps,
Stretched on the floor.
Awakes to yawn and sleep some more.

Between the yawns, a grin, a laugh,
A quiet word, a puzzled frown.
A wrinkled script. "What scene comes now?"

They say he doesn't know, he doesn't care
But if you ask me—
Into his mind I'd like one peep:
I'm sure I'd find
Those quiet waters that run deep.



Typically Hollywood is what we call question No. 39, but rather than tell, Miss C. let us print this picture of her as she was when she crashed America (above). And the poem (left) is the penalty for her having remembered the old saw that "Discretion is the better part of valor—" in other words, turning thumbs down on question No. 47



Be tops—rate four stars—shine!

Don't try to impress
with airs and graces

Don't inflict a sugar-coated tongue on poor helpless children

Miracle Men at

If the stars can do it, you can,
too—for these secrets are the
Open Sesame to the world of Charm

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BARRIE said it first! Remember his definition of charm?—"It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

At the risk of sounding horribly vulgar and commercial, we remind you it isn't only in Hollywood that charm pays dividends; although it's in Hollywood that they are most aware of the value of charm and of the fact that you don't have to be born with it, that you can cultivate it.

"Shine!" the Jitterbugs cried when they were doing "The Big Apple" a few seasons ago, and they called someone into the center of their ring to do a solo.

"Shine!" the Front Office Executives—than

which there is no more—say to their stars. Whereupon, they promptly turn them over to the experts in charge of their studio training schools and stock companies . . . charm schools, virtually, which masquerade under these more routine sounding names.

"Shine!" We say it, too! And why not? For here Hollywood's most famous charm doctors at last expose their miracle-working secrets and show you how!

Florence Enright became famous as the personality polisher at Twentieth Century-Fox. More than one star has moved up into incredible salary brackets after emerging from her care—minus the unfortunate mannerisms we all acquire far too easily and, still worse, unconsciously.

Nina Moise, with whom the crème de la crème of the film colony consult when they're afraid they are slipping from charm, before opening her own studio had acted as dramatic coach and dialogue director for such companies as Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount and Hal Roach. No wonder, considering the Moise reputation, that the august Theater Guild sought her to work with their stock company. In vain, however. For Hollywood wouldn't let her go.

Oliver Hinsdell is known, among other things, as the man who helped Myrna Loy forsake the characters of strange, half-caste girls and project herself as a sparkling young modern. Long

associated with Metro and Paramount, he now has his own studio and his clientele is something to give you pause.

Malvina Dunn is regarded as a fairy god-mother by more than one young star on the Warner lot because of the transformations she has helped them work. A little impatient with those who are content with the *Topsy* philosophy, "I 'spect I grewed," Miss Dunn says: "Music or any other accomplishment, even though you have a positive flair for it, requires concentration and study. It's exactly the same with self-improvement."

Lillian Burns, known affectionately as "Burnsie" on the Metro lot, might have become a great star herself had she not become primarily interested in helping those with whom she was associated in the Belasco Stock Company to find their individual magnets for attraction. Of course, Hollywood heard about her genius. And during the last five years she has been a guide to many rising stars.

YOU WANT PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU . . .
. . . Protest You Don't Care Whether They Do
or Not and You'll Only Be Fooling Yourself

1. Count on this . . . People will be drawn to you in exact proportion to the interest you show in them. (Dunn)
2. Never try to impress with airs and graces.



Don't wear a dentifrice smile. Be honest. Say, "I don't quite understand"

Talk to yourself! For, "It's an empty wagon that makes the most noise"

Work

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

For, whether you succeed or fail in your purpose, you'll alienate people. They'll either be intimidated by you or they'll laugh at you. (Dunn)

3. When you don't understand what is being said, don't sit around with a "dentifrice smile," trying to indicate that everything is beautifully clear and too, too fascinating. Be honest. Say, with interest, "I don't quite understand, tell me more about it, please!" And whoever is talking will positively adore you. (Dunn)
4. Have no traffic with a sugar-coated tongue. Above everything else, don't inflict it upon poor, helpless children. (Dunn)
5. When, out of shyness, you avoid greeting those you know, you are selfish and unkind. For you risk hurting their feelings. It's no excuse to pretend you didn't wish to intrude upon them. You don't intrude when, in friendly passing, you wave or call hello. (Moise)
6. Don't eternally concern yourself with the way others are treating you. Think instead how they, equally sensitive and equally afraid of slights, may be translating your attitude toward them. (Moise)
7. If people seem a little quiet or brusque don't assume it is because they dislike you. Be adult enough to understand their attitude is far more likely to reflect some concern or ab-

straction they are feeling than their reaction to you. (Burns)

8. In summation, if you really want to be popular, GIVE! Give all kinds of things . . . Interest and understanding, appreciation and tolerance . . . Get the idea? (Burns)

GIVE A SMOOTH PERFORMANCE

Rate Four Stars . . . Be the Tops as an Individual . . .

1. If you are about to join a group and you find you're shy and scared, take long, deep breaths. They will work wonders for you. For you can't breathe like that and not relax. It's impossible. (Burns)
2. When you get nervous enough it does your personality little harm usually. For you either grow so numb that you appear cool and queenly and reserved. Or you resent your misery so much that you decide to plunge into the middle of things even though you go down trying. Whereupon, you're likely to shine—since others, more composed, aren't making so much effort.

It's only when you're a little nervous—a bit jittery, in fact—that harm is likely to be done. For then you fidget. And fidgets are tabu. Watch yourself like the good old hawk at such times—and check every last fidget before it is born. (Burns)

SNAP INTO IT* *Posture, We Mean

1. If you want to walk with beauty, strive for a feeling of buoyancy. (Hinsdell)
2. When people play golf they exert great care to attain a good stance. But little or no attention is paid to the great need for a good stance as a starting point for walking. Never in a hundred years will you look poised unless your balance is what it should be. Don't poke out your head! Don't hobble about like a water bird, unaccustomed to walking on land! Keep your weight on your heels. Then you won't be awkward as you start forward. (Enright)
3. When you enter a room, your arms and hands should be relaxed. Eyes (Continued on page 84)

Don't be like Topsy

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SHERMUND



"Gin FOR RENT!"



ILLUSTRATION BY MARIO COOPER

"My very first professional date was one of the most unusual I've ever had . . .

"PLEASE understand," said the smartly gowned woman behind the flat-topped desk, "this isn't a racket. It is a perfectly legitimate business. In fact, my firm is a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. You are young and good-looking, you know how to dress, how to dance, how to talk to men. I am offering you an opportunity to put those abilities of yours to work. You will be expected, in return, to conduct yourself at all times as a lady should."

"I understand, Miss Ray," I said.

"Fine," she said with a friendly smile. "We'll call you with an assignment in a day or so."

And that was my introduction to the profession at which I've been working for the last year.

I'm a professional escort girl in Hollywood. Men hire me at nights for a few hours of fun and companionship. I go with them to the Hollywood night spots, to private parties, on sight-seeing tours. I even pose as a wife, if my

client wishes it. Most important of all, I sometimes think, I listen to my clients' troubles, their hopes, their life histories.

I do all this for a fee. Ten dollars if I don't wear a formal evening gown, fifteen dollars if I do. The fee goes to Cherie Ray, who runs the escort service, and she gives me half of it. When I go out with a man, it's purely a commercial proposition.

It seems strange to look back to my first days as a professional escort girl and remember how ashamed and furtive I was about it. I suppose I had the same impression of escort girls that most of you reading this have now—that they were essentially cheap, only one or two steps removed from common prostitutes.

I know better now. I know how wrong the general impression is, and how badly the escort girl needs somebody to take her part, give people her side of the story. That's what I want to do here—and incidentally, I think I may show you a side of Hollywood that's new to you.

I'm glad, now, that I was forced into being an escort girl, although I hated it at the time. But I was desperate for money: I couldn't find work in pictures or anywhere else and I had a five-year-old boy to take care of.

I am the daughter of respectable, middle-class parents who live in a small town, a village, really, in the Middle West. I cut short my college career, in which I concentrated on dramatic work, to run away with the son of a wealthy man in a neighboring state. Our marriage was a failure from the very first. He was twenty-two, I was eighteen, and his parents violently objected to the whole thing. They had a very high opinion of their social position and refused to accept me as a daughter-in-law. And, in addition, my handsome, spoiled husband had never learned the meaning of fidelity.

The divorce court gave our six-months-old baby to me. It was impossible to stay in my home town, after that—there was no way there for me to support myself and my baby—so I

ADVENTURES OF A HOLLYWOOD ESCORT GIRL

It's a strange side of movietown—filled with secret loneliness, hunger for romance, hope—and a girl who has experienced it tells her story

To the world, Hollywood is the city of glamour, and every year thousands of single men and women, as well as couples, come to see the stars, the studios, the night clubs, the gay life. They are usually total strangers here, don't know a soul, and are really in need of someone to give them companionship. That's where we escorts, male and female, come in.

For a single man or woman, traveling alone, an escort of the opposite sex can make all the difference between a happy, delightful vacation and dreary loneliness. If you have ever been in a hotel in a strange city, you know what a terrible, depressing experience it can be. My bureau is advertised in local papers and in theater programs, and is known to hotel managers. Cherie Ray, through it, makes it possible for these lonely adventurers to purchase for a comparatively small amount that most priceless commodity—a sympathetic ear to talk to, a friendly soul to be with.

Is there anything so very wrong in that?

OF course, one thing I must have more than anything else—tact. Nearly all men, at some time during the evening, want to kiss me; sometimes I even let them, if they are not definitely impossible—although kissing is strictly against the rules. Some, naturally, have more intimate propositions to make, and that is when I need finesse. I tell them I've just met them, and laugh them out of it. Or I just use the never-failing trick of saying, "Let's have a dance!" They'll always dance, and getting up from your table and moving out to the floor is a wonderful way of changing the topic of conversation.

Of course, I have had strange experiences. Every man, every "assignment" is a new problem in human nature. My very first professional date was one of the most unusual I've ever had. Unusual—and yet, in many ways, extremely fortunate for a beginner, because the man was so gentle and considerate.

He was a lawyer from Honolulu who wanted a girl to act as his wife at a party. That seemed odd, and a rather large order, but as soon as I met Mr.—I'll call him Mr. Wilson—in Miss Ray's office, I liked him. Incidentally, Miss Ray insists on a personal interview with all her clients, and as she can size them up in a minute I always feel pretty safe when I go out with a man I've never met before.

Mr. Wilson was about forty-five years of age, tall, with keen blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He told me all his troubles on our way to the party, explaining that he thought I had a right to know just why I was being asked to pose as his wife. He'd been divorced but I guessed

left him with my parents and went to New York, where I became a show girl in the Paradise Restaurant and in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." I also worked as a photographic and artists' model, and undoubtedly you saw my face many times on billboards and in magazine advertisements.

THREE years ago I left New York and came to Hollywood—just another girl trying to get into pictures. I succeeded better than most, though, because I was a dancer. Ten days after my arrival I was in a Warner Brothers musical show, without even having had to go through the red tape of registering at Central Casting.

I was lucky beyond my wildest dreams. There was all the work I could do, and more. I saved every cent for a while, and then I just went wild, renting a little cottage, engaging a colored maid, and going home to get my little boy. It seemed so wonderful to have him with me again, there in that comfortable little Holly-

wood home. I couldn't believe it was true.

And it wasn't. Suddenly, musical pictures went out of fashion, and like seven hundred other chorus girls I didn't know how I was going to pay my next month's rent. An occasional call for modeling didn't help much. My savings dwindled away, and things were at their darkest when I heard of the escort bureau being run by a former stage actress, Cherie Ray. In desperation, I applied to her for a job, and have been with her ever since.

I've learned a great deal in the year I've worked for Miss Ray—not only about men, but about life and even about myself. I'm no longer ashamed of being an escort girl—although, because they probably would not understand, I keep the exact nature of my occupation from my family and friends. And I'm no longer in the business for the money alone, strange as that may seem. I've come to know that there is romance in my job, adventure and humor. I'm not sure that I should want to give it up.

immediately that he was really still in love with his former wife. His mother had wrecked the marriage, he said. She lived in Los Angeles. Because he was angry with her, he had told her he was married again.

"It was just pique on my part," he admitted with a smile, "but I certainly didn't realize it would lead me into so much deception. I've been declining invitations right and left since I've been here, saying that my wife was sick. But this party tonight is one I just have to go to, for business reasons—and to make it worse, Mother will be there, too."

Mother was at the party, all right—a handsome, grey-haired, commanding woman. If I'd had to deal with her myself I'd have been frightened to death, because she started asking questions! Luckily Mr. Wilson stuck close to me all the time, and did the talking. He also took the opportunity to tell her we intended to live our own life and he wouldn't tolerate interference from her. It was his declaration of independence.

We went out together a few times after that, and Mr. Wilson was always very proper and gentlemanly, spending most of the time talking about his former wife. I think, now that he's free of his mother, they'll get married again.

THAT isn't the only time I've played the role of a wife. A schoolteacher from New Mexico came to Hollywood for a vacation, and something made him tell his friends out here that he was on his honeymoon. Just one of those things that seems like a good idea at the time, but he hadn't realized they'd want to give him and his bride a dinner.

He didn't dare tell them he was only joking, so he came to Miss Ray's office.

My New Mexico schoolteacher was very good-looking, and young and full of high spirits. We went to a five-and-dime together and bought a ring; after the dinner, which was a stiff, formal affair, we went to the Palomar to dance.

Before that evening was over, I knew I liked this young gentleman from New Mexico a great deal more than a professional escort girl should like her client.

After that, I had several other dates with him—always professionally. But one night, shyly, he offered me a poem he'd written for me. And before he went back to New Mexico, he kissed me, not once but a good many times. Against the rules, of course, but if I like a man and want to kiss him, no rules can stop me.

He's back in New Mexico now, but I haven't forgotten him. I don't think I ever will. We still write to each other, and he's coming out here again soon. I think perhaps he'll ask me to marry him. I hope so. But I try not to think about it, because right now I'm still an escort girl, with my living to make, and nothing would irritate a client more than to find me with a far-away look in my eye while he was paying me to help him have a good time.

Not all the men I go out with are visitors from out of town. It's amazing how much loneliness and frustration there is among prominent Hollywood producers, directors and actors.

There's a world-famous director who at one time or another has dated practically all the girls in our bureau. I've been with him several times. He—well, frankly, he is one of the men who wants more than casual night-club companionship. But he plays fair. He doesn't try to buy you with promises of stardom. But if a girl had talent, he could help her. He is handsome and polished, but somehow he frightens me. Something seems to have been left out of

him. If we ever used the word in my kind of job, I'd say that he didn't have a soul.

You grow tolerant of men's foibles in this business. One actor I know of has dated all the girls in our bureau; he goes out with a different one each night, gets sleepy after two drinks, and goes home. I can't figure him out. He seems very unhappy, and rather mysterious.

Important men—big directors, handsome actors, powerful producers—soon lose their glamour for a girl in my business. They become merely lonely and pathetic and—sometimes—a little revolting. It doesn't help any to know the reason they like to go out with us, either—it's because we can't sue them.

BEING an escort girl has its serious side lines, too. Occasionally, I turn into a girl detective and work for one of the world's largest insurance companies.

Once a rich woman in Beverly Hills claimed that her jewelry had been stolen. The insurance company arranged for me to go on a weekend party at which she was to be present, and told me to keep my eyes open for a certain

Beginning Next Month -

The producers of the forthcoming RKO film, "Swiss Family Robinson," bring you the hilarious story of a family which descends upon Hollywood with dire results for its unfortunate producer-member! You won't want to miss

Swiss Family Hollywood

Starting in

JANUARY PHOTOPLAY

bracelet set with diamonds. Of course, I can't give many details of my detective work, but I did get friendly with this woman, and I discovered that the bracelet she claimed to have lost was still very much in her possession. A few days later, after I'd made my report, the company called her husband and told him how happy they were to know his wife had found her jewels!

Another time the company sent me with a debonair young man to a party aboard a yacht. You wouldn't have thought, to look at him or listen to him, that this young fellow knew anything, but he was really an expert on boats. By the time we left he'd discovered some deliberately inflicted damage to the boat which would have eventually sunk it. When the company got our report they called the yacht's owner and told him to repair the damage at once or his insurance would be canceled.

At first, I didn't like this kind of work very much. I had some sort of idealistic notion that I shouldn't make friends and accept hospitality, and then betray the people who had entertained me and given me their confidence. It didn't take me long, though, to see that such people were no better than common swindlers, and didn't deserve any pangs of my conscience.

I've escorted distinguished visitors, too. Last year on Christmas Eve a party of dignitaries from Mexico—a general, a governor, and two cabinet ministers—went to Earl Carroll's with me and three other girls from the bureau. All

four of us were blondes, although I incline a little toward reddishness. My escort told me that in Spain and Latin-American countries a reddish-blond with green eyes is the most highly admired type of beauty, and as I have green eyes, too, I felt very flattered.

And my very next assignment after the Mexican one was as different a job as you could possibly imagine. A male escort and I went with a devoted fat old couple to a night club, because their idea of having fun in Hollywood was to hire a couple of young folks to dance and drink with them. They even engaged a photographer to take our picture as we were cutting up on the dance floor. They didn't dance themselves—just wanted to watch us. James Cagney, Hugh Herbert and Frank McHugh were sitting at a near-by table with their wives, and the one thing that seemed to impress my elderly couple more than anything else was that while my escort and I were dancing so wildly, these comedians and their wives were so conservative and solemn. What they didn't realize was that Bob and I were busy earning our fees—we capered around because we knew they loved it. My tip that night was five dollars, and I think I more than earned it.

The average man I go out with will spend about thirty dollars for a night's entertainment, including the fee. Not all of them tip me, and I don't expect it. The highest tip I ever got was twenty-five dollars. Usually it's five dollars. Sometimes, the next day, a man I've been out with will send me a present.

The majority of my clients are in their late thirties and early forties. I really like them best when they're around forty. As I said before, I don't have much trouble with their behavior.

If a man gets too fresh, the rules of the bureau are for me to leave him and go home, but I have done that only three times so far.

ONE important thing I've learned: It isn't sex most men want from an escort girl, but companionship—and sympathy. They know they will never see me again, unless they want to, and they have enough confidence in Cherie Ray to trust me; they often tell me things I'm sure they wouldn't tell anyone else.

For less confidential conversations, it's part of my job to read newspapers and magazines and the latest popular fiction, so that I can talk to my client without boring him. One night I went out with a young Czech broker; Hitler had just annexed his country, and he was very depressed. I went to his apartment, we had a few highballs, and we talked all night about the European situation.

Of course, I soon learned to be a good listener. I always listen with rapt attention when a man brags about himself—and all men do.

I've been thinking, as I write this, that I really have a rather wonderful and exciting kind of job. I wanted, if I could, to convey some of that excitement to you. It need have none of the sordidness I am sure a sheltered woman would associate with it.

In fact, in time to come I believe the better hotels will supply guests with dinner and dancing partners; and escorting, for women, will become a recognized profession.

And you have only to look at the records of Cherie Ray's office to prove to yourself that if a girl is looking for a husband, her chances of finding one by being an escort are much greater than if she were a stenographer. I know eight escort girls in Hollywood who married men they first met professionally.

Which makes me think once more of my New Mexico schoolteacher. Somehow, when I remember him, my job doesn't seem quite so wonderful. Eight escort girls married! Maybe, after all, I'll be the ninth.

FUNNY

FACE

"I'm a pawn of fate," groans Eddie Albert. What chance has a guy got, when his India-rubber features insist on making his fortune for him?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

EDDIE ALBERT is puzzled by his face. He can't understand why it should provoke spontaneous mirth.

"Secretly," he observes, "I never thought I was such a goofy-looking guy. A face to forget, yes, but not a face that says, 'stop, look and snicker.'"

The face in question took on that appearance of baffled good will which made him the hit of "Brother Rat"—a kind of lamblike innocence, infinitely trusting, yet bewildered.

"I remember when I was a kid, I used to spend hours grimacing at myself in the mirror, trying to see how far I could twist my pan out of shape. Maybe it got sore and decided to stay that way."

It was the movies—specifically, the technique of the close-up—that brought out his full possibilities. While he'd scored gratifying hits in the Broadway productions of "Brother Rat" and "Room Service," he could still wander the streets without creating disturbance. But his first appearance at Dinty Moore's restaurant, after the picture was shown, brought yells from strangers.

He moved uneasily toward the table where his friends were waiting. "Where's the circus?" he inquired. Their silent stare seemed rather pointed. Then he caught sight of the clippings they'd arranged at his place. Underlined in red were such phrases as: "If you want the guf-faw of the century, watch Eddie Albert say, 'I love you.'" "The guy that looks as if he came out of a rock." "Eddie Albert has the phiz of a comic-strip artist's dream." "Glamour returns to Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr makes way for Eddie Albert."

He never expected to turn out a comic. "You're the master of your fate," doesn't apply to me," he says. "I'm a pawn of fate. I go limp, and fate gives me a shove into green pastures. It's nice. I like it." His brows rise to a peak, and a grin creases his India-rubber map.

He admits there was a time when he fancied himself as a wit. Between the ages of, say, ten and fourteen. He had responsive audiences, which kept the illusion alive—as when his mother sent him out to buy his first pair of shoes singlehanded. He tried a pair on, and they looked and felt all right.

"Are you sure they'll wear?" he frowned, leaning heavily on his mother's remembered technique.

"Son, those shoes'll wear till the cows come home."

Eddie rose. "I better not buy them then, because the cows'll be along any minute, now."

"And the poor guy, with a sale in the balance, laughed," says Eddie. "I've always been glad to remember I bought the shoes."

What he calls his brutal humor was best appreciated by his schoolmates, "who were young



The Russian ballet technique of "On Your Toes" hasn't anything on Leonid Kinsky and Eddie!

Everything happens to Eddie! When he gets a dress tie, it pops in his face. When he tries to be nice to employers' wives, he starts a riot. And everybody howls. "It's nice," grins Eddie, "I like it"

and dumb like myself," as he admits cheerfully.

"I was incredibly dull-witted at school. I didn't like it. I couldn't see any sense in it. Suppose I learned dates and places, so what? I couldn't catch on to the idea behind education. I went because I had to. I even tried to assimilate a fact or two because I liked my folks and wanted to please 'em. That incentive would keep me going for just a week. Every semester I'd start out, bang! for a week. Then I'd get to feeling foolish.

"I couldn't resist the urge to make what I considered humorous remarks. We hadn't got around to calling 'em wisecracks. Humorous remarks we called 'em, and felt pretty distinguished. The teacher might be explaining something, and I'd come out with, 'Very true,

(Continued on page 76)



In radio's "The Honeymooners," they were billed as Grace and Eddie Albert—for professional reasons only, they insist

P O R T R A I T


IN

SCOTCH PLAID


WITH

SHAMROCKS

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



A bas-relief of a man who believes in a life hereafter, doesn't want to know the future . . . is superstitious about three-on-a-match, would seat thirteen at a table . . . his name—Richard Marius Joseph Greene



HE has a keen desire to learn the Russian language.

He never reads the movie pages of the daily papers.

He doesn't like rubber-soled shoes, and he thinks he would have made a terrible business man.

He hates parrots.

His name is Richard Marius Joseph Greene.

He has a great passion for bagpipes, playing records of them at the drop of a hat. He likes sending gardenias and roses to lady companions.

He is bored with dog shows.

He likes drive-in eating places.

He is conscientious but erratic in keeping appointments.

He is superstitious about quoting "Macbeth" in a theater, whistling in a dressing room, three-on-a-match, but not about thirteen at a table. He thinks track meets are dull and, when possible, avoids playing cards with women.

He does a fair tango and a mean rhumba. He is of Scotch and Irish descent, and has never tasted soda pop.

He uses only one button on the jacket of his pajamas for comfort.

He has never worked a crossword puzzle.

He is especially fond of abalone, and has a confident attitude toward life.

He still retains the British custom of tea every afternoon, and feels honestly that he has

much to learn as an actor. His dimples are not as pronounced off-screen.

He was born on August 25th at Plymouth, England, and he spoke only two words, "Not yet," in his first screen role in 1934. He is six feet, one inch in height.

He is currently taking flying lessons and soon expects his license. He does not like garlic and yet is very fond of Worcestershire sauce of which garlic is the base. (He was surprised to learn this.)

He carries his money in a wallet.

He does not like following a golf match.

He is an expert equestrian.

His eyes are blue-grey, and he has an ambition some day to visit Africa, Tibet and far-off places, riding on a donkey, shunning tourist hotels, and getting a firsthand knowledge of the world. His favorite dessert is chocolate soufflé.

He likes delicate, elusive perfumes on women, and thinks Limehouse is the most interesting district in London.

He enjoys visiting the side shows on a pleasure pier, and thinks that commercial success has nothing to do with art.

He prefers tan shoes.

He dabbles in amateur photography but most of his negatives come out black. He gets a special kick out of watching sheep dog trials, and thinks the most beautiful building he has ever seen is Canterbury Cathedral.

He prefers a companion on long walks, never wears glasses, and when going to school was given an award for elocution by John Masefield, Britain's poet laureate.

He plays no musical instruments but would like to play the guitar so that he could accompany friends at home.

He wears garters only with dinner clothes.

He likes watching Western films.

HE has a habit of storing up his temper for a long time and then suddenly exploding. He has a mascot made of fur and wool which looks like a lion and which was given him by his mother on his first Christmas. He calls it Rupert for no reason at all.

He is proud of his knowledge of beers and wines, and his greatest regret is that he did not have a longer stage career as an unknown before achieving prominence.

He plans not to marry for about eight years,
(Continued on page 81)

THE Camera SPEAKS



Turn the page and get a welcome to the Darryl Zanucks' party just as hearty as the one W. C. Fields is giving Fanny Brice—a salute from one Ziegfeld graduate to another!

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING
PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU
HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



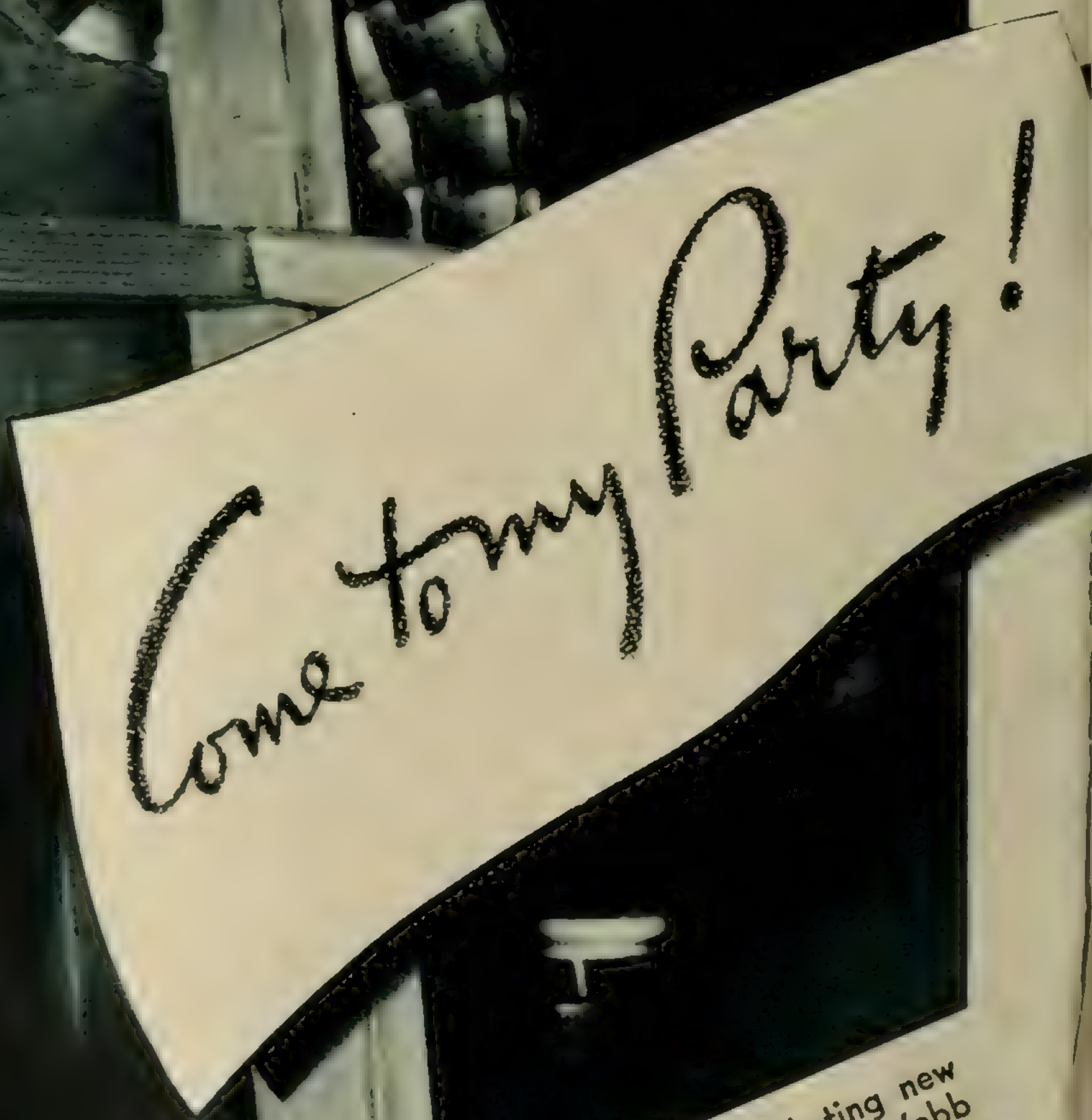
Horse laugh at a barn dance—Al Jolson with Zanuck, his host



Claudette Colbert and Henry Crocker dance Hollywood's version of the Virginia Reel



"Come and get it!" Mrs. Z. at the old-time farm dinner gong



Most interesting guest—Zanuck's skyrocketing new discovery, Linda Darnell, sitting with Watson Webb





Three important personalities among some three hundred guests
—the Warner Baxters and Harry Brand of 20th Century-Fox



Not a "square dance," but two very square dancers whose word means law throughout filmland—Mary Pickford and Sid Grauman

You'll be delighted to know you're invited—

The Zanucks say to bring your friends, too—

While Virginia and Darryl roll out a barrel

For the year's best barn dance and barbecue!



Informality is the rule of the evening for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and the other guests—not an ermine in sight!

Ted Lewis makes a point (no pun intended!) in academic debate with Jack Benny
—while Binnie Barnes ponders another serious conversation, in the background



Kay Francis furnishes an example of early
American swing—or "Swing your partners!"



THEIR FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHS



We plunder filmland's files for its prize pictures—and turn an unaccustomed spotlight on those "great unknowns" who made them!

LAZLO WILLINGER was virtually official photographer for European film stars when M-G-M brought him to America to give added glamour to their great. His career began at the age of 20, when he became manager of a Paris photo-news agency. Three years later, having saved up his money and gotten his equipment together, he set out to cover Europe with his camera. Within ten years, he had published four books of his favorite camera studies, and had become one of the Continent's most celebrated portraitists. Then—Hollywood, with such enchanting results as this study of Ann Sothorn, currently appearing in "Fast and Furious"



RAY JONES laid the groundwork for his present job as head of Universal's photographic department—though he didn't realize it then—when, at the age of 14, he took up after-school work with a photographic studio in Superior, Wisconsin. In 1922, he came to Hollywood, got a job—and, in nine weeks, was head of his department. Since then his rise has been equally rapid in the fields of portraiture, fashion pictures and color shots. His forte is getting action into a still—which accounts for the gay animation of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., right, star of Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea" and Universal's "Green Hell"



CHOSEN BY
FAVORITE PH

"SCOTTY" WEL
brown-haired, I
be in front o
Asheville, N.
many hobbi
stars—all the
he likes to r
Photography.
Welbourne)
school, and
popularity t
taken with
shows wh

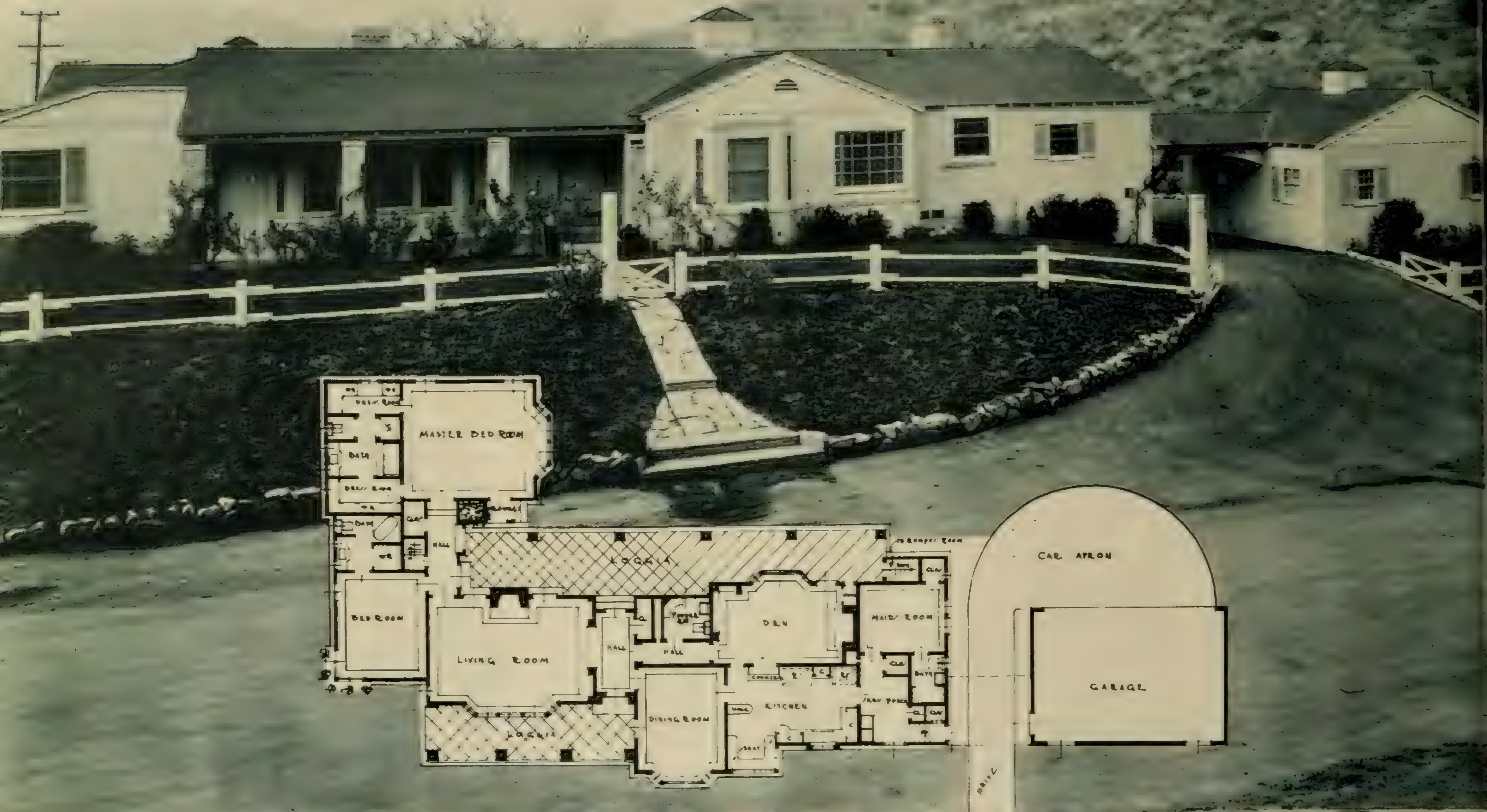
camera
gnized au-
ny articles,
he subject.
for himself,
e photogra-
ittings. He
edish star in-
al in "Inter-
lly modeled
e, graceful
one of the
ver worked!"





"BUDDY" LONGWORTH is also known around the Warner studios, where he is a great favorite, as "Thirty Dollars"—his pet exclamation when pleased. His real name is Bert. Born in Richmond, Va., he received most of his schooling in Columbus, Ohio. There, while still in his teens, he won fame with a striking portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., emphasizing for the first time the protruding teeth which became "Teddy's" photo trademark, and setting the pace for the unusual angle shots for which he is now celebrated—such as this on-the-set view of Zorina in "On Your Toes"

A House to Live in



A combination den and corner bedroom for mother (Mrs. Cora Lane)



Blue background for two blue-eyed sisters who share one bedroom

A LONG, low, rambling house with no up-stairs at all, a house demurely white and Quaker grey, hugging the diminutive hill behind it and looking out comfortably on a green lawn that slopes to the rustic white fence along the road—here is a house you'd admire enthusiastically if you passed it, without ever guessing it was the home of a movie queen.

As a matter of fact, it is the home of not one but two Hollywood stars, brunette Rosemary and blonde Priscilla Lane. They have just moved in with their mother, Mrs. Cora Lane;

BY DOROTHY DUCAS

Lola, the first Hollywood Lane to turn into a star, visits them frequently, bunking in the convenient day bed in the den.

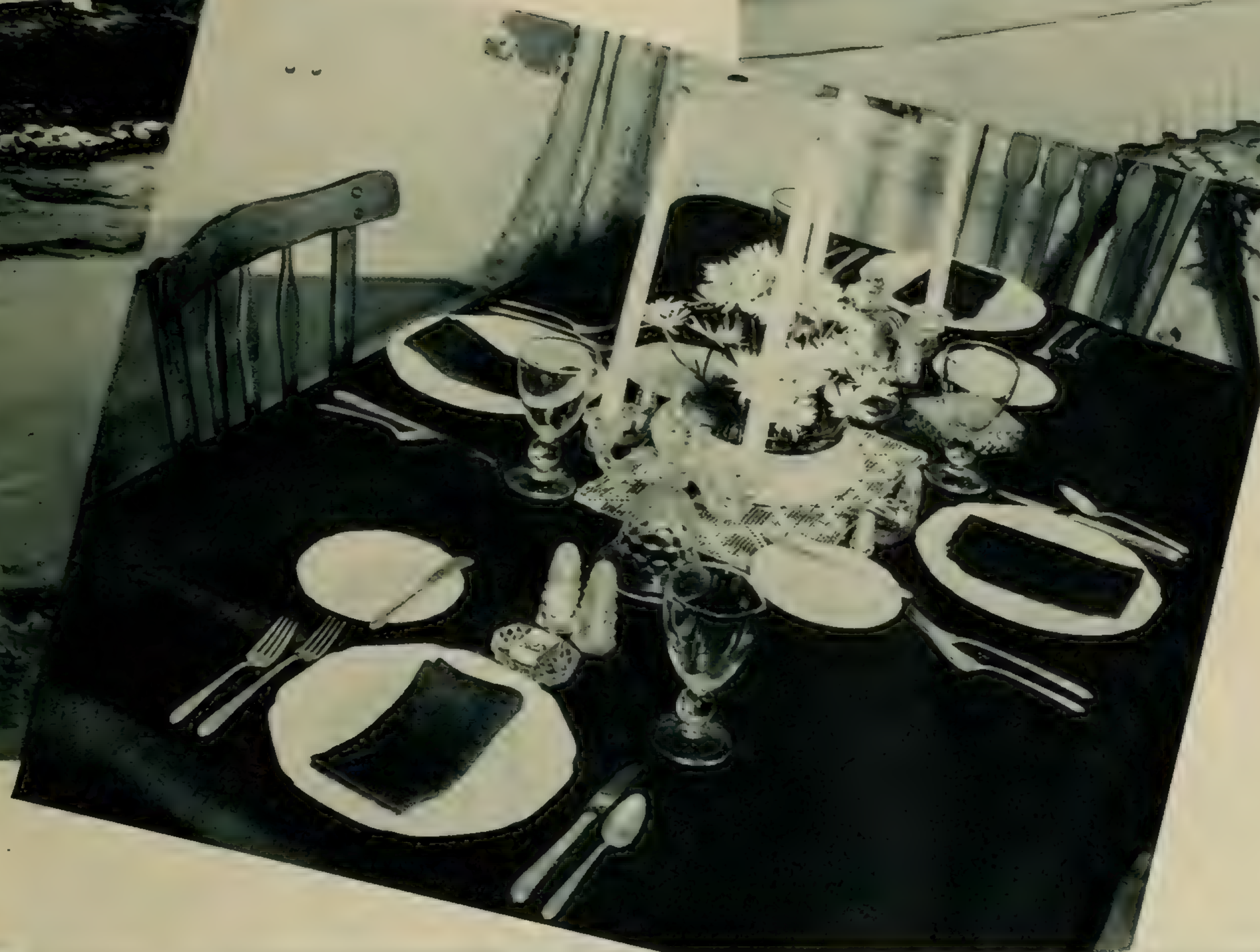
The charm of this house with its picturesque California Monterey architecture, its spacious yet every-bit-usable floor plan, is that it is modest enough to make us see it in terms of our own

living, though it belongs to two glamour girls. The white stucco and weathered grey-white boards of the walls and roof hold the utmost of convenience within their eight rooms and three baths. That's why we have chosen the Lane house as the second of our hand-picked "Me, too," homes of Hollywood stars: Houses which have lots of good ideas for us to emulate, houses which are primarily homes instead of show places.

But the Lane girls' house is a very special
(Continued on page 87)



Their den is the most popular room in the house—particularly when both girls have dates. The fireplace (upper left) is handy for snacks, book shelves (above) are handy for Pat's reading—and Rosemary finds the bay window a comfortable spot



The gleam of artfully-selected silver against a wine-colored tablecloth reflects the silver-flowered pattern in the wine-colored wallpaper which gives an air of intimacy to the dining room

Palest pastel furnishings and plenty of windows—both bay and French—lend airiness and light to the living room, and help to bring the great outdoors inside. For an exterior view, see the opposite page, which shows the floor plan running parallel to the picture of the house and garage



That's all Rosemary and Priscilla Lane asked for—and why shouldn't we have one like it?



IN THIS CORNER—
 "SLUGGER"
 DIETRICH!

For sweet publicity—or to prove she has a heart of gold—magnificent Marlene of von Sternberg days is a leopard with changed spots. Example: In "Destry Rides Again," she scraps with Una Merkel, kicks and scratches Jimmy Stewart—and has a brand-new reputation after the brawl is over

"Home, Sweet Home" in the days of "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—though life isn't always so quiet for Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert, and their screen baby in the Revolutionary days of "Drums Along the Mohawk"!





A is an actor you all surely know—
He appeared as a doctor not long ago



B is no bachelor—a year happily wed.
On celluloid, too, he's getting ahead



C can be comic or tragic, at will—
Just like his dad, who's notable still

Whose Little Boy



1. Celebrated portrayer of strong,
silent men, this proud papa hasn't
played anything but leading roles
for almost two decades! His son is
only now achieving that status—
opposite Ginger Rogers, no less!



2. Eldest of a noted film family, this
actor's fame has been overshadowed by
another member's. However, if his son
gets the opportunity rated by his work
in an airplane picture the past year,
Junior may become most famous of all!



3. His premature death blighted an en-
tire industry, leaving a unique place
which no one has been able to fill. His
heir changed his first name from a much
longer label to a "junior," now has one
of the most coveted roles of the year



D isn't dopey (except on the screen)!
Given a chance, he steals every scene



E is effective; he has what it takes
Although he needs much better breaks



F has a future; his role is the same
That gave one boy here original fame

Are You?

Can you team these rising sons
with their proud parents? Then
compare your letter-and-number
pairs with the list on page 75!



4. Being a matinee idol runs in this family! Papa was one, first a renowned Shakespearean actor and then active in silent films until his death, shortly after talkies came in. Papa's grandpa was one. And now the youngest is, too!



6. As a bow to mothers everywhere, we include this gracious lady just to prove that mothers pass on their talents, too—as every woman knows! One of Broadway's favorite comediennes, she wins film audiences, too



5. One of the most illustrious figures in screen history, this man retains his interest in the industry, although no longer appearing in pictures himself. He leaves that to his offspring—once estranged from his dad, but now a pal



Dottie and Bob spot a ship coming to their rescue—and their expressions tell you just what they think of it

Typhoon

It's a new team but the same old sarong (breaking out in a different print). Dottie's latest beau is that skyrocket of "Union Pacific," Robert Preston. This time Lamour's a Dutch East Indies beauty and Bob's a chap who's been shipwrecked on her island—presumably by Dottie's eyes?



Ah! "Typhoon!" solves that old problem of whom to take to a desert isle!



ONE WEEK with Play

One of Hollywood's most unusual organizations is the Victor McLaglen Kid Club. A year ago Halloween, Vic stopped for a traffic light, and a score of children swarmed over his car, shouting: "Tricks or treats?" McLaglen grinned—and treated—then invited them to his sports club. They accepted unanimously. In fact, they brought another unanimous two dozen! And that's how Vic started the present self-governing club, to provide both a playground and more serious projects for seventy-five youngsters who might otherwise never have them. Self-reliance is their aim and they stage shows to finance their vacation. But, this year, Vic tripled their fund to give them a week's holiday at Catalina Island—with the happy results shown here!



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS



Barbara Stanwyck, playing in Paramount's "Remember the Night," wears a taffeta evening gown plaided in magenta, mauve and green, and striped with gold, which features a halter neck, crushed bodice, molded waistline and back skirt fullness. Gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Ann Rutherford's most effective skating costume is of stark white velveteen with cardinal red piping and silver buttons. The snug fitting baby bonnet ties with red streamers. Ann will soon appear in M-G-M's "Judge Hardy and Son." Her skating costume is from Lanz of California

Snow



TOGS



Muriel Angelus, appearing opposite Ronald Colman in Paramount's "The Light That Failed," goes a-skiing in a chic White Stag costume. A quilted, natural-colored poplin hood and waistcoat with red lining contrast navy blue gabardine Downhill trousers. The mitts of navy poplin have capeskin palms and thumb guards. These White Stag ski togs are available at smart shops throughout the country



YOUTH DRESSES UP
FOR
"First Love"



When Universal's "First Love" comes to the screen, you'll see Deanna Durbin, the star, and Helen Parrish, the second lead, wearing these chic "grown-up" clothes created by Vera West. Sables are in perfect taste for a "young lady"—Miss West adds them as final fillip to Helen Parrish's frock of rust angora woolen (above) that is trimmed with a hand-embroidered flower motif of cocoa brown and beige yarn—colored beads glisten from the centers. The roll brim brown felt hat has grosgrain ribbon back detail. Helen's alligator bag and suède gloves match her frock. Mink fashioned in youthful style is entirely proper for a "young lady," too. Miss West makes Helen a wee flaring peplum jacket of this luscious fur and belts it with the beige twill fabric of the frock beneath. The spiral hat is also of mink

Jones



Deanna Durbin wears sophisticated Lyons velvet and point de Venise lace. Miss West styles the deep sapphire gown with basque bodice, flowing skirt and puff sleeves. A "baby bonnet" cap of lace repeats the medium that is used for vestee and deep hemline appliqué

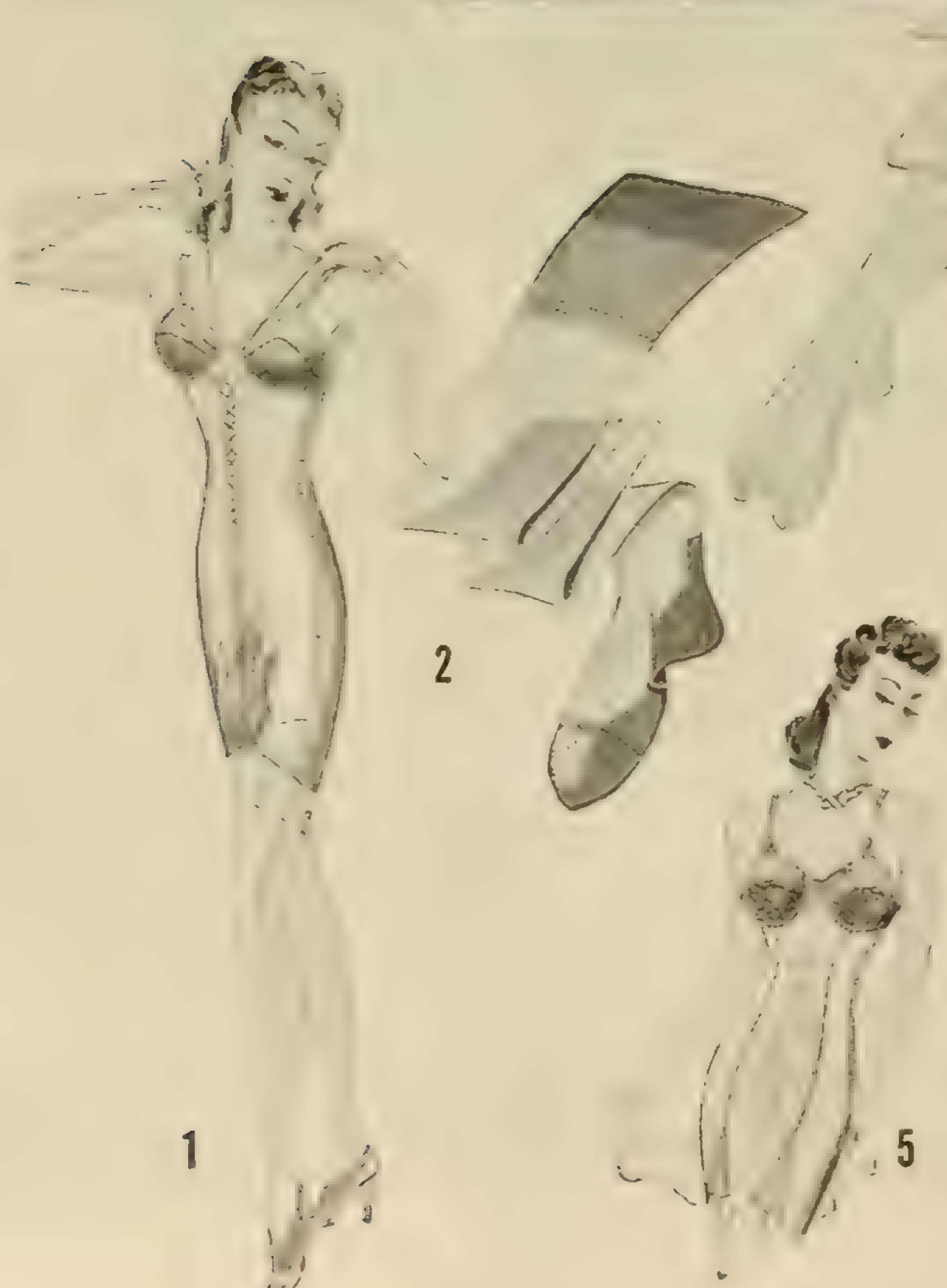
Deanna's and Helen's studio designed clothes are not available in the shops

Jones

FOUNDATIONS OF

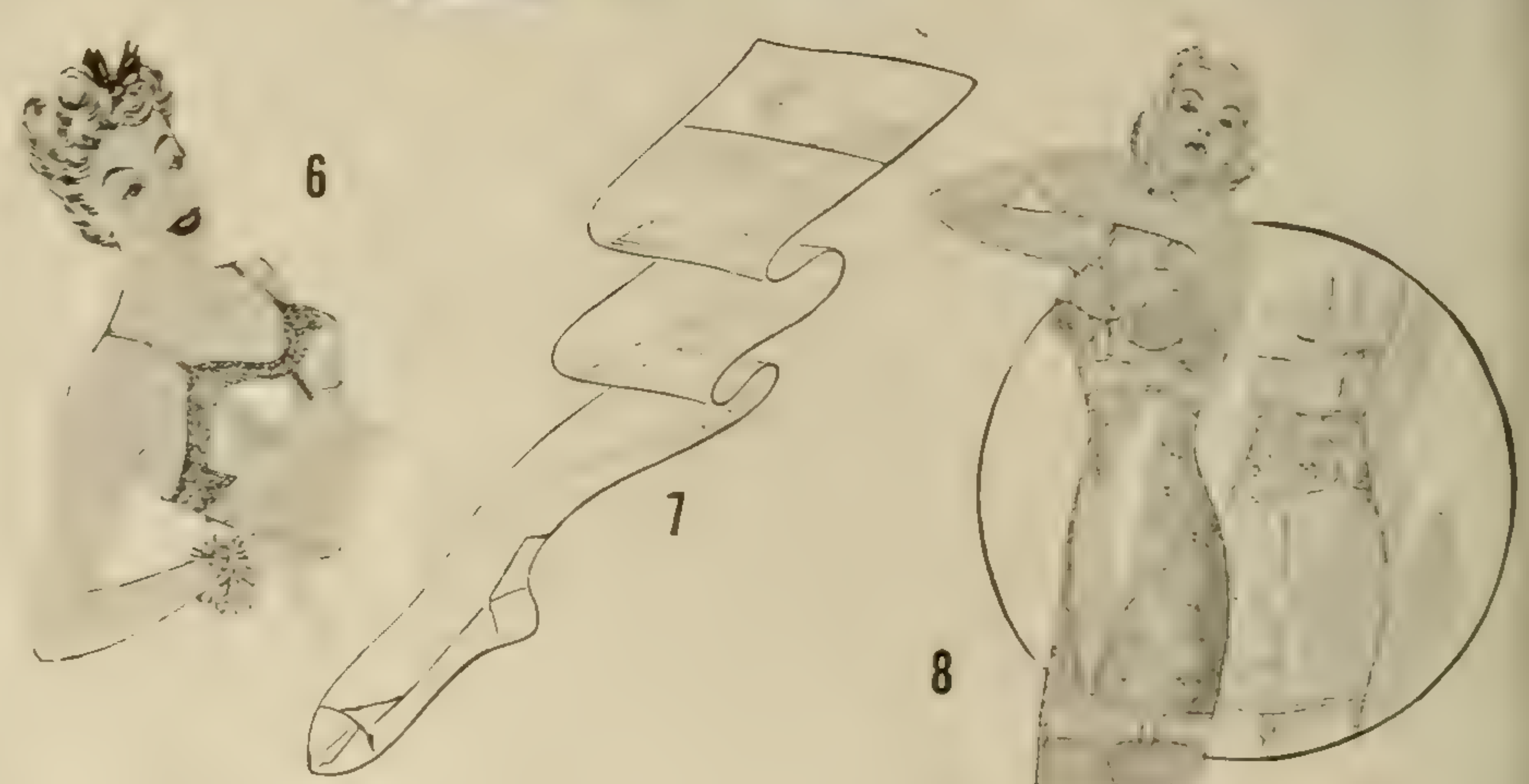


W. Bourne



Gold lamé appliqué dramatizes Jane's pencil-slim formal gown of Onondaga black crepe designed by Lilyan Graves. Joseph's "Fresco" gold ball bracelet adds another note of glitter. Both from Bullock's, Los Angeles. Jane's luxurious silver fox cape is from Willard George, Los Angeles, California. Sketched:

1. Formfit's all-in-one foundation with front-lacing and Talon closing.
2. Mesh-toe sheer sandal-foot hose by Phoenix.
3. Vanity Fair gossamer sandal-foot hose.
4. Renee's evening brassière if you prefer to wear a girdle.
5. An all-in-one foundation by Venus.



Lilyan Graves styles Jane's moss green five o'clock frock of Onondaga silk with an inset waistband, draped bodice, smocking and just-below-the-elbow-length sleeves. Jane adds Joseph's gold flower necklace and bracelet, and a hat* of mink and moss green felt! Frock and jewelry from Bullock's, Los Angeles. Sketched:

6. Hollywood Maxwell's dressy brassière of lace.
7. Berkshire's two-thread afternoon hose.
8. Munsingwear's high-waisted girdle and brassière.

FASHION

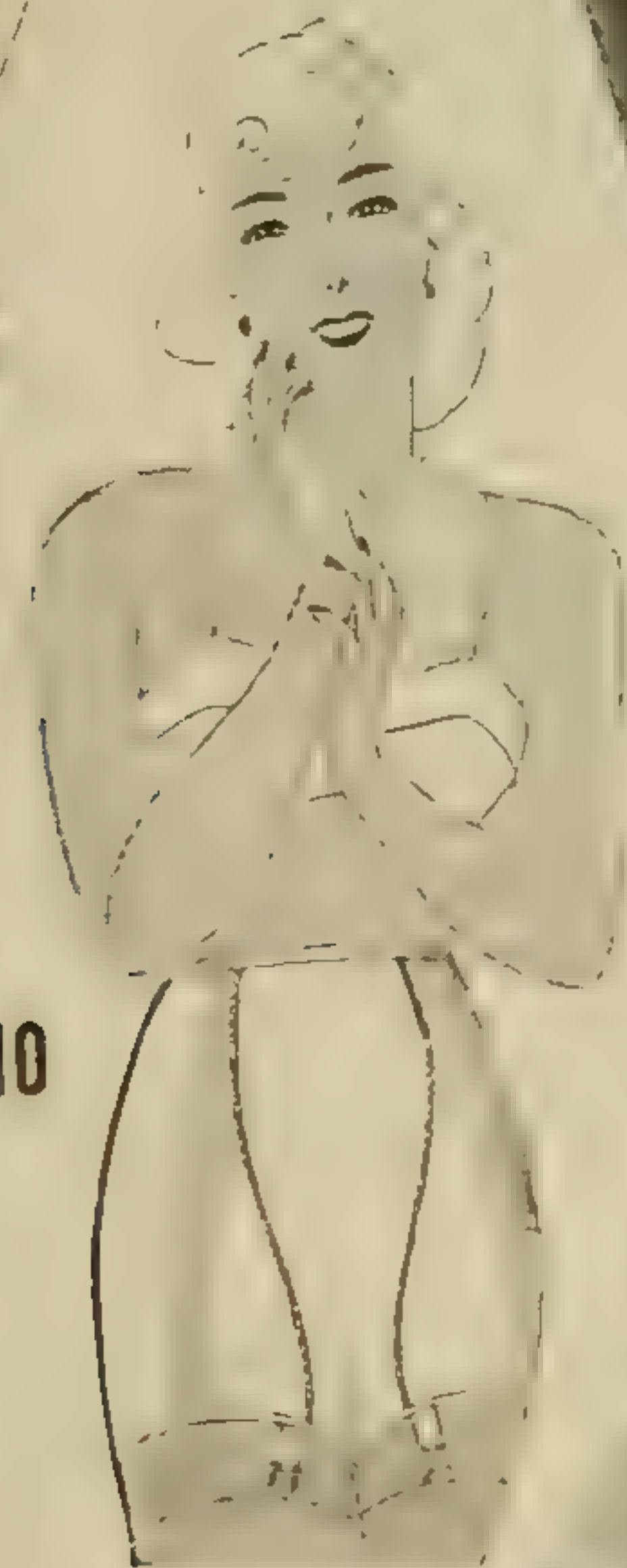
Jane Wyman, appearing in Warners "Lady Dick," wears Hollywood's newest costumes—Photoplay high lights them with sketches of the seasons most popular items of intimate apparel



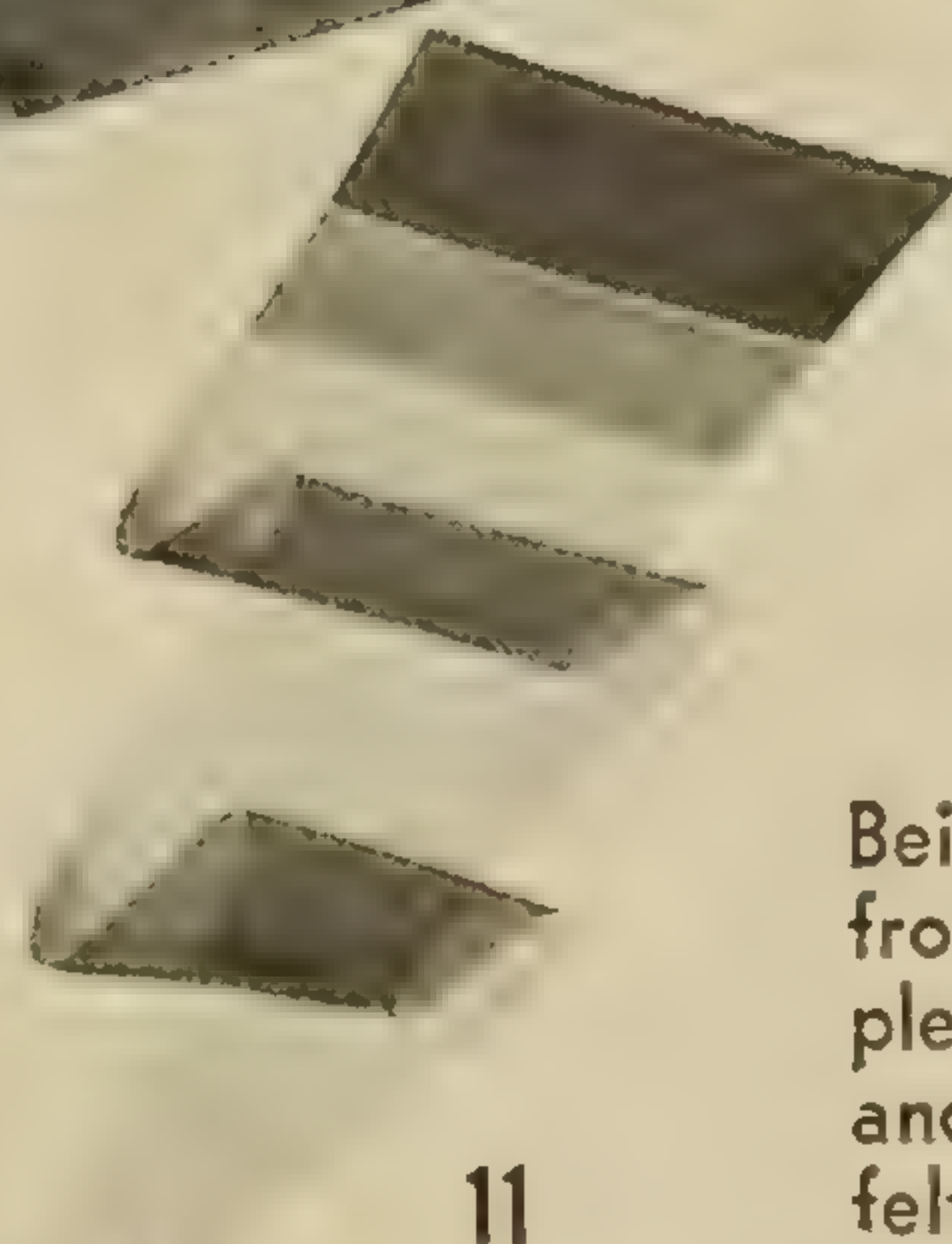
Welbourne



9



10



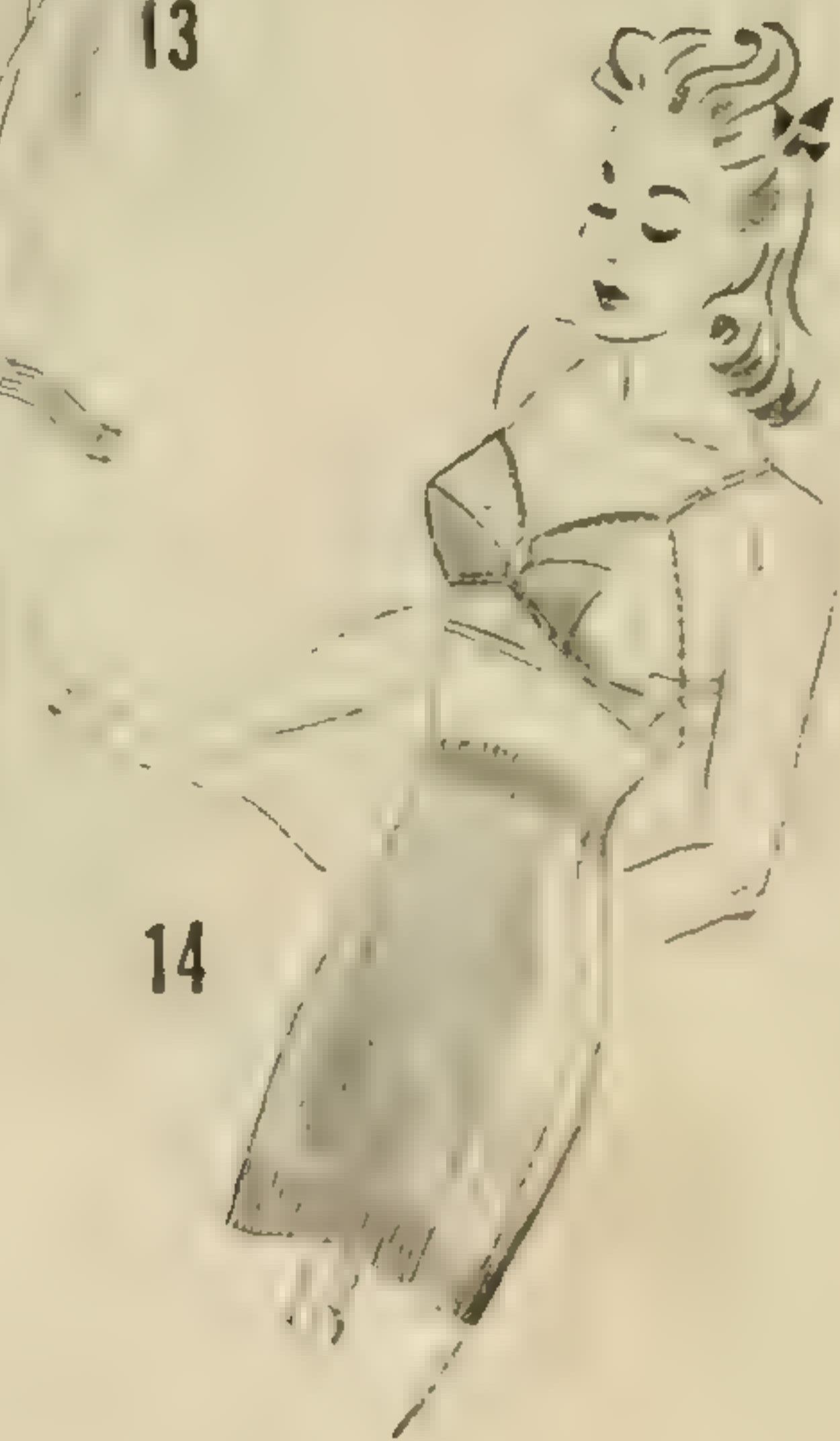
11



12



13



14

Beige chiffon flannel fashions Jane's tailored sports frock with full-length front zipper closing, front skirt pleats, blouse fullness, slash pockets, tailored collar and caramel brown calf belt. Jane's caramel brown felt hat* has a darker brown grosgrain trim. The Irene Bury model dress is from Knobby Knit, Beverly Hills, California.

Sketched:

9. Carter's daytime slip.

10. Mabs "wee-fit" panties and brassière.

11. Valcourt's three-thread sports hose.

12. Kleinert's rubber girdle.

Black galyac trims Jane's street suit of heavy black Stunzi crepe created by Lilyan Graves and selected from Lovinger, Westwood. The jacket is fitted snugly at the waist—the skirt is slightly flared. Jane's black felt hat has a picturesque red velvet snood.

Sketched:

13. Maiden Form's brassière.

14. Vassarette's girdle and brassière.

* Jane's hats are all "Cocoanut Grove" models from the Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.



Woods

"Junior

FIRSTS"

The clever name of gay, young frocks that are smartly styled and amazingly priced!

Dorris Bowdon, who will appear in the 20th Century-Fox production, "The Grapes of Wrath," wears two of these frocks that are just suited for holiday festivities. Renaissance blue velveteen (left) is combined with matching "Magic Hour" crepe to fashion a novel front panel and a shoulder bow on a colorful princess frock with shirred bodice and swing skirt. A black moiré taffeta dress (below) has a button-front flared tunic and flared skirt beneath. Dorris' shoulder cluster of crimson pods and balls has been processed to effect a suède finish



★ These frocks are available at your favorite shop from coast to coast, or write to Fashion Secretary Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

The Roger of Hollywood shoulder ornament from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

A PERFECT FIT

for Christmas



Boudoir and hostess slippers tuck neatly into Christmas stockings! These models created by Joyce of Pasadena offer a variety of hints for your yuletide shopping plans. Mary Healy, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "20,000 Men a Year," wears Joyce's blue cross-strap texture-contrast "Scuffs" of bengaline and satin with her tailored flannel housecoat that features velvet scroll appliqué on collar, jutting pockets and shoulder epaulets. Other Joyce models shown in the insert photograph offer varied fabrics and designs

1. "Gay Deceiver," of red quilted velvet and fur.
2. This Scuff, described above, is also available in fur, velvet and chenille.
3. A classic Scuff of chenille and fur—also in all fur.
4. "Papoose Moccasin" with instep tie and gathered vamp.
5. "Counterpoint," the famous cool-ee in texture contrast of satin and bengaline.

All the Joyce slippers shown above are available in a wide variety of colors in shops throughout the country. Miss Healy's housecoat is obtainable at Macy's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; J. J. Haggerty, Los Angeles.

TAFFETA AND VELVET ARE

Formal Companions



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



Richee



Gowns worn by great ladies in rare old paintings inspired these Jeanne Barrie formal costumes worn by Janice Logan, Paramount's Golden Circle star now playing the leading feminine role in "Dr. Cyclops." Her green tufted model (above) boasts a quaint removable hip hoop—her red taffeta gown (below right) a rhinestone-studded corselet girdle. Both of these gowns, which are available in many colors, are of "Serenade," Stehli's new taffeta woven of Celanese* Rayon Yarn. Janice tops these gowns with a full-length velvet evening wrap (center) that is dramatized with gold braid shoulder epaulets and a frog closing. The coat, lined with Celanese* taffeta, is available in black and Wineberry



Threesome of the month! Edna Best, estranged wife of Herbert Marshall, looks on, chin in hand, as Herbert listens to Lee Russell, rumored his next wife, at the Troc

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Mr. Welles Consents

RKO's publicity department is shaking hands with itself since the advent of Orson Welles. Heralded as eccentric, temperamental, misanthropic, all sorts of uncomfortable things, and scheduled to write, produce, direct and act in his picture, "Hearts of Darkness," Mr. Welles at first presented a problem. The department wanted to publicize the picture, but was afraid to promise the press anything in the way of interviews. "We don't know *what* he'll do!" staff members said, in trepidation.

Small wonder, then, that a certain feminine staff member just about fainted at the result of her first request for a Welles interview.

"Mr. Whosis of Such-and-Such magazine is anxious to see you, Mr. Welles," she began.

"So? When would he like an appointment?" Welles inquired.

"Well, he is in something of a hurry," the publicity girl said. "What—what about next—" she was going to suggest, timidly, that the interview be next week. But unpredictable Mr. Welles cut in with:

"Very well. Shall we say five this afternoon,

for cocktails, at my home? Thank you very much."

As she looks back on it, the publicity girl thinks she *did* pass out for a minute or two.

Just Complaint

ANNE SHIRLEY was heartbroken over the headlines referring to Director Garson Kanin's recent spat with RKO studios. "KANIN REFUSES TO DIRECT ANNE SHIRLEY," read one newspaper banner and several others were very similar—making it look as if Kanin's objection was to Anne, alone. As a matter of fact, that wasn't the case at all, and Kanin is the first to say so. "The real trouble was that the young director didn't like the script of the new Shirley picture, "Anne of Windy Poplars."

It was Anne's picture, "A Man to Remember," that first brought Kanin recognition and he and Anne are close friends. Moreover, there isn't any other director in Hollywood who wouldn't be happy to direct a Shirley picture, for Anne is one of the most tractable young stars in the business. Too bad things like this have to happen.

Stowaway

PRISCILLA LANE couldn't imagine why she was getting more than her usual share of attention as she drove from her home down Hollywood Boulevard one morning recently. Moreover, she was more than a bit annoyed at motorists who insisted on honking their horns and pointing at her. But when she finally parked her car on the Boulevard, the matter was cleared up. Priscilla has a pet cat whom she thinks the world of. Kitty is a privileged pet in all respects, and like all felines has pet spots to relax and take the sun. One of these happens to be the top of Priscilla's car, when that vehicle is not in use. What all of the motorists were pointing to and honking at, as Priscilla drove down the Boulevard, was poor pussy hanging desperately onto the top of the car, frightened out of at least eight of her nine lives as her mistress sped along. Also, it might be well to note that since her rescue Kitty doesn't perch atop the Warner Brothers star's car anymore. She confines her sun-baths to the motor court of the Lane home which you will see on pages 40 and 41.



Mavourneen O'Brien does the circus with Charlie Chaplin, King Vidor and Papa Pat



It's nice to have a Youngster in the family when the circus comes to town! Bob Young and daughter Carol Ann agree heartily on that

Fans As Is Fans

STRANGE, pathetic or humorous are perhaps the adjectives which best describe the thousands upon thousands of so-called fan letters which pour into Hollywood every day, addressed to film celebrities. They are welcome, of course; how else can a star and a studio tell just what the fans think and what and whom they like? But, as we say, some of the missives addressed to our stars are—well, to understate the case—quite remarkable!

Here are three samples illustrating what we mean. They're bona fide, *absolutely!*

To Shirley Temple, from a little fan who writes her daily:

"Dear Shirley:

I have nothing interesting to tell you to-day, except I've just been bitten by a mad dog."

Your Friend

To Marjorie Weaver:

"Dearest Marjorie:

Darn you, darling! You made my hair turn grey while I was in Hollywood. I wrote about a hundred sweet letters and called the studio every time I got drunk, but never could get past the punk that answered the phone. (She did sound sweet, though; how about giving her my address?) This is not a fan letter. All I want to do is write letters to some girl who does not have buck teeth and lumpy knees. (They all do here.) Your acting is good but your face—oh, boy! I sure would like a picture of you. I'll send you one of mine, for you know ever since the night I went to the 'Troc' I have been wanting to get even with someone from California. That joint wants \$1.75 for a hamburger.

Love and kisses—

P.S. If you like gin in hot weather, we have something in common."



Almost youngsters themselves, Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore needed no excuse to enjoy the show—and the hot dogs





Grinning like a circus-struck kid, Franchot Tone tries to dodge the undodgeable Fink—refuses to name the girl with him (at left)

To Errol Flynn:
"Dear Mr. Flynn:

I am unmarried and have money in the bank. I know you are married but if you should ever need a friend, I am it.
P.S. My eyes are slightly crossed—I'll be honest about that—but I have personality."

Fame by the Forelock

RICHARD GREENE'S is the most publicized face in London at the moment. But not as a movie star. His curly locks are pictured in an advertisement for a hair lotion which adorns the front of the big red busses that lumber through London traffic.

It seems that the picture was taken a few years ago when Richard was pounding the pavements between the offices of actors' agents, and the two pounds for modeling for an advertisement was welcome "waiting" money. Now that he is fast climbing to the top ranks in Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox, to whom he is under contract, is trying to buy up the advertisements in which he appears. So far the efforts have not met with much success and the Greene coiffure continues to be the most conspicuous poster in the British Isles.

Attention

YOUNG Fryers who have been following the courtship of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul with wide-eyed wonder, and not a little envy, can settle right down to their own little Janes or Johns. Deanna's and Vaughn's romantic schedule is no more exciting, glamorous, or unusual than yours. We know, for we've glimpsed them together.

For instance, we've seen them entering the Cocoanut Grove for a night of dining and dancing, each dressed in ordinary street clothes, Deanna wearing a small straw hat and Vaughn a very blue tie, indeed.

We've seen them parked at a Hollywood drive-in, devouring chocolate ice-cream sodas through straws and right down to the very last drop, too.

We've glimpsed them out for an evening's drive on a moonlight night along Sunset Boule-

vard, when a stop signal halted our car near theirs. They were sitting quietly, just drinking in the beauty of the night. At short intervals, Vaughn would glance at Deanna. And then away. As if to make sure she was there.

And we've seen them in a heated game of tennis, and at a lunch counter over a tall glass of lemonade. And, believe me, their romance is as everydayish as any high school couple's, anywhere. Take Cal's word for it.

Cal's Favorite

NOT so long ago, tall, lanky John Carradine, seeking a toe hold in movies, used to parade Hollywood Boulevard reciting Shakespeare like mad, throwing visiting tourists into goose pimples of delight. A real live actor, talking fancy and right out loud, was more than they had hoped.

And then John finally clicked in movies and

went gorgeous with a bang. At a recent premiere, for instance, a long, low car drove up to the theater, while the fans "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" in expectancy. Surely this could be no one less than Garbo.

But no, resplendent in evening cape, high hat and carrying an ebony cane, Carradine stepped from the car and posed for crowding photographers, wearing a look of bored sophistication on his two by eight face.

All was going too utterly well, with everyone properly awed, when a tousle-headed boy called out, "Well, Mr. Carradine, you certainly decided to be, didn't you?"

John turned a puzzled face in his direction.

"Remember when you passed my newsstand asking yourself 'to be or not to be'? Well, you sure did be."

The crowd had out-and-out hysterics, but Mr. Carradine flourished his cape and strode into the theater.

(Continued on page 70)



George Murphy explains the animals to Ann Sothorn's adopted son, with Ann and Roger Pryor



RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

FRANK LLOYD, that producer-director whose particular forte is the sea, here uses Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and George Bancroft to distinct advantage in a rousing, historical story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat. The feeling of absolute authenticity, the water-front atmosphere and the dialogue, traditionally lusty, are all extremely successful, and the cast works beautifully at designated tasks. Fairbanks plays the young mate who has faith in steam and its power over sail; Will Fyffe is superb as the Scotsman who invents steam motors. Margaret Lockwood, as Fyffe's daughter, is appealing, with Bancroft playing a die-hard sailing skipper. You probably will be annoyed at the ending, but it has great shock power.



THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

APPARENTLY RKO feels three sons are as good as four daughters. It's the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his Chicago department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. Maybe you will feel the kids should catch the spirit of their father's passion for the family business and give up their personal ambitions. Or perhaps you will think Papa a meddling parent who is selfish and can appreciate no attitude but his own. There isn't much to keep you fascinated by the chronological development. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton, and Dick Hogan the offspring. Katharine Alexander, Barbara Pepper, newcomer Virginia Vale, and J. Edward Bromberg are all good.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **THE CAT AND THE CANARY—Paramount**

NO matter how many mystery thrillers Hollywood tosses our way, we don't ever seem to get tired of them; and besides, this one is funny. You'll be pretty busy trying to hold yourself down to the seat when your feet want to run, and holding your sides—from laughing so much. The heirs of an eccentric old millionaire are commanded to congregate in his old house (deep in the bayous of Louisiana), to hear the reading of his will, ten years after his death. Paulette Goddard is named as the sole heir, but there is a clause stating that if she should die or become insane within a month, there is a second will to be opened. Paulette, as the *Canary*, has no intentions of doing either one of these rather depressing things, but the *Cat* has other ideas, and he isn't particular which of the two courses she takes. Bob Hope, who has romantic ideas about Miss Goddard, has a pretty hard time trying to protect her from a dire fate. Someone spreads a rumor that there is a dangerous lunatic loose from the near-by insane asylum . . . a man who walks on all fours and has long claws and a yen to use them. With a character like this about, and secret passages, and varied uncanny noises, and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you interested, not to say screeching in terror. The irrepressible Bob Hope's rumor and wisecracks fill up all the spaces between the grisly horror scenes. Paulette Goddard makes a convincingly frightened heiress, and shares a hectic romance with Bob. We could tell you who the *Cat* is, but that would be cheating.



★ **HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox**

DON'T get this confused with the first "Cavalcade," a somber epic of English life. "Hollywood Cavalcade" is a gay and goofy history of a city that could never have been created except in America, a story of our country's greatest contribution to the happiness of the world. It is told in terms of laughter and drama and slapstick, rainbowed by Technicolor with California's real and riotous colors, and gorgeously acted throughout. It starts as the first actual movies did in 1913 in New York, when a would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but he is too busy to return her adoration and concentrates on making them both great. More to annoy Don than for any real love, Alice marries her handsome leading man, Alan Curtis, and the tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hang such diverse Hollywood milestones as the rise and fall of the Keystone Cops, the Sennett Bathing Beauties, the night life that centered around the Cocoanut Grove, and the advent of sound, with Al Jolson's "The Jazz Singer." It's a both happy and moving mixture, and you'll have a grand time watching it.

Technicolor brings a new beauty to Alice Faye, and her acting ability is by far the best she has yet revealed. Don Ameche is excellent and so, too, is J. Edward Bromberg, as their producer. Alan Curtis, at last, has a part worthy of his charm and such old-timers as Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Deadpan Buster Keaton, and Mack Sennett are briefly but effectively seen.



FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M



DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount



KID NIGHTINGALE—Warners

SO they pulled Franchot Tone out of his sickbed and hauled him all the way from New York for this. It's a murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, and what with girls in bathing suits, a lion-taming act in a bedroom, and mysterious villains busily bumping people off, it's supposed to hit all types of audiences as entertainment. Whether or not it will is a moot point. Ann Sothorn, playing Franchot's wife, chews her gum in a cheery manner and Tone does try quite hard to give a breezy performance. You'll feel sorry for him, in the slapstick sequences. There are two murders. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey, and sundry beauties co-operate fully, with John Miljan being villainous and, incidentally, playing the first corpse.

WITH its appeal somewhat limited, "Disputed Passage" is a forceful and rather gory melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor to choose between the hard facts of science, and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician whose entire existence has been dedicated to science following an unhappy romance, and he steps in to ruin the setup. Easily convinced that she is jeopardizing a great career, Dotty marches off to China and John follows her. There is an air raid—and Howard gets a brain injury. Tamiroff and Lamour thus are called upon to decide whether they'll stick to their illogical guns or . . . In a case Tamiroff has a good part. Howard is quite adequate. It's a lot for a lay audience to grasp.

THIS relatively new John Payne, who sings, really looks extremely promising. In this he's a prize-fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting, and his voice not only is good but he has the physique for his role. Of course, *Kid Nightingale* is not just a run-of-the-ring pug. Walter Catlett, broke manager, gets him in a nitery where the boy is singing, after a tussle in which John emerges victorious. The idea eventually evolved is that Payne shall burst into song whenever he knocks his opponent cold. This idea seems to be successful and at last there is a chance at the championship. Well, aside from all this there are some pretty good laughs and a few good songs, and Payne does a fine job. The picture is a fancy race too.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex

The Cat and the Canary

Hollywood Cavalcade

The Roaring Twenties

Intermezzo; A Love Story

The Challenge

Honeymoon in Bali

The Day the Bookies Wept

Espionage Agent

What a Life



★ THIS

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bette Davis in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"

Errol Flynn in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"

Paulette Goddard in "The Cat and the Canary"
Bob Hope in "The Cat and the Canary"

Alice Faye in "Hollywood Cavalcade"

Don Ameche in "Hollywood Cavalcade"

J. Edward Bromberg in "Hollywood Cavalcade"

James Cagney in "The Roaring Twenties"

Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo; A Love Story"

Ingrid Bergman in "Intermezzo; A Love Story"

Luis Trenker in "The Challenge"

Madeleine Carroll in "Honeymoon in Bali"

Fred MacMurray in "Honeymoon in Bali"

Will Fyfe in "Rulers of the Sea"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Rulers of the Sea"

Joe Penner in "The Day the Bookies Wept"

Jackie Cooper in "What a Life"

IF nothing startle you those days mad, prosper now—another put them finesse, and Chief Bootle hibition, of the premise War had no cause no jobs you will accept sympathize with and come to New include Hump story really st has been wr year-old Pri taxicab. Cigarette racket, then mob stuff. Pri become a chor while Cagney b through the mai on into the depres piness with Jeffre, as real as yesterday insanity of the peri excitement in it. Gi have supporting role

WE COVER THE



Power, Tyrone Power; Victim, Linda Darnell—both of "First Kiss"

*Flying feet and merry music; gaiety
and laughter—that's the order of
the day in the Land of Make-Believe*

BY JACK WADE

THERE may be wars and rumors of wars abroad—but in Hollywood it's business as usual—the Make-Believe Line is holding firm.

As for the Hollywood picture future, these are the major war bulletins:

First—Hollywood movies will stay strictly neutral as long as the United States does. There'll be no more propaganda pictures. Already Warners has called off "Underground" and "The Bishop Who Walked with God," both set to take hearty cracks at the Nazis. Hal Roach has put away "Captain Caution," because

STUDIOS



Mary Martin, starring in "Victor Herbert," has Paramount studio gnashing its teeth, and for a very good reason, too

It's a brand new screen personality for La Dietrich (right with Brian Donlevy) in "Destry Rides Again," and Marlene gives it the works. See Page 42



it makes Britain the villain. Only Charlie Chaplin, in too deep to back out, goes ahead with his Hitler burlesque, "The Dictator."

Second—Hollywood pictures won't be cheapened or cut down due to *der tag*. A lot of foreign income is cut off by the war, it's true, but so is a lot of foreign competition! British, French and German studios are closed. Walt Disney, who makes most of his big money abroad, is rushing "Bambi" and "Pinocchio" ahead full steam. Hollywood may even have a picture boom. Certainly, more than ever, it remains the world's one big entertainment center.

And third—light comedies and gay, tuneful musicals are coming in—tragedies and heavy drama are going out. Why? Well, Hollywood thinks the war-world needs a good tummy laugh, flying feet and merry music to take its mind off bombings, bullets and the horrors of what General Sherman had a very good name for.

That's certainly the idea of "Broadway Melody of 1940." The only possible war we find here, is a battle for dancing honors between Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy.

M-G-M is always in its glory producing a "Broadway Melody." This time M-G-M has done two "impossibles"; (1) built a bigger and more bedazzling set than the record breaker for "The Great Ziegfeld," and (2) teamed both sides and sexes of the dancing question Eleanor and Fred. Only six months ago they'd never met, much less considered pooling prestige for Metro. Then suddenly Fred canceled a European trip to do the picture and now, after prac-

ticing together seven hours a day for three months (including Sundays), Fred and Eleanor look as chummy to us as ham and eggs.

Fred is sporting an outfit like a South American general—fawn trousers and a bolero, simply lousy with red and gold embroidery. As for Eleanor, she's wrapped up in a white evening gown, with a nautch skirt—nautchy but nice, we mean, with the minimum of tummy showing.

THE set is really something out of a fairy book. It's as big as a city block, with deep blue walls towering to the roof. Gigantic palm trees, traced in glittering silver, shimmer along all four walls. The floor is of blocks of dark blue glass. And right in the middle there's a mirror—we can't tell you how big it is, but maybe an acre—that hangs like a door and swings back and forth electrically controlled by a tiny board of push buttons. The idea of the great looking glass is to change backgrounds while Fred and Eleanor do their numbers. One dance—a lot of shifting mirrored backdrops as the mirror swings around to catch the reflection of several sets.

We'll skip the plot of "Broadway Melody." It's a triangle, Eleanor to George Murphy to Fred Astaire. Young love, dancers, a break, a show, success, more love—you know. The important things are the tunes and the absolutely unmatched dance routines. Fred and Eleanor begin to do the "Begin the Beguine" dance, just one of nine Cole Porter numbers in the show.

Right in the middle of the number Eleanor claps her hand to her mouth and stares down at her feet. The cameras cut. "They're cracked!" she cried. "I broke them!"

"No, you didn't. I did!" protests Fred. "It was that last break."

"I felt them when they cracked," argues Eleanor.

Everybody crowds around. We expect six or seven toes severed, and possibly a tibia or two. But it's the floor! The glass blocks have been shattered by Fred's and Eleanor's hoofing. Probably Eleanor would rather have cracked a toe at that. "What horrid luck!" she moans. "And the picture's just starting!"

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw kicks," cracks Fred. They're carting in some new non-shatter glass floor blocks when we leave. Eleanor is still worried. Fred is still grinning.

The war, we discover, has done little yet to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, besides keep Greta Garbo hanging around, a little leery about dodging submarines to Sweden. As a result she might even do her next, "Madame Curie," before she tanks about home. The old stand-bys, "Judge Hardy and Son," and "The Secret of Dr. Kildare," are keeping the fires burning, together with "Bad Little Angels," M-G-M's bid to make stars of Virginia Weidler and Gene Reynolds. "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," a story of escape from the Guianas, is the next big-budget adventure epic. And the comedy brewing is Damon Runyon's "A Call on the President," destined to introduce Joe Turp and his loquacious wife, Ethel, to the screen. But to find something to match "Broadway Melody," we have to move over to Paramount and "The Gay Days of Victor Herbert," where Mary Martin, the girl who made "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" famous, is definitely in the groove.



"Tower of London," with Basil Rathbone and John Sutton, is a real historical horror film

It has been a long time since we've seen the Paramount lot as excited about anyone as it is now about Mary Martin. She's scheduled for the biggest build-up of the year and the studio is figuratively gnashing its teeth that she is signed up for a Broadway show, "Hold Your Hats," and she can't go into another picture immediately.

As we watch Mary, Lee Bowman, Walter Connolly and Allan Jones in a cute bedroom scene, we reflect that Mary Martin looks surprisingly like a tall Claudette Colbert, reddish-brown hair, big eyes and a swell smile.

"The Gay Days of Victor Herbert" is fictitious film fare spun about the life of the great operetta composer. Although Walter Connolly plays Herbert by name (and looks exactly like him), the only authentic bequest of the musician to this plot is his music. The rest of it is the old story about two opera stars, driven apart by professional pride, brought together again in the end by their talented daughter. The daughter, Susanna Foster, is another singing adolescent.

Mary is giving out with a loud "Ah-h-h-h-h" as Lee Bowman, her doctor boy-friend, gazes at her tonsils. He's supposed to be finding a sore throat.

Well, after Lee has prodded around with his mirror through several takes, he says, "You know, Mary, I'm no real doctor, but I believe you *have* a sort throat! It's all red."

"It feels sort of funny," admits Mary. So they shine a spotlight down Mary's throat and call the studio doctor. He shakes his head and starts painting tonsils. Mary beams happily. "You want a sort throat—so I get one," she grins.

In "The Farmer's Daughter," our next Paramount stop, Martha Raye is making the last film on her contract. "The Farmer's Daughter" romps mostly around one of those barn theaters where Martha, right off the cob, steals the show from temperamental actress Gertrude Michael. In the middle is a harassed entrepreneur Charlie Ruggles.

Martha is up a tree when we see her. It's a fake apple tree, heavy with property apples tied on with wire. On the screen, Martha is supposed to tumble out of the tree. But the camera will cut first. A stunt girl will climb up and take the fall professionally. That's the plan.

But when La Raye gets to registering panic up the tree, she forgets and waves her arms and then—boom! Down Martha comes, yelling, clawing like a wildcat. Luckily the camera has turned all the time. After making sure Martha is all in one piece, Director Jimmy Hogan grins and says, "We'll use it. I guess," he tells the stunt girl, "we won't need you!"

UNIVERSAL has become the busiest place in town. Three big pictures are rolling this month—"Green Hell" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Bennett; "Tower of London" with Basil Rathbone; and Marlene Dietrich's debut film as a shoot-'em-up wild Westerner, "Destry Rides Again."

We have to admire Marlene for swallowing her pride and changing her screen stripes. Her job is far removed from the aloof, silent seductiveness of the Joe von Sternberg days.

"Destry Rides Again" is straight Western—a quiet but courageous Westerner, Jimmy Stewart,

rides into a hell-raising boom town and proceeds to reform it. One of his biggest reform jobs is Marlene, the toast of the saloon gang, and all in all a pretty immoral customer. But the scene we see is before the reformation.

Marlene is sitting in on a stud-poker game in a saloon back-room set. She looks tough and she sounds it. Because in a minute, after slipping her ill-gotten gains down her silk stockings, she hops up on the piano and starts coon-shouting "Little Joe."

Her voice, as she sings, now starts out deep and sexy. Then, suddenly, "Y a-hO-O-O-O-O!" yells Marlene. "Yip-E-E-E-E-E!" It's part of the song, but it surely sounds funny coming from Dietrich. When the take is over, she hops off the piano and smiles. "How'm I doin'?" she asks the boys, Brian Donlevy, Mischa Auer, and the rugged company of extras.

"Swell, Frenchy!" they chorus.

"Frenchy!" Frenchy Dietrich! That's her name in the picture and, of course, according to Hollywood set custom, that's what she's called by the players.

We wander next through a great Amazon jungle set on Universal's back lot, the "Green Hell" location. Phony but realistic orchids, birds of paradise and exotic flowers are strung along with moss, creepers and great green plants. Joan Bennett and Doug, Junior, are taking emotional instructions from Director James Whale. We learn "Green Hell" is one of those tense drama things, with six men and only one woman lost on an archeological jaunt to uncover some ruined Inca temple or other. But they won't start shooting each other for some time yet, so we move on to "Tower of London."

You might call this an historical horror story, at which, of course, Universal is tops. The plot is all about treason and incest, and murder and royal chicanery, the while dynasties rise and fall in Bloody England of the Fifteenth Century.

The set looks like a royal flush with everybody done up in ermine, crowns and purple. Basil Rathbone even wears a red wig. Every man is over six feet, to carry out the regal effect.

In all this glory, the only jarring note is Boris Karloff. His head is shaved (every day), his ears are taped back, his grey face is deeply lined, he limps with a clubfoot and looks distinctly the type to scare bad babies into fits.

UNIVERSAL is busy, too, plotting the future of Gloria Jean. She'll follow exactly the same formula that worked with Deanna Durbin—that is, growing up step by step on the screen under the aegis of Joe Pasternak. As for Deanna, her next picture, "It's a Date," is the first to be hit by the war. Charles Boyer was to be Deanna's co-star in that. But—Charles Boyer is in the army now, somewhere in France.

Another soldier soon to march beside Charles we find at Goldwyn's where David Niven is rushing "Raffles" before sailing orders arrive.

But when we see him he's a smooth crook, in white tie and tails, stealing an emerald necklace and being very charming, as usual, about it.

This is Hollywood's fourth crack at "Raffles." The plot has suffered a tuck here and a patch there, but essentially it's the same—the Robin Hoodish larceny of the too, too charming Mr. R. to keep his upper-crust pals out of trouble.

The first day on "Raffles" was a local war of nerves. It started the morning after Britain and France declared war. David expected a cable any minute.

We can sense the tension as we watch David, debonair as ever, Olivia de Havilland (how she gets around the lots!), Dame May Whitty and a tableful of actor-swallows have supper in a London night club. After Director Sam Wood gets a take he likes, a boy runs up to David. "Telegram!" he says.

David's smile fades and his mouth seems to set. Everyone else is still as a mouse. Is this it? Is the picture over for keeps? Suddenly

(Continued on page 79)

Ribbon Round-Up

BY FRANCES HUGHES

NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR

ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR



Ribbon Dinner Jacket—a basque crocheted from Century's taffeta seam-binding

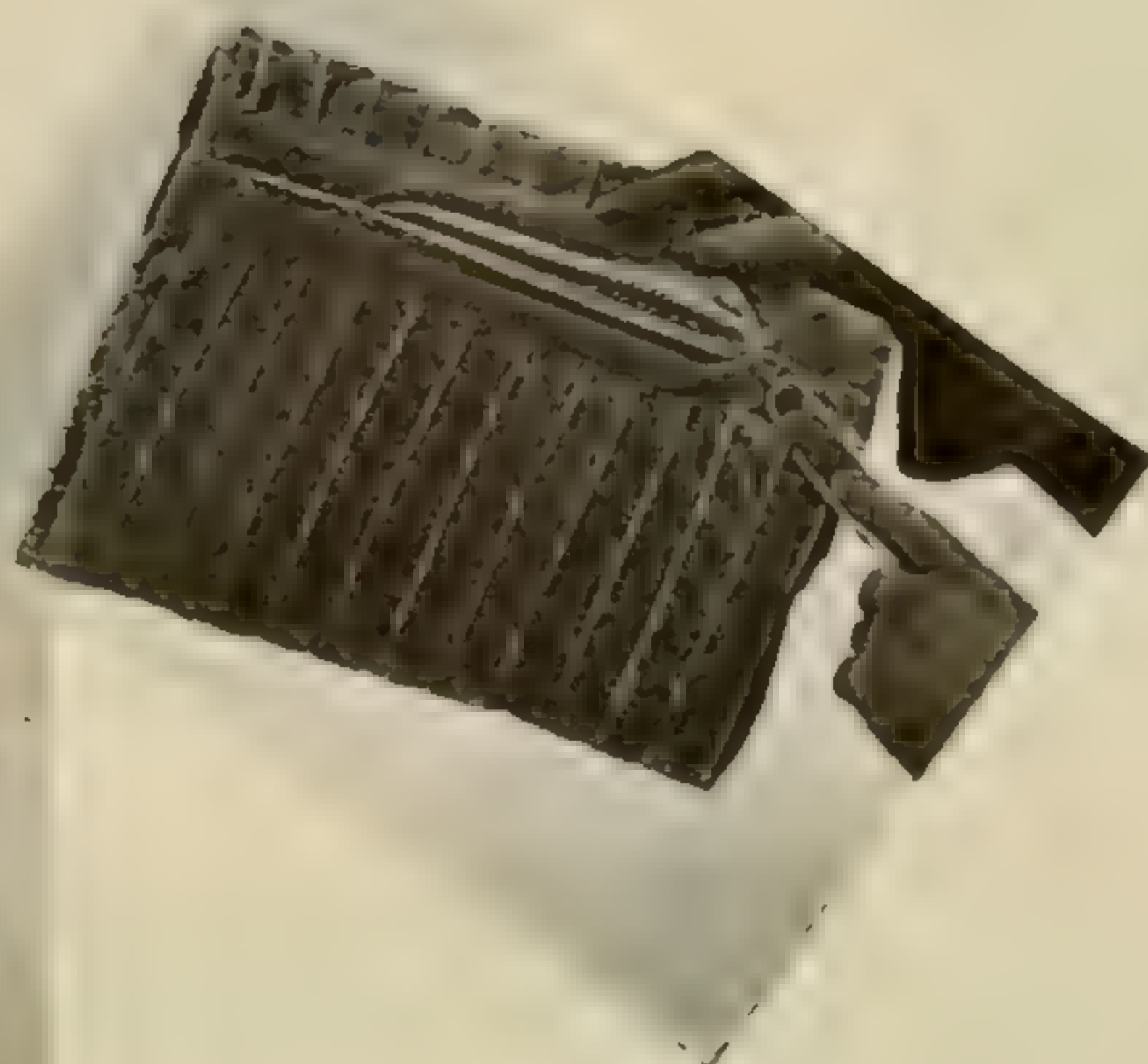


College Credentials—Century's Roman-striped grosgrain suspenders and a Cadogan hair-bow



Over-the-Shoulder Knapsack and Highlander's Hat—of Century's clan plaid taffeta ribbon

Loop-the-Loop Turban and Envelope Bag of Century's grosgrain ribbon spiced with Roman stripes



Fez and Muff-Bag of Century's velvet baby ribbon

HOLLYWOOD has a new indoor sport—concocting ribbon gadgets for Christmas! First to get this bright idea was Brenda Marshall, featured by Warners in "Espionage Agent." And now you should see the nimble fingers fly as the stars sit around between "takes" on the set, snipping . . . sewing . . . tacking . . . stitching . . . crocheting lengths of ribbon into ingenious little this-and-thats to give to their friends for Christmas.

"It's easy enough to go into the shops and send out a slew of meaningless Christmas presents to your friends," says Brenda. "But what's the fun—either for them or for you? It's much more exciting to plan these presents individually, to choose ribbons and colors you think your friends will like—and then to make the gadgets up yourself! That's really something! Something that represents you—something that represents them—and something exclusive, besides, that they can't buy anywhere!" Brenda posed in a few of the ribbon gadgets she herself would like either to give or to receive for Christmas. These and others like them are yours to examine at the ribbon counters of the fine department stores. Just choose your ribbons and the store will tell you how much you need . . . how to make it . . . and what it will cost. You'll be surprised at the wonders you can weave on time for Christmas, for the well-known proverbial song.



Decoration by E. M. Jackson



Men who work with her, above all Don Ameche and Ty Power, regard her with rare devotion

Tenth Avenue Girl

WHEN Alice Faye married Tony Martin Hollywood wondered if it would, if it could, last. It is still wondering.

Their elopement to Yuma came after a courtship more starred with lovers' quarrels and passionate reconciliations, more hectic and dramatic, than any other Hollywood could remember. Zanuck was right when he saw in Alice Faye all the emotional depths and love of drama that have always gone to make great actresses.

The importance of marriage to a girl like Alice Faye, its effect upon the life and career of a screen star, cannot be underestimated. Whatever the status of the Faye-Martin marriage at this moment may be, it is still unfinished business and only a knowledge of Alice herself, and of the whole story, can give the inevitable answer, the truth about it.

One thing is sure. Alice herself doesn't know. Alice herself today is torn by the many things

that marriage means—in Hollywood. And so the story has to go back to its real beginning, when Alice Faye remained alone, deserted as it seemed to her, and under a cloud of scandal—in Hollywood.

Tenth Avenue. Broadway. One-night stands. Chicago, where Rudy Vallee and the Connecticut Yankees and Alice Faye laid 'em in the aisles. Next stop Hollywood.

"We get around," said Alice, loving it, loving the new sights and sounds, loving to travel as long as she always had a return trip ticket to Broadway.

But she didn't like Hollywood. Fine place to spend Christmas! No snow, and holly and Christmas trees and candles looked silly without snow. Nothing but sunshine and rain, more rain than she'd ever seen in her life. The people were funny, too. They talked a different language. They were a closed corporation. Worse than a kid going to a new school at the end of a term, that's what it was.

In New York, in the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway, in Chicago night clubs and theaters, Alice's clothes had always seemed all right to her. She liked bright colors and plenty of them, a touch of the bizarre, the startling—and lots of them. Always remembering that one Sunday dress, and how long it had to last and how tired you got of it after the hem had been let out two or three times. She liked lots of costume jew-

In a dark projection room, the power that be looked and listened while a blonde radio singer performed. Her name—Alice Faye, today's star of Hollywood Cavalcade



A prophecy is made—it may take one year, it may take five—but the little Faye can't escape her destiny



It started in high, the romance between Tony Martin and Alice Faye. All that had been denied her came true suddenly—but with hazards ever present

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

elry, always remembering her hunger when she stood in front of shops on Fifth Avenue. The keynote of her style was to make people sit up and take notice.

In Hollywood, they looked out of place. Everybody wore such plain things, old things, outdoor sports clothes, about which Alice knew nothing.

The Irish in her came uppermost, and she was defiant about it. Pretty soon I'll be back in the Big Town, she thought, where everybody is sort of friendly. This is just a jumping-off place.

AN English girl named Lillian Harvey changed all that. They had never met, never even heard of each other, yet Miss Harvey actually changed the course of Alice's whole life.

For Miss Harvey, who had made a big hit in pictures, took one look at the "George White Scandals" as a motion picture starring Rudy Vallee and begged to be excused. The part, which was to make a star, eventually, of Alice Faye, didn't look big enough.

In the consternation that followed, Darryl Zanuck's restless and all-seeing eye fell upon the kid singer with Vallee's band. Not included in the picture deal. In Hollywood, only because they had to broadcast from there.

She'd photograph. Anybody with eyes like that, hair like that, a tiptilted nose and a figure like that would photograph. She could sing, she

could dance, she was known to Vallee radio fans because of her many appearances on his program. But all that wasn't what sold Zanuck on Alice Faye. There was something more—a wistfulness, a rich, warm, inner glow that came through the young, hard-boiled surface. Amazing in so young and inexperienced a girl. Mr. Zanuck couldn't know that Alice Faye had learned all there was to know about heartbreak, about pain, about love and loyalty and self-sacrifice, and the things that go to make a woman warm and kind, in the year that lay behind her.

So Hollywood paged Miss Alice Faye.

"Who, me?" said Alice. "Nerts. They're crazy. I can't act. I didn't come here to play in any motion picture. I won't do it."

Yet she did.

Panic paralyzed her. To Rudy she said, "I can't do it. I just can't."

But she did.

Because she saw almost at once that once more Rudy was going to need her. At first her loyal heart wouldn't let her admit that Vallee, the greatest radio star of them all, was nervous before a camera. Not even to herself would she acknowledge that Broadway's best showman wasn't getting across, up there on the screen, that ease and wit and charm that made him a knockout before audiences everywhere, made him break box-office records on every personal appearance.

Maybe Rudy would feel more comfortable with her. Suppose she was lousy? What difference would that make? One picture—okay. The thing was to see if she could make Rudy less stiff and nervous. Pretty soon she forgot herself completely. The one thing was to see Rudy through.

IN a dark projection room, the powers that be looked at the daily rushes, they looked and listened while that blonde radio singer, Alice Faye, sang and danced to a tune called "Oh, You Nasty Man." Then they nodded. This gal's got something. Something all her own. That combination of tears and laughter Hymie Bushel had first seen. In that always lay the possibility of greatness. The girl had emotional depths far beyond those of most of the well-trained, well-behaved, carefully taught little starlets of that day.

"You stay in Hollywood," they said, and wrote a contract even before the picture was finished, and for twice the salary she had ever dreamed.

"Who, me?" said Alice Faye again. "You're crazy. What'd I do in Hollywood? I've got to get back to New York. They forget about you if you're gone too long."

It was Rudy Vallee who persuaded her that she must sign the contract. His deep affection for the kid, his appreciation of all that she had

(Continued on page 85)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

Cute Kiddie Story Corner:

AS the disciplinarian of four boys, Bing Crosby is a better crooner. He admits it himself. For example, Bing was having a difficult time the other night, trying to persuade seven-year-old Gary Crosby that something he had done was quite rude.

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" Bing said.

"Just Gary Evan Crosby," said the boy, "and it's not very much, either."

Love, In the Air, On the Air, Getting the Air:

IT'S colder than Alaska between Joan Crawford and Charlie Martin, who has left Hollywood for New York. And when Joan says it's still only friendship between her and Franchot, despite the handholding, we believe her . . . "I hope he comes through the war safely," Madeleine Carroll says of her English husband, Captain Philip Astley, "but I am going through with my divorce" . . . Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor are said to be holding fast to a marriage that is a bit rocky these days. Only Ann and Roger deny it, of course . . . The way George Raft in Hollywood sat glued to his telephone every night at eight waiting for Norma Shearer's call from New York was a caution. George gave Virginia Peine a gold bracelet as a farewell-to-romance gift. Georgie has only Norma in his heart these days.

Covered with Embarrassment Corner:

JUST because old Cal found himself in one of those drop-through-the-floor predicaments the other day, we decided to ask a few stars their embarrassing moments. Naturally, we hunted out that frankly-spoken Bette Davis first.

"Embarrassing moments? I've had dozens," Bette said. "But the worst of all happened when I opened the newspaper one morning and read this item:

'My role in "The Front Page" is the best thing I've ever done, and I'm sure it will bring me the Academy Award!'

"And phoning the newspaper a piece of my mind for that misstatement didn't relieve my agony in the least," Bette said.

Don Ameche says his came when he sawed half through the rungs of director Sidney Lanfield's favorite stool and then forgot and sat in it himself. "Did I take a beating on that one!" Don says.

Loretta Young's moment of agony is a pip. It happened when Loretta was mobbed by fans in New York with no way out. Suddenly a taxi pulled up and with one wild spring Loretta leaped in. But alas, inside were two inebriated gentlemen who insisted upon turning Loretta over to the police as a "con" woman. Fortunately, the police recognized her and let her go.

"Embarrassing moments?" inquired Mickey Rooney. "Sure. When I kissed my girl good-by at her door and someone inside called, 'Bring your little brother in with you, sister,' I died."

Take A Bouquet—Bob Burns:

"NOPE, I'm sorry. I can't make any personal appearance that will take me away from my wife." And with that Bob Burns turned down a World's Fair offer that would have bulged his pockets from here to there.

Seldom has Hollywood seen such devotion as displayed by Burns to the wife

who has been bedfast for months after a fall on his boat.

And when doctors pronounced Mrs. Burns well enough to take to an armchair, the tears of gratitude in Bob's eyes made many a man want to reach out a hand in sympathy.

Mother's Helper

BARBARA STANWYCK and Bob Taylor, both in the midst of pictures, have been just another young average couple lost in the maze of moving.

"I couldn't stand the long hours to and from the studio any longer," Barbara told us. "I just had to get out of the Valley, picture or no picture."

So on Sunday, Bob and Barbara decided to move their personal belongings themselves. Bob with both arms full up to his eyebrows, and Barbara equally laden down were coming out of the house, when suddenly seven-year-old Dion shouted, "Wait, everybody."

Bob and Barbara stopped in the hot

cause of these three stars, has been made safer on the valley highway.

Easy—When you Know How!

FRED MACMURRAY tells this one on his beautiful wife, Lily. For years Lily has wanted to drive her own car. After several attempts, each time she'd give it up as an impossible task. Finally, Fred kidded her so much about it Lily made up her mind she'd drive if it was the last thing she did. After weeks of practicing she insisted that Fred go with her for a trial drive. Skeptically, Fred climbed in. Down their street they drove with the greatest of ease. Fred began to smile and relax. Then they arrived at Sunset Boulevard. Without batting an eye Lily crossed over it. Fortunately there were no cars at this point of the busy thoroughfare.

"Lily!" cried Fred. "You didn't make a boulevard stop."

"I know it," answered Lily calmly. "I haven't learned that yet!"



Too tired and hungry to talk, Fred (who just finished his first picture with Eleanor Powell) and Phyllis Astone and Randy Scott concentrate on their menus at the Brown Derby

sun with their heavy loads. They waited and waited. Finally emerging from the house, Dion held up a pair of too small, moth-eaten, worn-out bathing trunks.

"Where do you think I'd better pack these?" he demanded.

With a groan, Bob and Barbara sank down, clothes and all. The bathing trunks landed in the ash heap.

Vigilantes—with a Vengeance

THOSE who scoffed at the idea of screen stars accepting political offices as mayors of small valley towns, are taking it back in large doses these days. And all because Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Al Jolson are men who mean business. After a small school girl had been killed on Ventura Boulevard by a speeding motorist, a meeting of citizens was called and right there in the front row sat Clark, Tracy and Jolson.

"We'll need a committee to help curb this speeding," the chairman announced, and instantly these three men rose to their feet and volunteered.

"We have time between pictures while you men are in your offices and shops," they said, "and we volunteer for the work."

And what's more, they're doing it. Every speeder is noted, his license checked and reported. And traffic, be-

Another Henry!

MANY a star has been an innocent victim of circumstances. Recently something happened to hurt Henry Fonda with more than one of his fans when he wasn't to blame at all . . . Meaning the newspaper stories about Harry Fonda, a distant cousin of Henry's, who took his bride on a honeymoon trip to Bali, and apparently succumbed to the allure of Balinese belles, since he allegedly insisted on staying there while his bride came home alone and announced that she would file suit for divorce.

You'd be surprised at the number of people who thought this Fonda was Henry and proceeded to take pen in hand and tell him what they thought.

One letter said, "And you had the nerve to play the part of a fine, upstanding man like Abe Lincoln! You ought to be ashamed!"

We think, though, that it is this and other careless readers of the original story who ought to be ashamed!

Pronouncing Guide

ARE you doubtful about the pronunciation of your favorite movie celebrity's name? If so, you'll perhaps be interested in the following correct pronunciations, and maybe grateful, too. . . .

Charles Boyer is "boy-yay," accent on the "yay." Victor McLaglen is "mac-lag-lun," accent on the "lag." Bela Lugosi is "bay-la lu-go-sy," accent on the "go." Juanita Quigley is "wha-nee-ta," accent on the "nee." Larry Crabbe is "crab." Mischa Auer is "mee-sha our." Deanna Durbin is "dee-an-na," accent on the "an." Laurence Olivier is "o-live-e-ay," accent on the "ay." Zorina is "zor-ee-na," accent on the "ee." Jascha Heifitz is "yasha hyfits." Hedy Lamarr is "hady lamar," accent on the "ar." Andrea Leeds is "ahn-dre-a," accent on the "ahn." Miliza Korjus is "mee-lit-za kor-yus," accent on the "lit" and the "kor." Ina Claire is "i-na," i as in "ice." Rosalind Russell is "rahs-a-lind." Ilona Massey is "ee-lon-a." Isa Miranda is "eesa." Ann Rutherford is "ruth-er-ford," u as in "us." Ian Hunter is "ee-on." Lana Turner is "lah-na." Paulette Goddard is "god-dard," accent on the "god." Lupe Velez is "lupie vell-lez," accent on the "lez." Lya Lys is "lee-a leece." John Litel is "ly-tell," accent on the "tell." Ronald Reagan is "ray-gan." May Robson is "robe-son." Gale Sondergaard is "sahn-der-gard." Joseph Calleia is "cal-ay-a," accent on the "ay."

Basil Rathbone is "bazil," a as in "cat." Marlene Dietrich is "mar-lay-na dee-trick," accent on the "lay" and the "dee." Olympe Bradna is "o-lamp," accent on the "lamp." Claudette Colbert is "cole-bear," accent on the "bear." Akim Tamiroff is "ah-keem tah-meer-off," accent on the "ah" and the "meer." Don Ameche is "ah-mee-chie," accent on the "mee." Peter Lorre is "lorry." Joseph Schildkraut is "shild-crowt," i as in "still." Sonja Henie is "son-ya hen-y," e as in "hen." Franciska Gaal is "frah-nces-ka gawl." Paul Muni is "muny" as in "munificent." Leslie Howard is "Lez-lie." Maria Ouspenskaya is "oo-spen-sky-ya." Vivien Leigh is "lee."

"Spuds" O'Hara

WHEN a visitor on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" set at RKO said, surprisedly, to Maureen O'Hara, who is playing *Esmeralda*, "Why, you don't seem Irish!" Maureen came back at him swiftly, "What did you expect? To see me going around with a potato in my hand?"

Maureen has gorgeous red-gold hair, naturally curly, an equally gorgeous milk-white complexion, green eyes and an "oomph" figure. Moreover, she has charm and she can act. Her histrionic talent, she came by naturally. Her mother was a member of Dublin's famous Abbey Players and saw to it that Maureen went to the best dramatic schools the city afforded, including the Abbey school.

Harry Richman "discovered" Maureen at a party following an Abbey theater presentation. Two weeks later, at his insistence, a certain British film producer wired her, asking her to come to London for a screen test.

The test was not successful—at least it didn't win her a contract—but Charles Laughton saw it, and persuaded another British film company to give her a role in "Jamaica Inn." That did it. Laughton sent a print to RKO executives, and the role of *Esmeralda* was hers.

Maureen is only eighteen. She, herself, will tell you she has a lot to learn. But we insist that she has already learned enough to take her far, even in Hollywood where the going is tough!

WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks **IRENE
DUNNE**

COSMETIC SKIN
SPOILS A GIRL'S
CHANCES OF
ROMANCE!

LUX TOILET SOAP
REMOVES STALE
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY.
IT HAS **ACTIVE LATHER**

IT'S IMPORTANT TO
USE A SOAP THAT'S
REALLY **GOOD** FOR
THE SKIN. WHY
DON'T YOU USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
AS I DO?

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S
"WHEN TOMORROW COMES"

CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—

I WOULDN'T DREAM
OF NEGLECTING MY
BEDTIME COMPLEXION
CARE. IT'S FOOLISH TO
RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**

THIS **ACTIVE LATHER**
REMOVES STALE
COSMETICS, DUST AND
DIRT THOROUGHLY—
HELPS KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO
ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap**

Play Truth and Consequences with Madeleine Carroll

(Continued from page 25)

- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Let us print the most unflattering real-life picture ever taken.)
10. (Q) What compliment most pleased your ego?
- (A) Gary Cooper once said he liked me because I didn't have a glamour complex. Gary did not say it to me, incidentally, but to a newspaper man who later told me.
11. (Q) It has been said of you that you would prefer to be a society leader than a leader at the box office. True or false?
- (A) But very false. I have never been in society and I would never be satisfied with that life. When I was first married I did try to take part in society for a while, but I was quite willing and eager to give it up for an acting job.
12. (Q) Have you ever commissioned an artist to paint your portrait?
- (A) Yes. Some years ago I had my portrait done by the Hungarian painter, De Lazlo, one of the most famous court painters of this century.
13. (Q) At what age were you first conscious of your feminine appeal as something to wield over a male?
- (A) I was eleven and spending my holidays in Ireland, when a little Irish boy asked me for a lock of my hair. I suppose it was only a bit of his Irish blarney, but to me it was sensational. In fact, I have never been the same since.
14. (Q) Do you gossip with the operators at beauty parlors?
- (A) No. I know how much trouble can result. I have almost a fetish of discretion in this respect. I learned my lesson about gossip years ago.
15. (Q) By what unflattering nickname have you been called?
- (A) "Potato nose"—as a child.
16. (Q) In general, do you prefer the company of men to that of women?
- (A) Yes. I have very few women friends—perhaps because I have so little time for them, and I think that to have women friends you must first of all have leisure to share with them. Besides, I like men better. They are usually more straightforward.
17. (Q) Of what unpleasant quality are you sometimes accused?
- (A) I have heard it said that I am secretive. I don't enjoy this reputation, but I must admit that in one way it's true. I don't divulge my private life and I don't often divulge my opinions on the private business of others.
18. (Q) Have you ever thought that you might like to visit a nudist camp?
- (A) Good heavens, no. Even the mention of it fills me with embarrassment!
19. (Q) Do you believe that your career was the villainess in bringing an end to your marriage?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Give us a photograph of "Potato Nose".)
20. (Q) Do you ever talk to yourself?
- (A) Yes, and usually like a Dutch uncle.
21. (Q) For how long have you been fibbing about your age?
- (A) Ever since I first came to Hollywood. But it's not my fault: I can blame that on Walter Wanger. Shortly after I arrived here he sent for me—and in what a black mood! I couldn't imagine what I had done; then he told me! I'd been giving the press my real age! It seems that just isn't done in Hollywood. Mr. Wanger convinced me that while in Rome, etc., and I've been fibbing ever since . . . so much so and with such variance that I'm not quite sure now what age I am!
22. (Q) Do you go out of your way to please members of the press?
- (A) Yes. Not only because it's important professionally, but because I have fun doing it.
23. (Q) Which group gives you the greater reception when you arrive in their midst . . . the newsmen at the New York docks, or the newsmen in London?
- (A) Those in New York—perhaps because I was lucky enough to get off on the right foot with them. I remember my first experience. On the boat the captain had told me that it was going to be an awful ordeal; they'd ask me all kinds of ridiculous questions and make a fool of me. He said the only thing to do was fortify myself with four aspirins. Which I did. And then when the boys showed up, all very pleasant and nice and asking normal questions, I thought perhaps it was only because I was seeing them through an aspirin haze, and I told them about it. I asked them why they weren't behaving badly as I had been warned they would. They said, "Well, you see, Miss Carroll, you're not an English lecturer! We only try to make fools of those learned guys who think they're going to make fools of us."
24. (Q) On the set do you have a reputation for doing your scenes quickly with just a few takes?
- (A) I do, as a matter of fact—says she immodestly. Of course, I have my nervous days and get upset occasionally, but my average is fairly good.
25. (Q) Are you a good loser?
- (A) I don't play games so I don't know.
26. (Q) Do you have a dainty appetite?
- (A) No. I have an enormous one, which I realize does not go at all with being an actress. But I inherited a love of food from my French mother.
27. (Q) Do you ever haggle over prices?
- (A) In Europe, always. I would never dream of paying the price first asked; one is not expected to. Here I have to observe a little more dignity.
28. (Q) Are you inclined to forget that you were once poor?
- (A) On the contrary, I wish I could forget it. The memory of those days has built many of my present characteristics: One being that I abhor waste of any kind. It amounts to almost fanaticism.
29. (Q) Do you have a temper?
- (A) Yes, but long ago I learned to control it . . . not because of its effect on others, but for the purely selfish reason that whenever I get mad, I become physically ill.
30. (Q) In what ways are you "hard"?
- (A) Only in one way, I believe—and that is that I may say I forgive, but I never forget. It isn't that I bear a grudge against the person hurting me; I never show my feelings, but inside I lose faith.
31. (Q) Have you ever colored or "glamorized" your past for the benefit of publicity?
- (A) No.
32. (Q) Are you inclined to self-pity, and usually over what?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Let us print an unglamorous "still" of you.)
33. (Q) Do you get a kick out of being escorted some place by more than one man?
- (A) I don't like going out with more than one person; I don't like large groups or parties. That adventure of getting to know someone well is impossible in crowds.
34. (Q) Do you ever wish that you could live your life over?
- (A) No, I wouldn't want to go through my childhood again for anything. It was too unhappy; my father was too strict; and all my youth, my one desire was to escape. When I was seventeen I finally did run away. I could never wish to be a child again.
35. (Q) Do you believe that people say of you that you are "lots of fun"?
- (A) During the early days of my career I don't believe that I was ever much fun: I was too serious and had absolutely no sense of humor.
36. (Q) Have you always thought that you were pretty?
- (A) I know that, like every other woman, I have my moments, but as a child I was ugly and awkward and had a terrific complex about it. I looked anemic. I had spindly thin legs, enormous hands and feet and straight hair. There wasn't one promising thing about me and I knew it.
37. (Q) Have you ever sought revenge and did you achieve it?
- (A) I have never sought it, but fate has granted it to me on several occasions.
38. (Q) Do you procrastinate?
- (A) When I'm on a holiday, yes. I am always saying that I will read this script, pose for that fashion magazine, keep that interview date, etc.—but I never do.
39. (Q) Do you plan to marry again?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Let us have a picture of you as you were when you first crashed America.)
40. (Q) Do you rightfully take pride in the fact that no one can put anything over on you?
- (A) Yes, I hate to be a sucker.
41. (Q) Are many of your belongings monogrammed, and what is that monogram?
- (A) I use just the letter M. The single letter monogram seems to be a symbol of simplicity, and to me simplicity in life is the greatest thing to be achieved.
42. (Q) If you ever adopt a child would you select one of English or American parentage?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Pose an incongruity for us; all dressed up and eating a hot dog.)
43. (Q) Have you ever gone to a psychoanalyst and for what purpose?
- (A) To try to overcome my almost insane fear of spiders. All the analyst settled for me was that my spider-fear is inherited, and I am still battling this problem.
44. (Q) Are you at all psychic?
- (A) Not as a medium or anything like that, but I am very sensitive to "atmospheres" and what has gone on in a place in the past. Once when I was looking at a house near London, in one room I knew that some tragedy had occurred, and I was so upset that I had to leave at once. I later found out that a suicide pact had been carried out there.
45. (Q) Are you a good sailor?
- (A) Yes.
46. (Q) Have you ever looked up anybody in Burke's Peerage before you made him or her a friend?
- (A) No, because titles or rank or wealth mean nothing to me. In that way I am not snobbish, but I am definitely conceited about friendships with people who have succeeded in their particular field. I am most vain about the fact that I know famous writers, publishers of important papers, fine artists, etc. and that they too acknowledge me as a friend.
47. (Q) What thing about being in pictures gives you the biggest pain?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Write a poem to your favorite actor.)
48. (Q) What, in your career, has brought you the greatest benefit?
- (A) I have learned to be alert, and I have also learned patience.
49. (Q) How did you react to the recently printed gossip, since your separation, that you and David Niven were romancing?
- (A) I didn't even see it and even if I had it wouldn't have mattered. David and I have known each other for years: he was a friend of my husband's, in the same regiment, and in fact, we were the ones who urged him to take up acting and to come to Hollywood. Just because somebody wants an item for his column does not make an "item"—as it has come to mean—of us.
50. (Q) For how long do you hope to continue on the screen?
- (A) For only a short time more. I believe that no woman should continue for too long to avoid the role for which she was born—and that is as helpmate to some man. This can take place in marriage, or in the world of business, and when I stop working as myself I would like to work with or through some man, preferably in the line of statesmanship, as that is the field in which I have most contacts.

Patroness of Music

Young Fashion Artist



At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.



Begins Art Career—Katheryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

—But they
BOTH give their skin
the **SAME FAMOUS**
Simple Care!

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:

"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:

"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"



Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.

At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.



From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katheryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

Like Most Texans, Katheryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.



QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

Katheryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:

"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:

"That's just the point. It seems to me that absolute cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a perfectly grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:

"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before putting on make-up. It's a marvelous powder base!"

COURTESY OF POND'S COSMETIC COMPANY

Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aids to DOUBLE your charm

BUY THIS

GET THIS FREE

Both for the Price of One!
For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.



— HE HAS A PLACE ALL HIS OWN IN HER HEART

If you were to tell Judy Garland that she loves Mickey Rooney, she probably would tell you that you are crazy.

At the same time she would not deny that there is a bond between them.

She has never had a brother. He has never had a real sister. To a large extent they act those respective parts to one another.

She tells him when he needs a hair cut. When, about a year ago, Mickey went through that certain stage when a boy's nuisance value is almost one hundred per cent she was his valiant champion. "You just don't understand him. I like Mickey," was her defiant comeback.

Mickey pulls no punches with Judy. Often he criticises her with a candor which, from anybody else, would bring tears. But when in New York, she was homesick, with splendid loyalty he sat with her and her mother every night until her bedtime although his toes itched for the Onyx Club and Nicks.

Where will it end? Maybe so—maybe not.

In Radio and Television Mirror for December Norton Russell tells the complete and touching story of this association of juveniles who need each other. By all means do not miss it.

HILLTOP HOUSE in Thrilling Story Form

Another thrilling feature awaiting you in Radio and Television Mirror for December is a fictionalized version of Hilltop House, the gripping domestic serial broadcast each week day over the Columbia Broadcasting System. If you love the story of "Miss Bess" on the air you will be equally charmed with the printed version now beginning in the Radio fan's own magazine.

OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES

In addition to What Mickey Rooney Means to Judy Garland and the fictionalized version of Hilltop House, Radio and Television Mirror for December contains a long list of other interesting, amusing and revealing radio features to charm and thrill you; among them—Where Was I Wrong? The confession of a beautiful star who gambled on divorce • The Last Lesson, a radio drama of great courage • Fate's Bad Boy, Fascinating Orson Welles reaches maturity—and love • Radio Mirror's Preview of a Hit! A sensational feature—"This is My Song" by Larry Clinton • Breach of Promise! Andy vs. Madam Queen! A fight to the finish • Woman in Love • Radio and War—How broadcasters brought you "the story that couldn't be told" • First in the Ears of His Countrymen, He's Raymond Gram Swing whom millions tune in • They Cover the War Front, Introducing those crisis heroes of radio • The True Story of Mary Marlin which is also the story of Author Jane Crustinberry • Hollywood Radio Whispers • Facing the Music • What's New From Coast to Coast • Radio's Photo Mirror • Inside Radio—The New Radio Mirror Almanac • Beauty Pick-ups.

Radio and Television Mirror for December is now on sale at all newsstands. Be sure to get your copy today.

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR
DECEMBER OUT NOW 10c

Another Thin Man

(Continued from page 22)

himself, had finally been released. He had come right to MacFay claiming that what had happened was the Colonel's fault, and demanding a great deal of money. It was never easy to get money from the Colonel under the best of circumstances, this time the refusal was stony and rather final.

"So he said he hoped I was not going to be pig-headed about it," continued the Colonel, "because he had dreamed twice about my dying, and the third time he dreams things, they come true. He says he hopes I'm not going to die before my conscience makes me do the right thing by him."

"I'd stake him to a psychoanalyst," said Nick.

"That's not funny," said the fiery old Colonel. "You don't know this man. There isn't much he wouldn't do. He worked for me for ten years."

Nick smiled. "That certainly proves it." The Colonel glared at him. "Have you notified the police?" Nick went on quickly.

"Certainly," said MacFay. "I'm not entirely a fool. They tell me it isn't a criminal offense to tell your dreams. Church has been living down the road for the last ten days with his Cuban manservant. That's the one that must have been playing dead when you came down—they've been doing everything possible to terrorize me. The place is full of guards, but he gets through them whenever he wants to, and I never can tell which minute will be my last."

THE rest of the dinner turned out to be pretty exciting, particularly when fire broke out. The bathhouses near the swimming pool flared up in as grand a conflagration as one could wish for. The place became alive with guests and servants manning the bucket brigade, but nothing could save the buildings. Then, near a clump of bushes at the end of the pool, Nick found the body of the dog, Jesse—with his throat cut.

Looking over his shoulder, Horn spoke in a choked voice. "He was a swell dog. This is going to be hard on Lois." Lois was Horn's fiancée.

Nick bent over the damp ground. There were blurred footprints there.

"Whoever did it wore rags about his feet," he said. He nodded to the fire. "Is this the sort of thing that's been going on?"

"More or less," replied the Colonel's right-hand man. "I believe it's all engineered by Sam Church."

"Does the Colonel really owe him any money, do you think?" asked Nick.

"Not the way we look at it," Horn answered.

"In other words," said Nick, "if everything went okay, the Colonel gets the profit. If not, Church goes to jail."

"That's about it," Horn said cheerfully.

"And is that your job with the Colonel now?" persisted Nick.

"Something like it," Horn agreed.

When they got back to the house they found Lois in tears. The Colonel had just fired Freddie, his secretary, for objecting to the way he spoke to Lois.

"You can't bulldoze me any longer," said the youngster defiantly. "I don't care how much money you have. That may interest Dudley Horn, but it doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Now, look here, Freddie," Horn defended himself, "I know you're in love with Lois and all that sort of thing, but I don't like cracks like that. . . ."

This started another conflagration,

this time emotional, but almost equal to the bathhouse one, with Lois and Nora looking on in amazement. It ended by Freddie firing himself again, and stalking from the room. Lois now turned on Horn. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dudley!" She walked from the room, with Horn after her.

"Nice, quiet week end," said Nick to Nora.

"I'm going home with the baby," said Nora. "This is no place for a child."

Nick was enthusiastic. "Good plan. Sometimes your words are simply electric, my little cauliflower."

"I'll go get the baby and the nurse—" began Nora.

"Go ahead and desert me," said the Colonel, and at the touch of pathos in his usually rasping voice, they both paused in their tracks. "I took your father in as my partner and built up his fortune for him. I've slaved ever since, keeping that fortune intact for you. But when I ask one thing of you, to save my life . . . you run out on me. All right!"

Nick pushed Nora down in the chair next to which she was standing. "Take it easy, my pearl of great price," he said to her. "I think I'll run over and have a talk with Church. Perhaps we can do something to stop him from being troubled by bad dreams."

NORA was reading in the bedroom when Nick returned. She put down her book. "One of these days I'm going to get a chance to spend a quiet evening with a book," she said, "without husbands always coming in to interrupt."

"Sorry to be in your way, mom," said Nick, "but a man's got to sleep."

"You never were at a loss," remarked Nora, with a certain significance that he chose to disregard. "Did you see Church?"

"I did," he said. "His servant let me in. The same one we saw lying dead on the road. Full of fun."

"Must be," said Nora. "He'll catch his death of cold, one of these days, lying around in the open like that with nothing on his chest but a knife. What'd Church have to say?"

"He was just leaving for town. He and the woman, Smitty, who was with him."

"A blonde?" asked Nora with awakened interest.

"I didn't notice," said Nick. "She had a gun. The Cuban—his name is Dum Dum, believe it or not—threw a knife at me. Nice, old-fashioned hospitality."

"Oh, Nickie!" Nora rushed over to him. "Did you get hurt?"

Nick showed her his hand. "Just a knuckle or two. It got sort of messed up with Church's eye. It seems he didn't believe that the Colonel wasn't dead. He said he dreamed he had died—throat cut, or something—and it appears that his dreams always come true. I assured him the Colonel was alive, but he said I only thought so because I had seen him half an hour before, and it had probably happened since then."

"My word!" said Nora. "Have you seen the Colonel?"

"Just saw him," said Nick. "I told him Church was on his way back to town, and he was very pleased."

"Why were they so mean to you?" asked Nora. "Didn't they know what a kind-hearted man you are?"

"My well-known sterling character didn't seem to make much impression on Sam Church. He said now that the Colonel was gone—he insisted he must be dead—he'd have to concentrate on

me to get his money. He said that after all your father was the Colonel's partner, and he was beginning to dream about me . . . and about you . . . and about the baby . . . that's when I popped him. The Cuban threw his knife at me and Asta thought he was playing a game and retrieved it for him from the wall where it was sticking. Nice dog. And the girl, Smitty, got a gun from some place—I think it was under her dress on her hip—"

"You think!" said Nora. "You sure you didn't help her fetch it?"

"You do me a grave injustice," said Nick. "Anyway, I got out of there alive because nothing can happen to me until he dreams about me three times. Where's Nickie?"

"Why, darling!" said Nora, delighted. "You're beginning to take fatherhood seriously. You want to see your child!" She opened up a drawer of the enormous dresser and disclosed Nickie sleeping there in calm ageless peace.

He looked at the baby quietly for a moment. He turned to Nora then and gave her a quick, approving pat. "I've got to give you credit, Mom." Nora regarded him, pleased. She waited for the rest of it in grateful expectation. "You've certainly got me hooked."

She pushed the drawer partly to. "Is he lying on my things?" asked Nick, with sudden concern.

She grinned. "No, I just didn't think of that, but it isn't a bad idea."

THERE was a knock on the door, and Nora, answering, welcomed Lois.

"You don't know how wonderful it is to have company down here," began Lois wistfully, nervously smoothing the folds of her dressing gown.

"Why, I should think the Colonel made it very merry for you!" Nick protested.

"Poor father," she replied, with a sad little smile. "I suppose he means right about keeping me in seclusion—but—"

"Right, nothing!" exploded Nora. "The idea of a pretty girl like you not even being allowed to acknowledge her fiancé!"

"I'm afraid father wants me to be too 'sensible' to ever marry anyone."

"I have an idea," Nora said brightly to Nick. "Let's help them elope!"

"Oh, we couldn't!" Lois protested quickly. "Father would fire Dudley—and he'd cut me off, too. We wouldn't be able to live."

"What d'you think you're doing now?" asked Nick.

"Exactly," said Nora, triumphantly. "It's absolute stagnation!"

There was the sound of a shot from another room, and suddenly all the lights went out. Lois' voice rang out in a terrified scream.

"What was that?" cried Nora. "My baby! Nickie, where are you?"

Nick lit a match, and in the ghostly shadows he could see that the baby was sleeping peacefully through the commotion. On the dresser was a candle, and he ignited it quickly.

"Quick!" he said to Lois. "Where's your father's room? We haven't a moment to lose."

They crowded into the hallway, which seemed to be full of people. Freddie, fully dressed, hurried down. Horn, barefooted and clad only in pajamas, rushed the length of the hall with a light. Coming down the stairs was Mrs. Bellam, also fully dressed; she had a book in her hand, and even in the excitement Nora noticed that she kept her

finger in it to mark her place. Horn played the flashlight on Colonel MacFay's open door, and they crowded in. There was nothing much that could be done, Nick saw at a glance. In the straight white rays of Horn's flashlight, MacFay lay on his old-fashioned bed, covered, except for his legs and his right arm, by a wadded pile of blankets. His arm, grotesquely bent, dangled down to the floor. Nick put down his candle and went to the bed, with Freddie and Horn crowding him, looking over his shoulder.

One look was enough. MacFay's death had been just as "messy" as Church had predicted, or dreamed.

Van Slack, the assistant district attorney, a rather vague sort of person, with light, curly hair, came a few minutes after the police and took charge of the investigation. Nothing in the bedroom had been changed. The Colonel's body lay where it had been, and the disorder near the bed gave evidence of the struggle that must have ensued when he was attacked by the killer. Near the spot where the dead man's hand hung down to the floor lay the lamp from the bedside table, with the wire torn out of it at its base, though neither of its light bulbs was broken. A crumpled, wet newspaper lay a little to one side on the floor, and on the bedside table, near the Colonel's right hand, a glass of water had been spilled. In one corner of the room MacFay's old-fashioned frontier revolver rested, and there was a bullet hole high in the wall opposite the foot of the bed on the right side. Both windows of the bedroom were open.

The deputation from headquarters worked swiftly and quietly, taking measurements, photographing, and going over the ground thoroughly. Death, the Medical Examiner reported, had been instantaneous. The throat had been cut with a fairly large, heavy blade. There was a bruise on the left temple, from a blunt instrument. The knife was nowhere to be found. The Deputy Sheriff spoke quietly to Van Slack.

"Mr. Charles says that Cuban threw a big knife at him. This might be the same knife. It'd have the marks of his dog's teeth on the handle."

"Get some men busy in the bushes and look for it," said Van Slack.

Cross-examination of those in the house produced nothing of any value, except that the Charles nurse had disappeared.

"Personally, I think she shows good judgment," said Nick quietly.

From a detective's standpoint, Van Slack pointed out to Nick, there were more people than one who could have desired the death of the Colonel. Mrs. Bellam stood to receive a hundred thousand dollars through the old man's will.

Freddie, who had typed it, in his capacity as secretary, gave this information in response to questioning. Horn, despite the Colonel's objections, was hoping to marry Lois, who would receive the residue, amounting to several millions. Freddie, of course, had quarreled with his employer. To say nothing of Church, who went around dreaming of the old man's death unless he was properly reimbursed. Van Slack looked at Nick sharply.

"Where were you when you heard the shot?" he asked.

Nick laughed. "Well, you see, there was this blonde number I saw walking around in the bushes, and I—"

"That isn't funny," said Nora. "If there had been a blonde number walking around in the bushes, he'd have caught his death of cold in the night air. As a matter of fact, though, he was in the room with me and Lois and the baby."

A trooper came in. "There's a dog running around outside with a knife in his mouth."

Nick and Nora spoke in one breath. "Asta!"

Everybody dashed for the door. All except Horn, who stood petrified for a moment, and then ran for his room. Lois ran after him.

Outside in the darkness, Asta was playing, dashing madly around in the bushes. "Here, Asta! Bring it here!" wheedled Nick. Asta dashed away playfully, and Nick went after him.

Down the hallway and out into the night dashed Horn, stuffing a gun into his pocket. After him started Lois, her eyes wide with terror. After a moment she recovered the use of her limbs and slipped noiselessly after him through the bushes.

In a dark spot Nick had finally convinced Asta that this was the moment to end his play. "That's the boy," said Nick. "Bring it here." The dog laid the knife at his feet. "Good dog!" approved Nick. He stooped to pick up the knife, but straightened up as something gleamed at his right, in the bushes. He switched off his flashlight and put his hand on his gun, every sense alert. He could discern nothing.

Once more he bent to pick up the knife. Behind his back something moved in the shrubbery. From in front of him Lois crashed through, her voice coming tensely to him:

"Look out!"

Nick's certainly on the spot now! It will take more than quick thinking to get him out of this one—and to solve the riddle of "Who murdered the Colonel?" without endangering the lives of both Nora and the new heir! What happens next? Read "Another Thin Man," which will be concluded in January PHOTOPLAY.

WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?

Here are the correct combinations of parents and sons on pages 44 and 45

A-4. Tyrone Power, Jr., recently seen as the Indian doctor in "The Rains Came" and currently starring in "First Kiss;" the late Tyrone Power, famous actor of stage and screen until his death in 1931.

B-1. Tim Holt, featured opposite Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl" and soon to appear in "Swiss Family Robinson;" Jack Holt, star of "Illicit Cargo."

C-5. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., star of "Rulers of the Sea" and "Green Hell;" Douglas Fairbanks, noted acrobatic hero of past successes and leading figure in United Artists.

D-6. Broderick Crawford, soon to be seen in "Send Another Coffin;" Helen Broderick, recently featured in "Honeymoon in Bali."

E-2. Noah Beery, Jr., hit of "Only Angels Have Wings" and about to be starred in a new series of short features; Noah Beery (brother of Wallace Beery), featured in a recent English production, "Torpedoed!"

F-3. Lon Chaney, Jr. (once known as Creighton Chaney), now playing the role created on Broadway by Broderick Crawford, in the film version of "Of Mice and Men;" the late Lon Chaney, still remembered for his masterly creation of strange and grotesque characters.

Look! it's a genuine-registered Keepsake DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



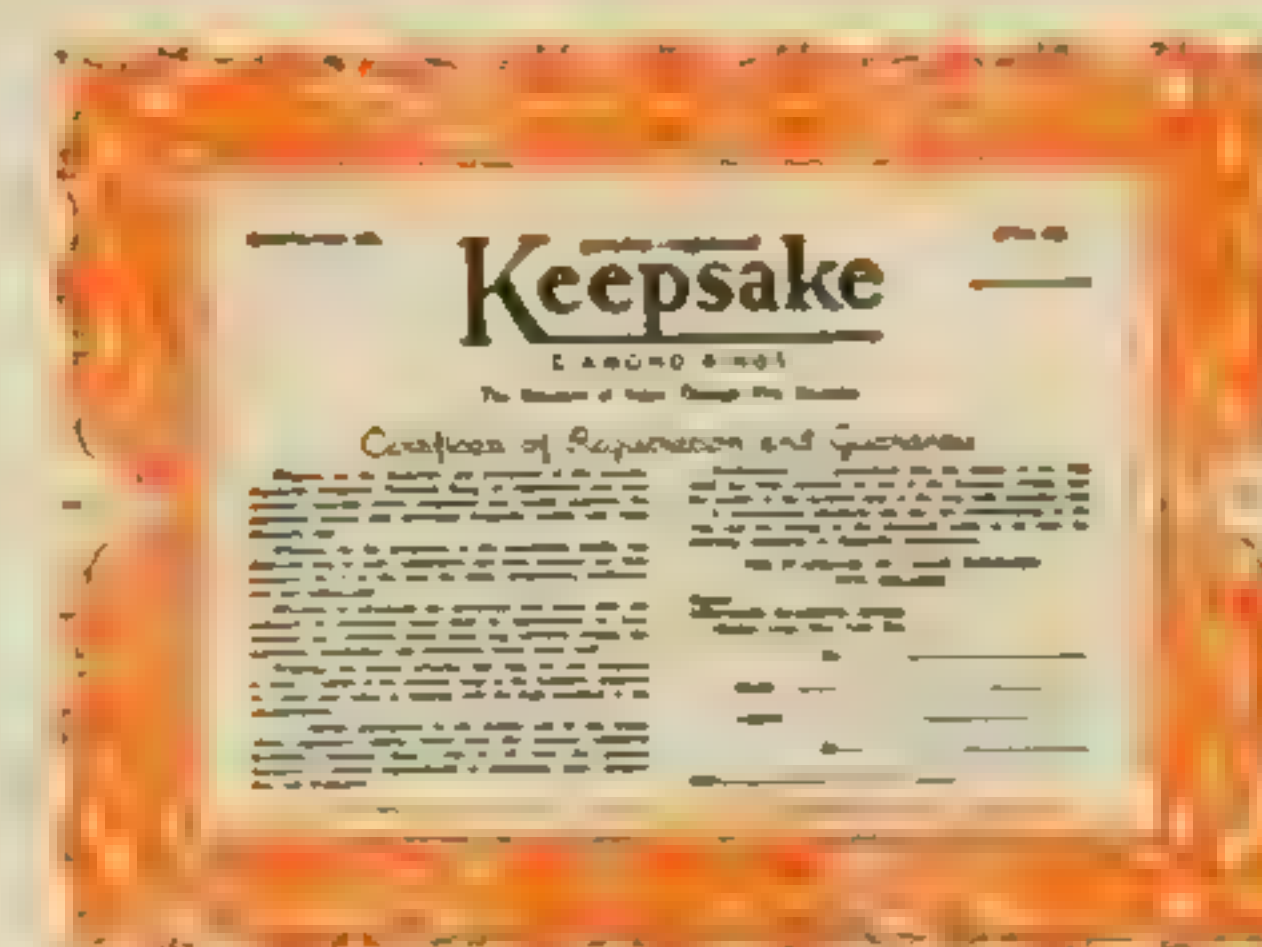
This ring of Beauty will be her Joy Forever!

She will thrill with pride and happiness when she sees it's a genuine registered Keepsake to be cherished throughout the years.

Internationally famed experts select and personally approve every fine Keepsake diamond . . . leading stylists design exquisite settings to display them. Every Keepsake comes with the Gold Bond Certificate of Quality and Registration, giving you the fullest assurance of true worth.

Leading jewelers throughout the United States are displaying the newest Keepsake styles in matched sets. Ask your dealer to show them to you. Send in the coupon below for the valuable bride's book.

This Gold Bond Certificate with every genuine registered Keepsake enables you to buy with confidence. Keepsake is the registered trade-mark of A. H. Pond Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.



Send for Book for the Bride-to-Be



Keepsake Diamond Rings,
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense. Please send me valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding."

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

PH 12-39



A Gift in Time

Known the World Over

Compare THE VALUE,
THE STYLE, THE QUALITY



REDUCE

The Hollywood Way

HERE it is . . . the new Sylvia of Hollywood book you have been waiting for. *Streamline Your Figure* goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and gives you definite, practical helps that will make you even more attractive . . . glamorous . . . desirable.

In *Streamline Your Figure* Madame Sylvia tells you how to take off fat from any part of your body. There's nothing impossible about it. In fact you'll enjoy reducing this modern Hollywood way. By following Madame Sylvia's suggestions you fat or thin girls will be surprised how quickly you can acquire the alluring proportions you so much admire in others.

Streamline Your Figure by Sylvia of Hollywood

You'll find plenty of the movie stars you admire and envy on the brink of forty, some



ONLY \$1.00

The new Sylvia of Hollywood book *Streamline Your Figure* is beautifully bound in gay blue novelex cloth and contains 32 full page photographs from life.

even older. They are attractive because they think themselves as young. They are alive with the enthusiasm of youth. Most of all, they know the value of keeping themselves attractive, and looking the part. And now you can acquire the charm and beauty of the movie stars by following the valuable suggestions of Hollywood's own Madame Sylvia as described in *Streamline Your Figure*.

Streamline Your Figure is more than a reducing book. It tells you how to acquire beautiful legs . . . how to improve the appearance of your breasts . . . how to have a lovely neck . . . a beautiful back and a well proportioned face. Read the table of contents printed in it and notice how completely the author covers the very subjects you are intensely interested in. Then remember that the pages of *Streamline Your Figure* are packed to the brim with practical instructions illustrated by 32 full page photographs from life. Moreover, you can carry out Sylvia's simple instructions in the privacy of your boudoir without the aid of any special equipment whatsoever.

Read Mme. Sylvia's new book and regain the loveliness and physical charm that you have let slip through your fingers.

The price of this beautifully bound and illustrated book is only \$1 at all booksellers. Or, if it is more convenient, send \$1 to address below and we will mail you a copy of *Streamline Your Figure* postpaid.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO. Dept. P-12
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Funny Face

(Continued from page 31)

Sister Agatha. Very well put, indeed! Bang! on my head snapped the ruler. But the kids fell on the floor laughing, and Eddie the Exhibitionist had made good.

"They threw me out once or twice, but my mother got me back in again. I was always sorry. I always meant to do better. I had a great affection for those nuns. They were all Irish. When she wasn't dusting my knuckles, one of them used to say: 'Ah, Eddie, me b'y, there's Irish blood in ye somewhere. Faith, an' I know your name's Heimberger, but I'll take my oath there's an Irish colleen sittin' cosy beside one of your Heimberger granddads on the family tree.'"

AS the eldest of five Heimberger children, Eddie felt responsibility at an early age. This may seem incongruous, in view of his school record, but lessons were one thing while money was cold cash. At eight, he was earning a dime a week as assistant on a newspaper route. His twelve-year-old employer had fifty papers to deliver, forty on one block, ten scattered over an area of three miles. He turned the ten over to Eddie, who had sense enough to know that he was being exploited.

"Watcha squawkin' about?" yelled the capitalist. "I got forty, ain't I? You wanna make a dime? If not, there's plenty kids 'at do."

It was Eddie's first experience of business ethics and the pressure of the economic system. Like many another, he had to knuckle under till at ten he acquired his own paper route and knew the pleasure of doing to his boss what Charles Laughton did to his in "If I Had A Million."

"But don't get the idea that I was a fighter. If I had been, I'd have socked that kid with his own papers, and found myself another job. I was always a bashful guy. Still am." He smiled bashfully to prove it. "In the fourth grade I was in love with a girl named Gladys. That was during the war, and we kids used to pick up tinfoil and turn it in. I had mine in a Prince Albert can in my back pocket. One day Gladys spotted it and sang out: 'Oh, look-it Ed-die Heim-berger. He smokes cig-a-rettes. Oh my goodness!' With that she flounced off and wouldn't have anything more to do with me. D'you think I explained? Not me. Nursed my shattered heart in silence.

"I was literally pushed into my first decent job. Saw an ad in the paper, drugstore wanted a boy, ten bucks a week. Place didn't open till eight, but I got up at six, went downtown, and there must have been five hundred kids jammed outside that store. More came and more came, and we stood around glaring at each other for an hour and a half. Finally the doors opened, and I didn't have to budge. I was the middle sardine, and they swept me along. The manager had an office up on the balcony, and when he came out and saw that mob, he went wild-eyed. He started down the stairs, the kids started shoving and, believe it or not, they shoved me right out in front. The manager yelled, 'You're first, what's your name, how old are you, ten bucks a week, O.K., you're hired.' There was a hell of a roar behind me, but I scooted upstairs at the manager's heels and he locked us both inside his office.

"I held that job all through high school—six till one in the morning—washed crockery, mopped floors, dished up malted milks and sodas. Juggled

oranges to make a hit with the girls, sliced 'em in mid-air, ruined one out of three. Worked out another pretty impressive act too, called 'shooting the soda.' I'd wipe the bar clean and give the glass a little twirl before sending it down. That way, it would curve and stop right in front of the customer. Sometimes it hit a snag and tipped over, but what's a glass to an artist? The boss was no artist. He'd step out from behind the prescription counter and give me the what-goes-on-here glare. But I knew I was safe. He was a marked guy from the morning he hired me. He'd still wake up nights, screaming: 'The Huns are after me.'"

Eddie went to the University of Minnesota by the road of least resistance. He was an apathetic student. At seventeen, he'd lie miserably awake night after night, wondering what would have become of him by the time he was an elderly buck of twenty-five or thirty. He shuddered away from the pictures his fancy drew. Meantime, he was paying his own way through college, on the theory that no good would come of it, so why should his father be asked to fork out? He could strum a ukulele and sing a tune pleasantly, which brought him occasional jobs in local theaters and radio stations. Announcers, bubbling with the kind of humor that Eddie had left by the wayside, thought it was funny to call him Hamburger. So he dropped his last name, and became Eddie Albert. His final year at college saw him managing a movie house.

It was Joe Burns, a teacher of literature at the university, who roused his dormant mind. "Having had a good long nap," says Eddie, "it woke up with a vengeance. He took the blinders off my eyes and the mud packs out of my ears. First, there was nothing. Then all of a sudden there were books and music and pictures and the stars and the peculiar human ego and a world full of growing pains. I'd been wondering how I could drag along to twenty-five. Now I knew a thousand years wouldn't be enough. I'd leave the theater at one, go to Joe's house to gab, then sit up reading till six or seven in the morning. Ever come out of a tunnel into the open, clouds sailing, green things growing, birds singing their fool heads off? That was me in those days. Worked up a hunger to know things that's likely to last me the rest of my days."

FOOD for the spirit didn't solve the problem of food for the stomach. After leaving college, Eddie kept his job at the theater and, looking about for an opening into the larger life, hit for obscure reasons on the notion of selling insurance.

One day he ran into Grace Bradt, a friend of his with a voice. She and her professional partner thought they'd sound better as a trio, Eddie thought he'd feel better with another string to his bow. By courtesy of Mr. Albert, manager, they rehearsed in the boiler room of the theater, and the local radio station took them on. Eddie quit his managership. He didn't exactly quit the insurance game. "It folded its tents like the Arabs and quit me," he explains.

"Well, you know how kids are. After a while we decided Minneapolis was too small to hold us, we were ready to burgeon. So we piled into a vintage roadster with forty bucks and a good opinion of ourselves. We slept in tourist camps, cooked our own eggs over a Boy Scout campfire, traveled 2400 miles and got

six auditions in six days, turned up panting in the home town with just enough breath left to go on the air. The other stations gave us the usual we'll-let-you-know line. When St. Louis actually sent for us, Grace fetched a pail of water. We'd soak our heads in it, then look at the wire again. It always read the same way. But we dunked for an hour before we'd believe it."

From St. Louis they stepped up to Cincinnati, then to Chicago. Their singing had improved, they'd developed from tyros into professionals. When Grace and Eddie decided that New York was ready for them, the other fellow dropped out.

Eddie insists that they didn't starve in New York. "And if we had, what of it? We'd have been in good company. We managed to eat by hocking everything we owned. Every once in a while we'd make five dollars, which would keep us going for a week. Then there was the gala night when a song plugger invited us to the opening of Reggie Childs'. Grace had an evening dress, and I grubbed around and dug out a Tuxedo, all but the tie. I lived in one of these rooming houses, where the spirit of brotherly love is supposed to dwell. So the country galoot goes around knocking at doors, and asking kindly New Yorkers if they had a tie he could borrow. They said no and slammed the door.

"Finally, I applied to the janitor. He didn't say a word, just beckoned, and I followed him down cellar, where he started poking behind the furnace. And sure enough, from a welter of strings and bolts and candle ends and human bones, for all I know, he fished out an old dress tie, green with age and a rubber band round the back. Well, I smoothed it and spit on it and did the best I could with it, and called for Grace and off we went, walking.

"Got to the place, got to the table, everybody stood up and bowed and pulled out chairs for the ladies, when pop! went the tie right into the middle of the expensive white tablecloth. I stood there like a lug. Then somebody laughed. Then they all started yelling and falling on the floor. So I did, too. They thought it was a gag. Expected me to say presto! and turn into a Marx brother. Me, I ate. That's what I'd come for.

"Later I discovered a bunch of unemployed musikers who used to hang out at Forty-ninth Street and Broadway, picking up what they could get. I attached myself to them. 'Added attraction,' they'd bellow. 'The Singing Tramp.' On New Year's Eve we were hired for a Polish ball. They were billed as the Big Ten Polish Pals Band and I was the Silver-Masked Tenor. The Pals supplied the mask and six bucks apiece. That was fine. Only they neglected to tell me that my duties included dancing with the Polish Pals' wives. Which would have been all right, too, if one Pal hadn't taken a dislike to me and tried to bounce a chair off my head from the balcony. That started a free-for-all, from which I emerged unscathed but also unpaid."

THIS was one time when Eddie didn't wait for fate to shove. He and Grace were getting nowhere. He'd had his bellyful of Polish Pals and their ilk. "One day I sat down and wrote a radio script called 'The Honeymooners,' combining drama and song. I finished it at six A.M. and raced over to read it to Grace. She was living with her mother and sisters. They'd come on for a visit and stayed on for moral support. Grace and Mrs. Bradt and one sister thought it was wonderful. The other sister fell asleep. We figured we had a majority vote and auditioned the thing for NBC. Next day they telephoned us.

"You start Monday, five times a week."

Billed as Grace and Eddie Albert—purely for professional purposes, they maintain—they started on Monday and ran for three years and might be running yet, if Eddie hadn't played in summer stock for Garson Kanin, if Kanin hadn't recommended him to George Abbott for the role of Bing Edwards in "Brother Rat," and if Abbott hadn't engaged him. Both he and the play were a hit. They were both going strong when Abbott asked him to move into "Room Service" as the simple-minded playwright. Kind friends told him he was a fool to agree, but Eddie put his trust in the boss. He thinks when better men are made, they'll be like Abbott. He lost nothing by his faith. "Room Service" scored a bull's-eye, and RKO invited Eddie to sign up for the movie version. "Sure," he told them. "if I can go back to Abbott in the fall for 'The Boys from Syracuse.'" They said to hell with "The Boys from Syracuse," Eddie said to hell with the movie version, and went off with his father for a trip to Europe.

Returning, he found an offer from Warners' for "Brother Rat." That's what he means when he calls himself a pawn of fate. There's some self-determination mixed up with it, though. The contract he signed gives him time out each year for a play, or a trip, as the humor takes him.

LESS lighthearted than he appears on the surface, Eddie is typical of the generation which, having grown up in a world askew, is deeply concerned with the affairs of that world. In New York, when he's through working, he goes home, pulls down the shades, shuts off the phone, starts a fire and writes. What he writes he won't say—"just getting things off my chest.

"I plan to be an actor only half a dozen years. By that time I may be ripe to put pen to paper. That's the present program, anyway. Maybe I'll change. I've seen it happen to others. People get older. They say, what's the use? They say, you can't make the world over in five minutes. They say, have a good time and nuts to the rest. I'm not young enough to harbor any plans for making the world over. But I hope I'll never be old enough to say, nuts to the rest. If I do, then the guy I am won't like the guy I'm going to be."

He's in Hollywood now, playing Junior, the bashful vaudeville hoofer, opposite Zorina in "On Your Toes." He says he spends most of his leisure, casting awe-stricken glances at the stars. He likes Hollywood, but objects to some of its practices, notably what he describes as "this cosy love-nest business.

"You're seen talking to a girl, and next morning it's in a column. They don't say, 'Eddie Albert was talking to Mary Smith.' They say, 'Eddie Albert and Mary Smith are at the mooning stage.' If you deny it, they give you the laugh. If you keep quiet, they've got you married. If you get sore, they tell you it's good publicity, part of the game. I don't like that part of the game."

They say he doesn't like it because he and Grace are married, though neither will admit it. If they are, the mystery is why they should make a mystery of it. One day a columnist linked Eddie's name with Jane Bryan's. Eddie told Grace about it, and they exchanged a smile of what looked like perfect understanding. Jane's name has frequently been linked with Eddie's, but those in the know insist it's a publicity gag. If you want to find the chink in Eddie's normal good humor, ask him about it.

"No romance," he'll scowl. "Put it down in big letters. NO ROMANCE. Put this down too. If there were, I wouldn't talk about it. Period."

"Allure of
SOFT HANDS
helps win Romance,"
says
Sigrid Gurie *

(Lovely
Hollywood Star)

SIGRID GURIE and ROBERT CUMMINGS
in UNIVERSAL PICTURES' hit, "RIO". Let
Jergens help you have alluring hands!



Chapping and Roughness threaten "Winter-Dry" Hands. So unlovely! Get effective help against this—

GLAMOROUS, popular girls laugh at the drying effect on your hand skin of water, wind and cold. Thousands of them use Jergens Lotion. They know Jergens furnishes new beauty-giving moisture to help soften your skin.

The first application feels so cooling, so refreshing on parched, chapped hand skin! Steady use helps restore charming softness and helps ward off further roughness and chapping. Many doctors help to smooth and refine

harsh, roughened skin by applying 2 ingredients—both in Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Delightfully fragrant!

Have hands whose feminine softness beguiles "his" heart. Start today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ —\$1.00 at beauty counters.

LOVE'S PLEA . . .

Help keep your hands soft for romance. Furnish beautifying moisture for dry, rough hand skin by using Jergens Lotion! Leaves no stickiness!



JERGENS
LOTION

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

Up-to-date Complexion Care—use lovely new Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against dry skin bogy. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., 1756 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

I Watched Charles Boyer Go Away to War

(Continued from page 23)

When the startling news of the Russo-German nonaggression pact, and Hitler's final demands on Poland, chilled France with a fear of imminent war, Boyer's first thought was for the safety of his wife, Pat Paterson. No one questioned then but that if war were declared, Italy would immediately line up with Germany. Nice, close to the Italian border, would be a tempting target for raids.

So back to Figeac, the little town in southern France where he was born—quiet, sunny Figeac far from any impending battle lines—Boyer sped with his English actress-wife, to leave her in the care of his mother. And it was in Figeac that I met Charles Boyer and watched him prepare for the call to arms that was soon to come.

I HAD been there a week, gathering material for a life story on this most modest of stars who, in his years in Hollywood, had been reluctant to parade the experiences of his youth.

It had been a dramatic week. Telegraph and telephone lines had been requisitioned as France turned the myriad wheels of mobilization. We had been cut off from communication with the rest of the country and Madame Louise Boyer, elegant and gracious even at the most worried moment of her life, had been nervously awaiting word from her son.

Each day I went to call on her and each afternoon, in the middle of our interview, as she told me some amusing anecdote of Charles' boyhood or found a new childhood picture to laugh over and explain, Madame Boyer would break off and, with an apology, ask me if I would accompany her down to the village square to learn the latest news.

The wide trunks of the great trees that line the river Célé, which runs through the middle of Figeac, had become the bulletin boards of the town. Groups gathered around them to scan in silence each new *Avis*, or official notice. There was no overtone of bravado or patriotic hysteria among these sober-visaged villagers. Rather they were like a large family in the waiting room of a hospital, fearful of the latest bulletin from the bedside of a loved one.

Madame Boyer's concern increased as one after another of the military classes were called up for service. One day's big splashing poster announced the requisition of all cars. The next day's proclamation gave warning against any hoarding. In Paris, air-raid shelters were being tested. The blackouts had begun. Americans were being evacuated to coastal ports and a million or more Parisians sent out to the safety of the country. France was not yet sure she would have to fight but she was clearing the decks for action. Men and machines were on the move all over the land.

And Madame Boyer grew tight-lipped with terror.

I remember the last afternoon I spent with her. Figeac dozed in the late summer sun. On the banks of the Célé, a few women were beating their clothes on the rocks. Along the stone wall by the river's edge walked two quiet-eyed nuns, their great white caps looking not unlike children's sailboats. Blue coated workmen rode by on bicycles with tinkling bells. There was an atmosphere of peace and serenity, quietness without stagnation, dignified endeavor without bustle and hurry. Nowhere have I ever seen such tranquil surroundings.

It seemed impossible to believe that

this village, the very symbol of peace and tranquillity, could be part of a land threatened by the horrors of war.

Madame Boyer asked if I had been inside the lovely old Twelfth Century church of Saint Sauveur and when I replied I had not, she suggested we go together.

Shadows fell across the arched entrance of the beautiful little building. We entered and paused a moment before the font where Charles had been baptized. A few whispered references to a particularly fine piece of wood carving on the pulpit, and then I saw that Madame Boyer had forgotten I was with her. She was looking at a statue of the Virgin Mary at whose feet fell the last rays of a setting sun.

Slowly Madame Boyer sank to her knees. Her head bowed in prayer, a prayer I was sure, for the safety of her son, the safety of France.

IN the midst of this tension, Charles arrived home for a brief visit with his mother and to establish Pat in Figeac before returning to his film work. I sat with him for about an hour at noon on a rude wooden bench in front of his mother's house on the Boulevard Woodrow Wilson, near the market place.

One after another of his boyhood friends stopped to say hello and farewell. Many of them Boyer had watched march away to the last war when he himself, a thin, sickly schoolboy, had been too young and too delicate to enlist. War had seemed a gay game then, a challenge to chivalry, an invitation to some intoxicating, mad adventure that would make fine stuff for evenings of gossip when the shadows fell on the Célé and the sidewalk cafés near the Pont Gambetta were filled with eager listeners.

Charles had watched them come back, too; those who did come back. Broken. Battered. No glorious tales of victory on their lips, only an aching silence. For four years, his last four years at the Champollion College in Figeac where dreams of someday playing Rostand's "Cyrano" at the *Comedie Francaise* in Paris first took root in the bud-

ding actor's ambitions, young Boyer had taken a troupe of his classmates about the hospitals, giving performances for the wounded.

The strained and pain-worn faces of those grey-robed audiences in the long white wards had left an indelible memory in Charles Boyer's philosophy. Charles Boyer, the mature man, knew what war meant. He wanted no part of it.

And so when I asked him that sparkling summer morning in Figeac if he would go if war came, his answer was almost bitter.

"Of course, I'll go. I'll have to. We'll all have to, this time. But there will be few of us that will want to go!"

He shrugged. "I'm not a soldier. I have no desire to be a soldier. But if I'm called, I'll go. I'll be mustered into service here in Figeac and then sent to some barracks for training."

I asked Boyer in which branch he would enlist. "It's not a matter of enlisting over here," he explained. "There are regular classes that are called in order."

BY reason of ill health in his youth, Boyer had never served the usual required two years in the French army and was therefore not subject to the first calls. But his name would be reached in the general mobilization of men without previous military service.

His prediction proved correct. Just forty years old, the actor was in the age limit of the first general mobilization. Mustered into service a day or so after the outbreak of hostilities, Boyer donned no trim tunic or shiny brown leather belt of an officer. His rank and regalia were that of the poilu, the common soldier, who marched to the battlefronts of the last war singing about "Mademoiselle From Armentieres" and shuffled back into their bulgy blouses for this one, muttering despairingly of "that Hitler."

A few days before he donned the blue uniform of a poilu, I saw Boyer for the last time in Nice, at the Victorine Studios, high in the hills overlooking the Mediterranean, where Rex

Ingram used to make pictures. But war clouds had halted production on "Le Corsaire" as effectively as storm clouds cancel location schedules in California.

One by one technicians and prop men had been called away from their studio jobs to join their regiments until finally the picture was being filmed by a bare skeleton staff. And then came news from Paris that the insurance on the production had been cancelled and the business heads of the company decided that their only course was to abandon the half-completed picture.

The order to halt came in the middle of a sweltering afternoon on an outdoor set. Boyer had driven ten hours the night before, from Figeac to Nice, arriving just in time to slap on his make-up and wriggle into the hot, leather costume of his pirate role, before the first scene was called.

All through the morning, rumors of the picture being stopped flitted about the set. It made any sort of concentrated work difficult.

And then, after luncheon, during which everyone sat around and discussed Hitler's next probable move to the exclusion of the usual shop talk of setups and scenes, word came that "Le Corsaire" was shelved.

And suddenly Charles Boyer joined the rest in realizing the imminence of war. He had been full of talk of his plans for the coming winter, back in America; his return for his weekly radio program the first of November and his next Hollywood picture with Deanna Durbin, soon after Christmas.

Until the very last, the calm, detached artist had refused to believe that war was certain. Now he knew, and was rushing back that afternoon to Figeac to spend the few final hours of peace with the two loyal women he loved best in life.

WE talked a moment of news of other film folk in France; of Tyrone Power and his bride Annabella, safely speeding across the Atlantic on the Yankee Clipper; of Norma Shearer refusing to scurry out of Paris in the first frantic evacuation. And then with a shy but cheerful smile Boyer bade me farewell.

A handclasp, a heartfelt hope we might meet again in Hollywood someday and I watched him go, that fine, sensitive-faced head held high, his stride a little brisker than before.

I had been somewhat dazed by the significance of our good-by, and I stood there thinking back to what we had been saying.

"I've just laid away my make-up box," he had remarked. "For the last time in a long while, I guess. Pretty soon now I'll have to lay away these civilian clothes with the rest of my costumes."

"He's laying away laughter, too," I had thought to myself, "and lights and music and love and all the little luxuries of day-to-day existence." And a sudden chill gripped me as, like a fey, foreboding fancy, the prophetic lines of Rupert Brooke came tumbling into my mind:

"Blow, bugles, blow! . . .
These laid the world away; poured out
the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years
to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopd
serene,
That men call age; and those who would
have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."



Fashion takes a busman's holiday—with the accent on hats! Exhibits A and B: Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Crawford, at the opening of Gladys Parker's gown salon, with Allan Jones

A Love Worth Fighting For

(Continued from page 19)

her, her unemployed dramatic instinct told her that it was most fascinating to think of being a married woman before she was twenty, and later, before she was twenty-two, to be a mother.

Laurence Olivier's wife was Jill Esmond, the actress. The Olivier-Esmond love had been much written about. Larry was originally very much in love with Jill, but he was undoubtedly as much in love with the actress as he was with the woman. He had always adored the theater. Coming up to London, getting occasional bits to play, he was enormously impressed with meeting Jill Esmond, daughter of a famous acting family, and almost overcome when he realized she was falling in love with him. Jill was all that he was not—important, established, well-trained theatrically. When she got an opportunity to come to America for a show, Larry made his debut with her in "Private Lives" on the New York stage. When she went back to England, he returned, too. Then he got a chance at a movie test for RKO, but Jill stood in with him on it, and when it came time to draw up the contracts, it was Jill they wanted most, although both were signed up.

It was Larry's good luck, in disguise, that made everything turn out badly. RKO advertised him as a "second Colman" and since he was nothing of the sort both the studio and the public were disappointed upon seeing him. Jill didn't set the screen on fire, either, so when their options weren't taken up the Oliviers went back to London.

Then Hollywood beckoned again. Laurence was needed for the lead opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina." The rush was so great that he had to cable his measurements so that his costumes could be ready for him on landing. He came across the ocean on the fastest boat, across the country on the fastest plane. Everything was ready for him except Garbo. Garbo insisted upon John Gilbert for the role.

The bitterness engendered in Larry Olivier by this went far toward making him the great performer he was in "The Green Bay Tree." To act magnificently now became an absolute compulsion. Through frustration, his brilliant mind developed a sardonic twist. His naturally pleasant personality became fierce and rebellious. When he met Vivien Leigh, also disillusioned and revolutionary at heart, it was flame meeting flame. A conflagration was bound to result and did.

They instantly discovered each other and the ambitions and dreams they had in common. After their play, they did a movie together. The bright sun of mutual success shown upon them. They

were triumphant artistically and commercially. They even did a production of "Hamlet" together, Vivien playing *Ophelia* to Laurence's melancholy Dane. Long before that they had known that they were in love, but after that production all London and their respective mates knew it.

When Laurence Olivier came to Hollywood for the third time last winter, everyone saw the change in him. He was no longer shy or inhibited. He did not mingle with the few friends he had made out here on his previous visit. He did exactly as he pleased, staying by himself because he was so much in love he needed no companionship.

Then Vivien Leigh came visiting Hollywood, met Myron Selznick, brother of David, and through the accident of that meeting got the test that resulted in her being chosen as *Scarlett*. That was thrilling, but actually she lived through a lonely winter because almost as soon as she arrived, Larry's stage play took him away from her. But he left the play as soon as he possibly could to come westward to be near her, since "Gone with the Wind" was not yet finished.

They still don't see many people. They dine a lot with Director George Cukor and see a few members of the English colony but they are still at that stage where they prefer to be alone together. And therein, too, they act not at all like the lovers of Hollywood who always seem to make their vows at the Troc or to exchange their first kiss Friday night at the fights. The emotion between them is too intense and sincere for any of that calculated demonstration. They dine in the quietest restaurants and do no calling save upon each other. But see them together and you know they are in love, if only by the carefully casual attitude they maintain publicly toward each other. They are moody, too, with the moods of true romantics—all laughter and joy one moment, all fiery intellect or fierce conversation the other.

They will have to wait at least another full year before they can marry. So during that year watch for some very great performances, Larry's as *Max de Winter* in "Rebecca" and Vivien's in any one of the several big productions Selznick is planning for her. They will inevitably give great acting portrayals, living as they are now through those exciting, vivid moments of human life that breed true artistic creativeness.

As for what will happen to them after they wed—well, we were talking of romance—and matrimony is quite a different story.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 66)

David's face relaxes and he breaks into a laugh.

"You are cordially invited to the world premiere of—" he reads. David's words are drowned in laughter. But it's still nervous laughter.

We find Warner Brothers readying a big push in production this month, with "The Fighting 69th" (Jimmy Cagney, George Brent, Pat O'Brien); "The Sea Hawk," a remake with Errol Flynn; and "Invisible Stripes," George Raft's next try at Warners. In between, Wayne

Morris is keeping the studio open with the timely gambling ship thriller, "Gambling on the High Seas."

Selznick-International also has a war rush order movie in "Rebecca," the rushee being Laurence Olivier, another loyal subject of His Britannic Majesty. Laurence has been cast as *Max de Winter* in Daphne du Maurier's masterly *Manderley* murder mystery ever since Selznick bought the book. On the other hand, Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne's bride, signed up for the most sought-

THE ANSWER TO TRUE SMOKING PLEASURE!

"CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS"



PHILIP MORRIS—a cigarette recognized by eminent medical authorities for its advantages to the nose and throat.

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Figure Glamour Yours




trim your figure to the
SCISSORS SILHOUETTE
achieved with Schiaparelli inspired creations
by
Formfit

Achieve the two essentials of feminine happiness—glamour and fashion-rightness. Schiaparelli inspired these lovelies—Formfit designers have put into them the artistry to glamourize... and glorify.

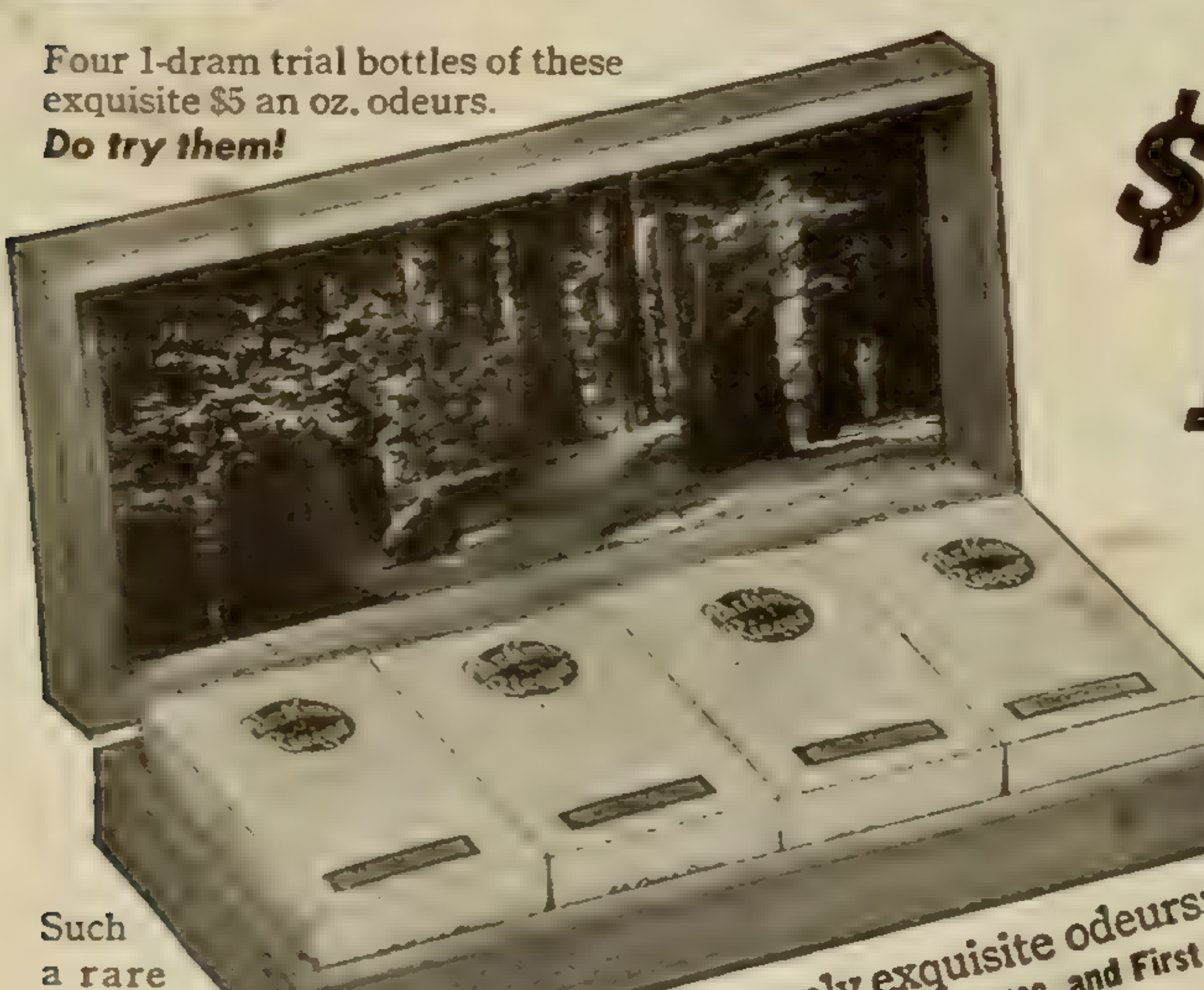
| | |
|---|---|
| FORMFIT BRASSIERES \$1.00—\$3.50 | PANEL-ART GIRDLES \$5.00—\$10.00 |
|---|---|

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

\$200 of exquisite
Perfumes
for
\$100

In a Unique Redwood Treasure Chest
Like the Essence of Flowers!

Four 1-dram trial bottles of these exquisite \$5 an oz. odours.
Do try them!



Postpaid — 4 one-dram (1/2 oz.) bottles
Money Back
If not 100% pleased

A DROP or two last a week. Hence, these, truly the most exquisite perfumes are really very economical. —
Yet, so ultra-delicate, fascinating, and aristocratic, AND UNIQUE!

Introductory Offer: To start you in using these very choicest perfumes, we offer the 4 bottles (\$2.00 at regular price) for only \$1.

Send No Money [Merely pay the postman]

or if you prefer, enclose \$1.00 check, currency or stamps.

PAUL RIEGER & COMPANY (Est. 1872)
282 Art Center Building, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me, postpaid, the 4 exquisite new Rieger Perfumes in genuine Redwood Treasure Chest on your Money Back Guarantee.

I enclose \$1.00 ☐ I'll pay the postman ☐

Name _____

Address _____

Only one set of these 4 trial bottles with Redwood Treasure Chest to any one customer. Don't miss this very special offer; write while the offer lasts. (Remember our money-back guarantee.)

And besides
While giving \$2.00 regular perfume value at \$1.00, we give you also right now absolutely free this beautiful

Rare Redwood Treasure Chest
made from the Giant Redwood trees of California. 6 inches x 3 inches; an ideal gift.

PAUL RIEGER & COMPANY
(Est. 1872)
282 Art Center Bldg.
San Francisco, Calif.

after Hollywood part since *Scarlett O'Hara* barely two days before the picture began. It marks Joan's very biggest break yet. Oddly enough, the part hasn't even a character name. It's just "I!"

If you've read "Rebecca," though, you'll know that "I" is the central character of the moody, mystifying, almost mad drama of *Manderley*, the house of a million memories. Alfred Hitchcock, England's gift to the motion picture world, is overflowing from a canvas director's chair as he talks to Olivier, Joan Fontaine, and Judith Anderson. The scene is where Max and "I" arrive from their strange marriage and get a cool, damp reception from the evil Mrs. Danvers. Judith Anderson plays Danvers.

All four are bent over a sketch Hitchcock is explaining. He was a draftsman and a civil engineer before he took up making movies. He still draws out every scene before it's shot. "Here is Max," explains Hitchcock, meaning Laurence. "And here is 'I'."

"Do you mean me?" asks Joan.

"No, I mean 'I,'" winks Hitchcock. "You're 'I' from now on."

"I'm you," Joan keeps it up. "Funny—we don't look a thing alike!" It sounds like Gracie Allen.

OVER at RKO-Radio we see Raymond Massey, in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Massey won extravagant praises of the Broadway stage critics last year. This year he's repeating on the screen.

The set we visit is the bedroom of a log cabin where Ann Rutledge (Mary Howard), Abe's only real sweetheart, lies dying. Massey is a startling reincarnation of the young Lincoln. He has the long, loose face; a built-up nose is about the only make-up addition.

Everyone speaks in whispers. Mary Howard lies in a giant bed. A microphone is concealed in the pillow to catch her expiring whispers.

"All right, Abe," whispers Director John Cromwell. Massey, awkward, gangling, but intense, steals across the floor and kneels at her bed in silence. You could hear a pin drop. Tenderly, Mary strokes his lank hair and says—(we can barely hear her) "come close to me. I've wanted you so much."

You can see the hope rise on Massey's—we mean, *Lincoln's* face. Though Ann Rutledge is dying, the important thing is that at last she loves him. This moment will be his forever. He is almost happy. Then as she turns to die she says, "John."

His name isn't John. She has never loved him.

And the next expression of Mr. Raymond Massey's face is probably why he is a great actor. The cameras hold it long after the scene should be cut. There still isn't a whisper on the set.

"First Kiss" is the title Darryl Zanuck has picked to launch his seventeen-year-old wonder girl, Linda Darnell, on a starring career. The idea is that Linda has a husband, Tyrone Power, who likes to cheat on dates with his secretary, Wendy Barrie. So, to find out what secretaries have that wives haven't,

Linda gets herself a secretary's job with Warren William. They all step out in a foursome one night and the big blow-off arrives.

Director Gregory (Accent) Ratoff is having a little trouble with Linda, today, though. She's never worked with Ty before and she has the jitters. Before she played Cinderella at TC-F, Tyrone Power was her dream man and the idea of actually making love to him on the screen is much too much. But the antics of Ratoff snap her out of it.

There's a dog, Zero, who figures in the plot of "First Kiss." The scene we see is supposed to be Ty coming in late at night and tripping over Zero. But Ratoff decides that the pup will take too much time getting himself ready to be tripped over. "I'm gonk to be play-ink de dahg!" he announces. "A great pufahmance. Watch!"

Well, probably neither Linda nor Ty nor us nor anyone has ever seen anything quite like the sight of Gregory Ratoff on his hands and knees, wooing and ki-yi-ing as Ty Power kicks him in the ribs and tumbles. It's sights like these that keep alive our faith in Hollywood as a screwball community!

The Zanuck fall picture boom at Twentieth Century-Fox is just getting under way with "Swanee River," Don Ameche's attempt to bring the sad but tuneful story of Stephen Foster to the screen; "Everything Happens at Night," Sonja Henie's new ice epic; Alice Faye in a modern version of "Little Old New York," and Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," which goes ahead any day, now.

BUT the major attraction for us at Twentieth is Shirley Temple, in Maurice Maeterlinck's fantasy, "The Blue Bird," in Technicolor, which has practically monopolized production facilities at TC-F. Shirley is playing a mean self-centered, quite nasty little girl (who reforms in the end, of course). She has that dangerous little picture-stealer, Sybil Jason, with her, too. Also, for the first time, a very cute child, younger and smaller than herself, one Johnny Russell. All in all, Shirley must watch her P's & Q's here.

Shirley is being her most villainous when we arrive on the set. But she's having a swell time. Because after every naughty take all her camera crew make terrible faces and go—"S-s-s-s-s-s! S-s-s-s-s-s!" Shirley thinks the hissing is swell. It's a new experience, and she giggles with glee.

Shirley and Johnny Russell are supposed to be wolfing their Christmas Eve supper—a very savory stew. But the scene just shows them starting in. Director Walter Lang shouts "Cut!" before either Shirley or Johnny get any stew in the hopper. Each time Shirley burns.

Finally, when Lang says, "Cut! That's it. Print it!" Shirley tosses her fork down, puts her arms to her sides, and addresses Lang indignantly. "You didn't let us have one bite!" complains Shirley. "I think that's mean, don't you, Johnny?"

"Yes," chirps Johnny. "It smelled good, too!"

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis, has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building in the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Compare information furnished upon request. Address inquiries to: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Portrait in Scotch Plaid with Shamrocks

(Continued from page 32)

feeling that he has a lot of life to live which is not possible under the necessary restrictions of married life. He always has a glass of milk before retiring.

Richard Greene has never been seasick crossing the English Channel. He likes coat-shirts, pull-over sweaters, cigarettes, pipes, and driving with the top down.

He likes playing poker but not for high stakes.

He is a voracious reader, of democratic tastes, and he comes of a family of stage celebrities.

He weighs 170 pounds, swims well with an overhand trudgeon, likes marmalade and plans someday to build a Spanish ranch house.

His moments of depression are extremely rare, and he has read "Alice in Wonderland" many times.

His father died when he was two-and-a-half.

He dislikes attending concerts, boasts a large library of records, specializing in operatic and semiclassical music.

His hair is dark brown.

He is a good tennis player, bad golfer, exceptional diver, and does not like clams.

He likes fried shrimps, coffee, bacon and eggs, puddings, chocolate malt, and chili con carne.

He speaks Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, and has no prejudices regarding marriage between professionals. He likes his eggs straight up, and thinks radio commercials in America are "damned annoying."

He can erect a perpendicular and "that's about all he knows of geometry." He enjoys watching prize fights, motor races and any competition between horses.

He studied voice, sings a middling baritone, and doesn't mind women smoking provided they smoke properly and don't puff.

He seldom wears a hat and when he does he prefers a sloppy old felt. He has an open mind concerning astrology and various phases of clairvoyance believing there's too much fact to confound the skeptics.

He has never had the mumps.

RICHARD GREENE has a predilection for practical jokes, and chews gum only after a lot of smoking.

He doesn't like caviar.

He has a cat named Jacqueline and a cocker spaniel named Bruce, the cognomens having no reason whatever. He lives with his mother in a five-room house atop a hill.

He has spent a lot of time on a Palm Springs ranch learning to rope and jump horses, and he regrets that he hurt his leg by crushing between two cars instead of falling off a horse.

He likes wearing dinner clothes, and considers his greatest thrill the time he rode a bucking bronco and stayed with it for one minute. (Eight seconds is the accepted time.)

His comic strip favorites are *Flash Gordon*, *Popeye* and "Bringing Up Father."

His boyhood ambitions embraced being a farmer, writer, veterinary surgeon and a Southwest African mountie. He has just taken up skiing and he believes in a life hereafter, or some form of reincarnation, because "everything is timeless" and "things are too alive to end with death."

He has no preference among blondes, brunettes or redheads. He was most

interested in history and English literature at school, and he'd rather go to parties than give them.

He likes being interviewed.

He plays checkers and chess.

He doesn't like crowds, silk shirts, or backslappers. He dreams seldom, sleeps soundly, likes being alone when he comes home from work, and likes Paris best of all cities.

He favors a dry Martini before dinner, and thinks if he had not become an actor he would have been a roving journalist.

He is addicted to singing in the shower, usually picking on "The Donkey's Serenade" or "The Volga Boatman." He hates letter writing, formal premières and alarm clocks.

He has written short stories and some dramatic pieces, has not attempted to market them, confessing that his stuff is too immature.

He is attracted to places of exotic character, and regrets having gained security so early in life that much of the zest of uncertainty and thrill of the unknown is gone.

RICHARD GREENE is a conscientious objector to military service, but would go should the need arise.

He likes hunting.

He dislikes roulette or any gambling game in which the player is entirely dependent on a mechanical device.

He doesn't want to know the future and so avoids fortunetellers. He loved, when in London, to listen to the political harangues in Hyde Park. He prefers grey suits.

He feels the absence in Hollywood of old buildings with character and tradition, particularly in restaurants.

He takes a hot shower and tapers off with cold water, and his favorite singers are Caruso and Lucrezia Bori.

He is a good listener, readily admits a mistake, likes managing his own business, and is very fond of carpentry.

He is an inveterate frequenter of foreign restaurants, and loves to walk in the rain without a hat.

He deprecates women who dye their hair, and at the termination of his contract he intends to take a year off and travel. He was captain of the fencing team at school, doesn't mind dining alone, and fell madly in love at the age of seven with a little brunette miss whose name he cannot recall.

He revels in spirited argumentation.

He is fond of guns and is the proud possessor of a 30.06 rifle. He was, at fifteen, scared to death by a bull which chased him into a barn.

He is not allergic to anything.

He considers "Submarine Patrol" his best picture and "Lucky Star" his worst performance. He makes charcoal sketches of animals, and has never had any nickname but Dick.

He plays a fair game of pool and billiards, likes fresh-water fishing, and thinks girls look attractive in slacks though he prefers the old-fashioned dress.

He is inclined to do things on the spur of the moment, likes walking with a cane, and invariably whistles or hums when alone.

He was very shy with girls until he went on the stage.

He usually lets things get awfully jumbled and then suddenly goes on a spree of getting orderly and systematic. He failed in his first small part on the stage and the friends of Richard Greene advised him to give it up.

"...and this one's for Aunt Agatha!"



"How did it all start? Well, it was this way: I went shopping, carrying a Christmas list for my very particular female relatives. What to choose for them? There was a problem! I trudged from store to store... and then I met Aunt Agatha, most difficult problem of all!"

"I don't care what you send the rest of them," she said, "but don't you dare give me anything else but those Berkshire Stockings you've been praising so highly." Of course! Why hadn't I thought of Berkshires... for everyone? Berkshires would suit each perfectly!"

"So, down the list I went, checking them off, one by one... each to receive the sheerest, prettiest, finest-fitting stockings I have ever known. Thanks to Aunt Agatha, I've had a lovely, leisurely pre-Christmas season—from the time I met her on my shopping tour until now, as the last bit of trimming goes on the tree. This star's for Aunt Agatha!"

Guaranteed
as advertised in
Good Housekeeping
BERKSHIRE
STOCKINGS

BERKSHIRE
STOCKINGS
2

for evening wear,
with
dancing slippers

BERKSHIRE
STOCKINGS
3

for afternoon,
with
pumps or sandals

BERKSHIRE
STOCKINGS
4

for street and
business, with
daytime shoes

Look for one of these seals on each pair of Berkshire Stockings, identifying them as 2, 3, or 4-thread.

BERKSHIRE STOCKINGS

Ask for BERKTWIST, Berkshire's sheerer crepes

Copyright 1939 by BERKSHIRE KNITTING MILLS, Reading, Pennsylvania

**MORE HOURS
of
LOVELINESS**

Stay at your loveliest without trace of line or blemish. Keep powder and make-up on—and nose-shine off. Use the new POWD'R-BASE stick to give a smooth, flattering complexion and 'Lovely make-up always'.

POWD'R-BASE
hampden

★ Buy your shade at any cosmetic counter.



★ PICTURE YOURSELF IN A ★
Sonja Henie
PARKA HOOD

★

I WANT EVERY GIRL TO HAVE THIS ADORABLE PARKA HOOD DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR ME.
Sonja Henie

Gay Glamorous Adorable



You can be as glamorous as Sonja Henie herself in this enchanting Sonja Henie Parka Hood... radiant with the winning charm of America's favorite star.

CHIC NORWEGIAN STYLE

Styled in the brilliant manner of Norwegian winter sportswear, it's knitted of softest brushed yarn in stunning colors—red, navy, brown, green or white (each with 2 color stripes). Fits all head sizes—priced at only \$1.

ORDER NOW FOR XMAS

An ideal Xmas gift. Available at all leading stores. If yours can't supply you with the genuine Sonja Henie Parka Hood, send \$1 and your choice of colors to Dept. FD, The Lion Knitting Mills Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL SEWED IN EVERY GENUINE
Sonja Henie
PARKA HOOD



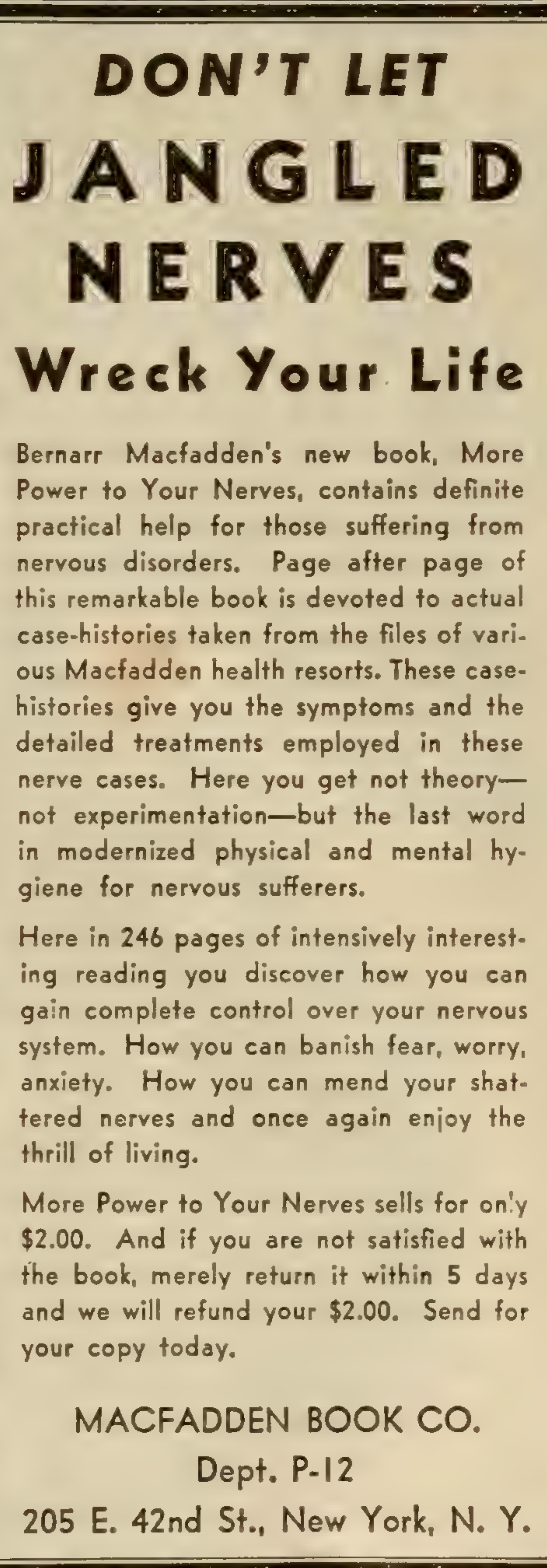
**DON'T LET
JANGLED
NERVES
Wreck Your Life**

Bernarr Macfadden's new book, *More Power to Your Nerves*, contains definite practical help for those suffering from nervous disorders. Page after page of this remarkable book is devoted to actual case-histories taken from the files of various Macfadden health resorts. These case-histories give you the symptoms and the detailed treatments employed in these nerve cases. Here you get not theory—not experimentation—but the last word in modernized physical and mental hygiene for nervous sufferers.

Here in 246 pages of intensively interesting reading you discover how you can gain complete control over your nervous system. How you can banish fear, worry, anxiety. How you can mend your shattered nerves and once again enjoy the thrill of living.

More Power to Your Nerves sells for only \$2.00. And if you are not satisfied with the book, merely return it within 5 days and we will refund your \$2.00. Send for your copy today.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO.
Dept. P-12
205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



Christmas Shopping

(Continued from page 1)

Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you crave, please write to our

Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine,
122 East 42nd St., New York City

And do it now!

13. CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

Earn the eternal gratitude of every girl on your list with silk stockings that wear! Phoenix stockings, of course, Vita-bloom processed for a brand new lease on life. Gaily packed for Christmas, too, in cellophane envelopes scrawled with cheery Christmas greetings. Three pairs for \$3.00—and up!

13

14. THE EYES HAVE IT

For the first time, the eyes have a beauty kit of their own, small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, but crammed with tricks to make you as starry-eyed as the stars: a Kurlash eyelash-curler; Kurlene, the eyelash-conditioner-cream; Twissors with which to tweak out unruly hairs that spoil your arch; Mascara Compact in fascinating new colors; Eye-pencil and Unbreakable Mirror—a lot of eye-appeal for just \$3.00.



15. DINNER JACKET

"Black tie" for the gentlemen, and for the ladies, a glistening lamé taffeta dinner jacket of red and black and silver plaid. It buttons all the way up the front to a childish turnover collar, but when you turn your back—you turn your back forever on childishness, with a sophisticated bouncing bustle. Yours for holiday glitter at around \$6.00.

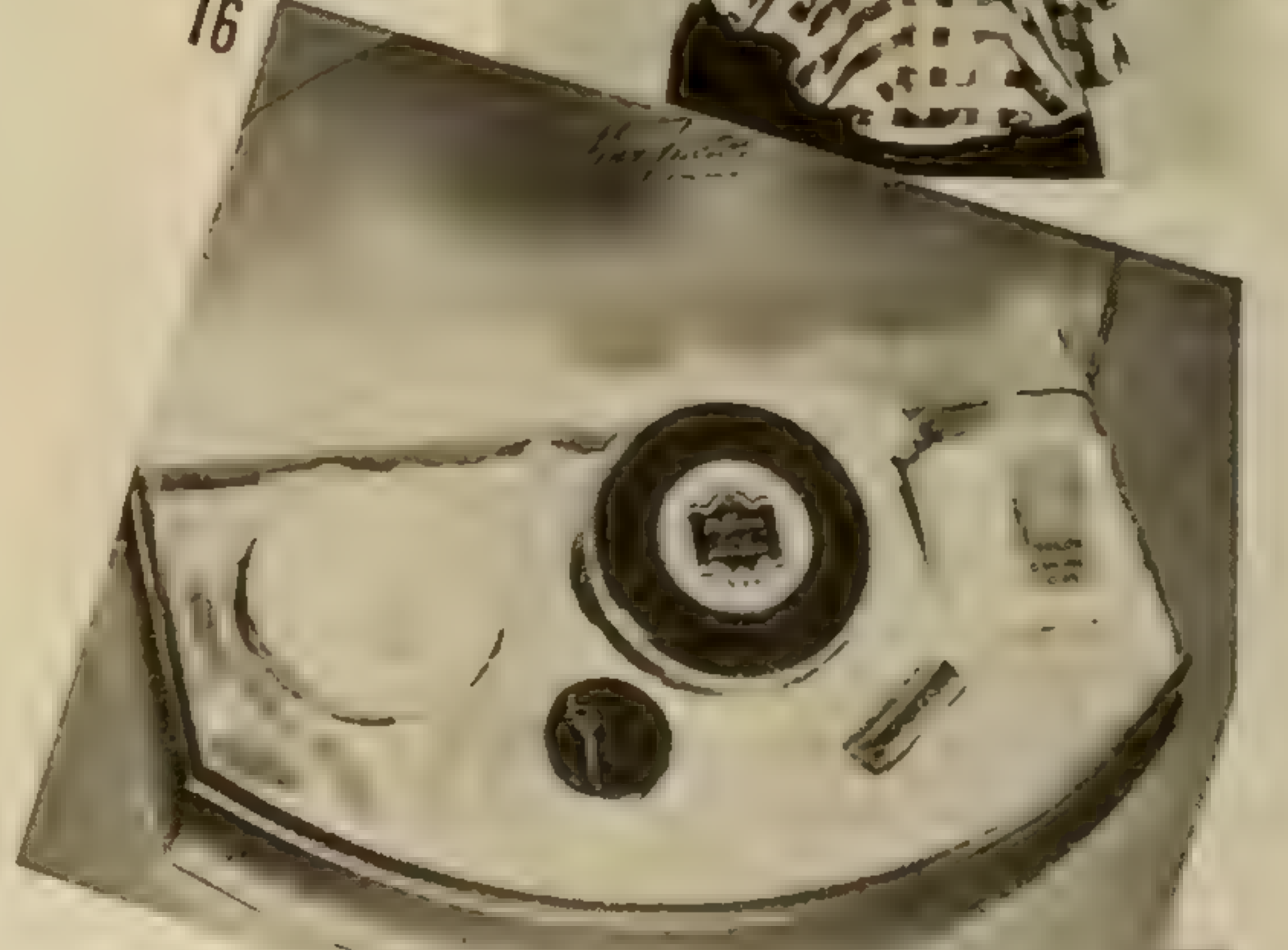
15



16. PANCAKE MAKE-UP MIRACLE

Do you know the secret of the smooth and lovely complexion Max Factor gave the stars? It comes out of a magic little pancake that he named "Pancake Foundation," and now there isn't a Star who'd be without it. You can have it, too, to keep or give away for Christmas, in a handsome star and comet-studded red and gold box, complete with powder, rouge, lipstick and normalizing cleansing cream. A box full of screen-tested Hollywood glamour for just \$4.55.

16



17. "EVENING IN PARIS"

Forget the war clouds and think of an evening in Paris as it used to be! Bourgeois' beautiful blue satin and silver star-studded treasure chest will take you there, wafted by the lovely perfume, the delicate face powder, the cloudy talcum and the jewel-like lipstick and compact in this coveted treasure chest. Lots of loveliness for just \$5.00!

17



Don't for a minute think that your Editors think that this covers the Christmas Gift Situation to your complete and total satisfaction. There's still Aunt Tillie and Uncle Lemuel, isn't there? But there's still another month and another issue of PHOTOPLAY to come before Santa starts sliding down any chimneys. So watch for next month's issue and the twenty-four presents we have bagged. There won't be a name left to check on your list, by the time we've finished Christmas snooping.

The Editors.

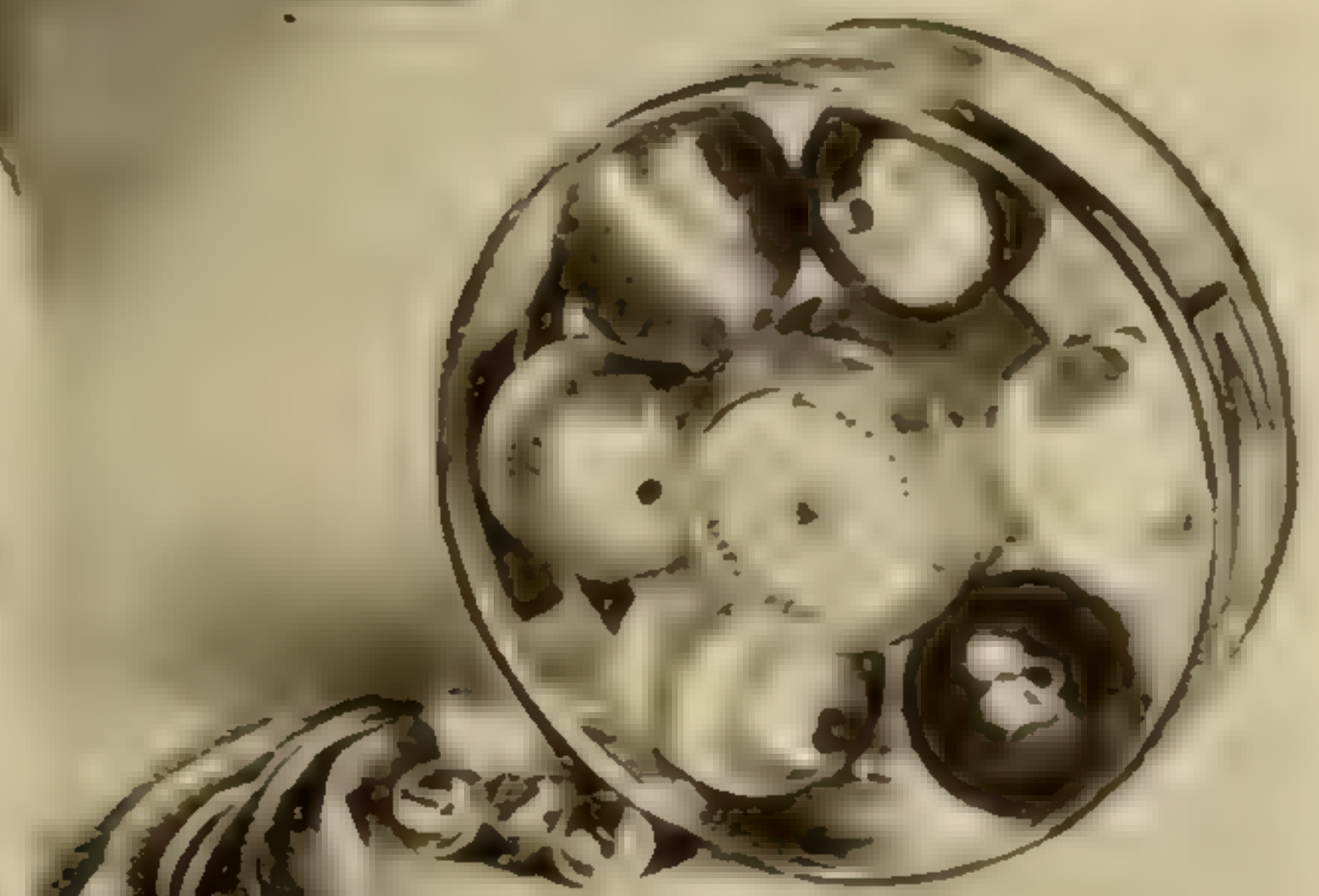


18

18. A PRETTY HOW-DE-DOO

Merry Hull's evening mits of sapphire blue velvet studded with twinkling silver stars. The wall of white kid that bisects the mits exactly allows you plenty of room to wriggle your thumb and fingers. You've heard about the newest thing of all in gloves—"Finger Free" construction! Well, this is it—for around \$4.00.

19



19. FOR THE GIPSY IN YOU

A musical tambourine full of sachet balls—ribbon streamers, jingle bells and all! Inside the Cellophane circle are five shiny satin sachet balls to match the jolly gipsy trappings, in Orloff's three Russian gipsy perfumes: "Gardenia Russe," "Nikki" and "Carnation Imperiale." Perfect for Christmas—and much more expensive-looking than its modest price of just \$1.00.

20



20. ROBIN HOOD'S MONEY BAG

Robin Hood's jingling money bag, copied by Lucien Lelong, in Sherwood green suede and bright red silk with red silk drawstrings. But in place of that beloved rascal's swag, Lelong has stowed away a Robin Hood Red lipstick, rouge, powder and a flask of Carefree Perfume. There's even a green felt Robin Hood hat with a bright green feather, to pin on your escort's lapel. The school-girl's delight. \$5.50.



21

21. "DANGER!"

You can't frighten a woman away from "Danger!" It's the best come-on we know! True, the high price limited it a little in the past. But for the future—Santa sees only very rosy prospects now that Ciro has duplicated it for Christmas—crystal block-bottle and all—in an impressive \$12.00 size. For the most exotic lady on your list!

22

22. HANKI-PURSE

A girl who was always "going places" thought up this one! Because she was always dropping either her evening purse or her hankie. So she riveted them together permanently—a lovely chiffon evening hankie attached to a bracelet strap on her wrist, and underneath it all, a quilted satin evening pouch to match. Clever? There's room enough inside for make-up and mad-money—and a great relief to your beau, too, to have you tote your own! Around \$3.00.

23

23. PERFECT GADABOUT

A lady would as soon forget her toothbrush as her De Vilbiss traveling atomizer, the only way to tote your perfume on your travels! The 1½-dram crystal bottle is as streamlined as the Twentieth Century and locks as tight as a drum. The bright leather traveling case condenses into next-to-nothing—and there you go—carrying your sweetness with you everywhere, for just \$6.50.

24. LOOT FOR YOUR LOTHARIO

For THE man in your life—Prince Gardner's de luxe leather accessories. A billfold with that wonderful sliding-pocket classifier feature that separates credentials, classifies currency and hides the big bills; a sliding card case; a flat but elegant inside pocket wallet for evening; and a zipper key-case with license-compartment. The gift box is sure to wind up as a permanent handkerchief case on his dresser. \$7.50 to \$80.00 for the set. It's all a matter of leather!

24

"No Wonder You've Been Hinting For A
NEW 1940
Majestic
FOR CHRISTMAS!

New FOR A LADY WHO
DESERVES A CHARMING GIFT

It's radio time all the time, with this combination of rich-toned 5-tube Majestic radio and accurate electric clock with genuine Middlebury movement. True modern beauty, in ivory or onyx plastic... and it's two gifts in one.



NEW! Perfect "Present to the House"

Turn it on, tuned in, by pushing ANY button! No aerial, no ground. Gets everything—American, foreign, police, amateurs, ships! Majestic directional loop inside cabinet; exclusive new kind of Automatic Volume Expansion! See it!

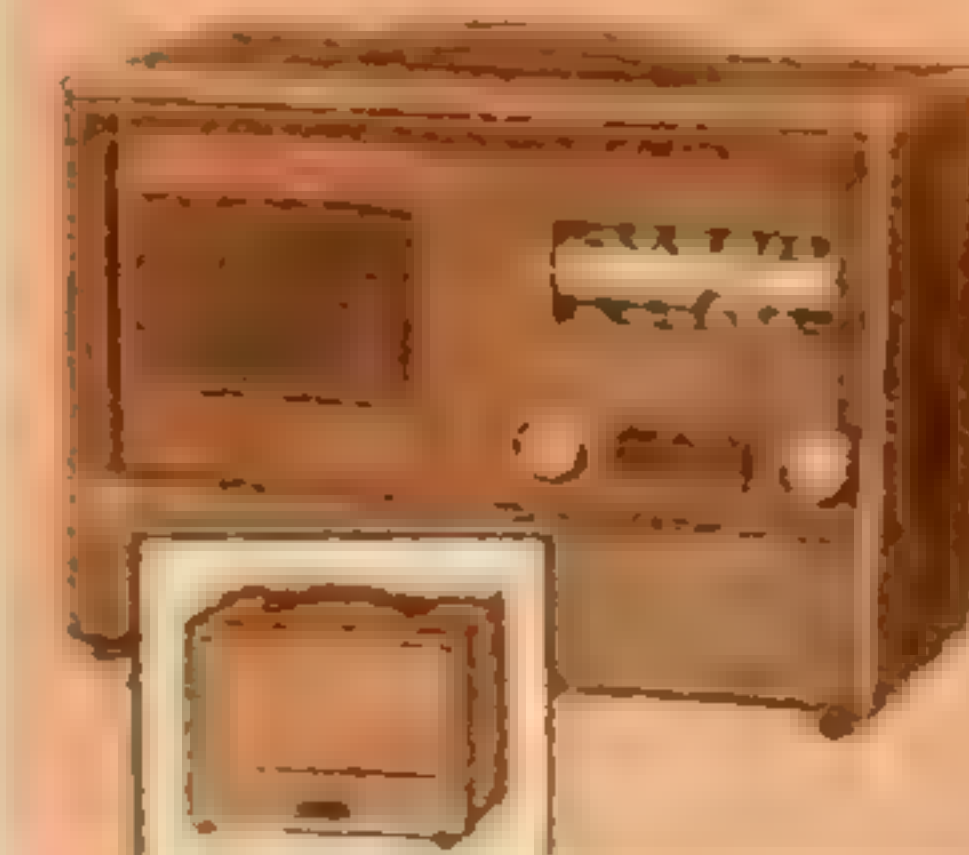
NEW! To Make Christmas Funds Go Farther

Value sensation of a value-packed line! Two wave-band set that gets all standard U. S., foreign, amateurs, aviation. Yet—priced LOWER than many radios that get U.S. broadcasts only.



NEW! Battery, AC, DC, Portable!

New kind of push-button control. Add hours to old-battery life playing with both battery and house current; won't hurt batteries or set! Shown open and closed.



Automatic Record-Player That Tunes In the World!

Want to be the most popular man in your house? Then see your Majestic dealer and arrange for a new 1940 Majestic for Christmas-morning delivery! The glorious-toned console-combination above is just one of the 1940 Majestics that are ready to make this the most perfect Christmas you've had! It plays 10- and 12-inch records intermixed! Self-starting, constant-speed synchronous motor, with automatic stop! No aerial, no ground. 6-tube radio circuit gets all standard U. S. broadcasts, plus foreign, ships, amateurs; has newest Majestic features that are the talk of America. Gorgeous walnut case. See your Majestic dealer now!

Write for illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer to MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORP., 2624 W. 50th St., Chicago. Cable Address, "Majestic, Chicago." Dealers! Write for name of nearest distributor.

Majestic
MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR
TRADE IN YOUR OLD MAJESTIC
ON A NEW MAJESTIC

Miracle Men at Work—to Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 27)

should be straight ahead. Shoulders should be in a normal position, neither hunched up nor thrown too far back. Your chin also should be on the up and up. And both your abdomen and your posterior should be pulled in. (Try pulling in both these sections at once and see what it does for you!) Besides which, walk as if you were glad to be alive. (Burns)

4. There is a proper and pleasant way of sitting, too. And it's easily acquired. Furthermore, if you sit slovenly, you will stand slovenly, and if you stand slovenly, you will walk slovenly. When you are seated, generally speaking, your legs and feet should be brought together. Not in a stiff, tense manner. But casually and easily. When you sit with your knees wide apart—and many women who practically give up their lives to taking an inch off their hips do sit this way—you look ungainly and ludicrous. (Hinsdell)
5. Watch your stride. It should be of a length that is easy and natural for the length of your legs. (Enright)
6. Never enter a room with your eyes down. (Enright)
7. If you'll hold your hands on the back of your hips, it will lead you to a beautiful posture. (Enright)
8. There's no earthly use to put on an act before people. You'll get exactly nowhere in physical grace unless you employ it all the time. And we mean *all the time*, when you're home, and completely alone, too. (Enright)

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK YOUR MANNERISMS

These May Be Little Habits of Which You're Unconscious, But How Do They Affect Others—That's the Question!

Florence Enright, exponent on charm, says: "Everyone is likely to have one nervous mannerism at least. If you don't know what yours is, sit down with someone who loves you enough to tell you the truth."

Do You BLINK?

The blinking habit is as common as poverty—and as disconcerting. For quiet, level eyes give you force and concentration. To correct the blinking habit, in double-quick time, focus your eyes ahead of you. Focus them on the greatest possible distance. Then, quickly, move your eyes to consider the left corner of the room. Bring them forward again. And, quickly, move them to consider the right corner of the room. Then turn your eyes to the front again and close them. Whereupon you'll be ready, after half a minute of relaxation and darkness, to begin from the beginning once more.

FROWNS PAY NO DIVIDENDS And Eyebrows That Keep Lifting Make You Look Supercilious

If you're guilty of either of these habits, and the chances are that you are, practice lifting your eyelids without lifting your eyebrows. Feel that muscle in your eyelid rise. This exercise will enlarge your eyes, too. Honestly! And remember always: *Your eyes themselves are dead things.* It's the expression around



Nina Moise

them—the things the little muscles do there—that suggest the expression of your eyes.

DOES YOUR MOUTH WEAR A BITTEN LOOK?

If your teeth are uneven or discolored, you're likely to seek to hide them—and thus expose them! For if, when you smile, you hold your teeth closed, the result will be a grimace. And a grimace exposes more of your teeth than a smile, always. Whatever your teeth are like, part them when you smile, smile naturally!

DROOPING SHOULDERS

Carry your handbag under your arm on the same side as your drooping shoulder. Or carry it by the strap by the hand opposite your drooping shoulder. Take your choice!

IT'S THE WAY YOU SAY IT Never Underestimate the Power of Your Speaking Voice to Attract or Repel

1. It's sheer stupidity to believe it is an affectation to improve your voice. If, as you work on your voice, anyone presumes to say any such thing to you — LAUGH! For, obviously, any tone you can muster from your throat is natural to you. And that's more than can be said for curls that result from permanent waves, and the flushes that result from rouge. Yet these improvements are all right, they're never damned as affected! Stuff and nonsense! (Enright)
2. Exercise will help to make your voice richer and fuller. A dozen times a day, say "M-m-m-m-y, M-m-m-m-m-my, I'm tired." And always as you do this, bring your voice from the back of your throat to the front. (Enright)
3. Don't keep your teeth close together when you talk, as if you meant to rip your words to shreds. Don't be afraid to drop your chin. It will only go so far. And let those muscles under your ears develop. (Enright)
4. You have to breathe to talk as well as to live. Don't rush your words together breathlessly. Co-ordinate your speaking and your breathing. When you lie down, you simply have to breathe correctly. So lie

down. Inhale and exhale. And keep your hand on your diaphragm to discover exactly where your breath comes from. Then stand up and talk—and discipline your breath to come from the same place, in the same way. The timbre of voice that will result from this effort, in a comparatively short time, will delight you and your listeners. That's a promise! (Moise)

5. Listen carefully to those who do talk well. Listen so you really and truly hear them. Then listen to yourself. And practice lowering or raising the pitch of your voice until you attain tones that are warm and resonant. (Moise)
6. Talk to yourself! Your voice should not be loud. "It's an empty wagon that makes the most noise." And it shouldn't be weak. A weak voice is irritating. It requires that those who listen strain to hear. What it should be is strong. And warm and alive. (Hinsdell)

NOW WE COME TO THE MATTER OF DICTION

1. It's the herd instinct that dooms the majority to poor diction. We have a horror of sounding different from everyone else. Consequently, it's only the exceptions who reach for a clean-cut speech (diction's no more than that)—and shine! (Moise)
2. Get on friendly terms with your final consonants. Don't drop the poor things. Pronounce them! But in doing this, do be careful not to bite at the air. (Dunn)
3. Always tone down on your important words. If your voice rises on them you'll sound shrill; you'll lack color and warmth. For instance: If you're about to say, "The girl hated her brother!" your voice should drop, not rise, on the word "hated." (Enright)
4. It's just as important to know how "can" is pronounced—not to say "kin"—as it is to know that it is spelled "c-a-n." But many more people spell it correctly than pronounce it correctly. (Burns)
5. When you have the least doubt about the proper pronunciation of any word, check on the way it is pronounced by the best commentators on the radio and the most distinguished players on the screen. And go on from there. (Burns)
6. Your diction flaws are far more likely to result from carelessness than anything else. So, while you read



Florence Enright

aloud from a magazine or a newspaper, have a phonograph record made. Read naturally. Don't try to impress yourself. Such recordings cost twenty-five cents and up, depending upon their size and clarity. But even the smallest and fuzziest record is likely to throw you into an agony when it reproduces the slipshod speech into which you've fallen. (Burns)

THOSE TWIN DEVILS . . . Self-Consciousness and an Inferiority Complex

1. Anticipate friendliness. Refuse to harbor minor grudges that cheat you out of far more than they save you, always. For, if you'll do these two things, you'll have an inner ease that will be invaluable. (Hinsdell)
2. Fools burst in anywhere, perfectly sure of themselves. Self-consciousness and all the pain that goes with it are the result of a superior quality . . . sensitivity. So seek others who are having a bad time of it socially because they're sensitive, too. Help them find their way. And forget yourself in the process. (Moise)
3. What is it that plagues you? Something does or you wouldn't have an inferiority complex! Is it because you're tall? Stand up to your height. Be proud of it. Refuse to go around bent over and apologetic. Is it because you're overweight? Be dignified and gracious. Live up to your stature. Is it because you're plain? Dress with distinction. Chic is a godsend to plain women. (Moise)
4. When you entertain, you have no excuse for not being completely at ease. The very fact that people come to see you proves they like you—unless they're bores, in which case they don't count anyway. (Moise)
5. If you have anything you would like to say, speak up. Take courage from the fact that a great silence would envelop the earth if only those with something significant to say talked commandingly. (Moise)
6. Think of what you are saying rather than of yourself. And if you don't understand the international situation let it lay and talk about whatever does interest you. (Dunn)
7. Certain trifling things—like a fine handbag, pretty shoes, a smart hat, perfume, or a session at the beauty parlor—set up different people. Find out what it is that sets you up. And indulge yourself in it. The improvement which the fillip this gives you will work in your personality will be something that cannot be measured in money. (Dunn)
8. When you turn so shy that you can't possibly talk, just listen! Look at those who can talk—and enjoy it—with warmth and attention. They'll think you're wonderful. And likely enough, warmed by their attitude, your shyness will thaw. (Enright)

The moment some people enter a room they prove attractive. . . However, the details which contribute to this indefinable quality aren't indefinable at all; they're most definite. Next month the studios' beauty and charm experts not only enumerate these details—they also tell how, simply and surely, you can make them part and parcel of your behavior.

PHOTOPLAY—JANUARY

Tenth Avenue Girl

(Continued from page 69)

done for him and been to him in the darkest hours of his life, his pride in her as his own discovery wouldn't let him do anything else. If he was disappointed that his own work hadn't been quite at its best, that didn't matter. Alice must have this great chance. His sense of humor was aroused, he saw as he always saw the amusing irony of the fact that he, the great star, hadn't been asked to stay, but that the little kid with his band, who had come along just for the ride, had been offered a contract.

Alice wept and stormed and refused. "I want to go home," she said. "I'd die out here. I don't know anybody. I don't want to be in the movies."

Rudy was stern with her. "This is your chance," he said. "You've got to take it and make good. It may never happen again. You're lucky—it's a great break—you belong in pictures."

"But what will you do without me?" Alice wailed.

"I don't know," Rudy said honestly.

The moment was a deep one. It took both their hearts and wrung them with pain and a strange nostalgia. They looked into each other's eyes, wordless, and knew—knew that there was not and never would be between them that man-and-woman love for which they both hungered.

Too many things had stood in the way—Rudy's passion for Fay Webb, for dark, exotic, strange women—Alice's youth and innocence—his need not of a sweetheart, but of a confidante and comforter—and the deep maternal instinct in Alice Faye that had responded to that.

They loved each other then—and knew it—more than anyone else in the world. But they weren't in love and never had been, and now they knew that they never would be.

Always it must be remembered of Alice Faye that she was a girl at eighteen capable of such unselfish devotion, of such sweet friendship. It takes a big-gauge woman to think and feel like that.

Alice Faye signed the contract and a few days later Mrs. Vallee filed her complaint.

SOMETIMES blonde beauty of the Alice Faye type is a cross. If she hadn't looked just the way she did, she might have been Rudy's best friend and confidante and nobody would have misunderstood. To talk of her today on the 20th Century-Fox lot is to know that she wins from men, the men she works with, a devotion and tenderness that is very rare and fine. Harry Joe Brown, her producer on many pictures, Irving Cummings and Henry King, to whose direction she owes so much, above all Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, love her and would fight for her and regard her as their best friend. Plenty of men in Hollywood have fallen in love with Alice Faye, but that doesn't mean as much in her life as the friendship of the guys who kid her, laugh with her, work with her, and think she's the tops.

The charge had been made and Alice was stunned. Would people—could people—believe a thing like that?

Another blow followed swiftly. Rudy finished the picture and, to escape service on his wife's many charges and complaints, the tying up of all his fortune, and interference with his work, he planned to Needles and caught a train east.

Alice Faye was left alone in Hollywood—to face the bitter injustice, the vitriolic accusations, the new life in a new place she hated.

Not Garbo herself was more lonely,

more lost, more strange to language and customs than the kid from Tenth Avenue and the Broadway night clubs.

"What'll I do?" she said to Hymie Bushel. "What will this do to me? Rudy wants me to stay and succeed in pictures. Maybe they'll break my contract now this has happened. Maybe they won't want me on the air any more. What'll I do?"

"Sit tight," said the wise Hymie. "We'll see you through. We know it isn't true. Take care of yourself, we'll do everything we can."

But Hymie knew that Rudy, too, might be irreparably injured by this scandal, by this linking of his name with Alice Faye's, while he was still married. He knew that public opinion might veer one way or the other and no one would ever know why.

ALICE FAYE probably changed the tide, probably swung it back and saved herself—and possibly Rudy Vallee.

Out of the dark, lonely nights when she cried herself to sleep, out of the cold dawns when she sat in the window and faced the new days, out of the silence from the studio which seemed to imply the worst, the girl from Tenth Avenue came with the only possible answer, the only possible way—and didn't know it herself.

Reality was part of her. Life where life was tough—where kids didn't have enough to eat—where tragedy walked daily. That, perhaps, that great background of which in the end she has always been so proud, gave her reality for herself. Basically, her values were sound and real and big and honest—real American principles. She belonged to the people, to the masses, she had been born among them, grown up among them, played and suffered and laughed with them. In her heart was that natural love of life and belief in God that must exist or people wouldn't go on living.

In her hour of lonely, unhappy, black despair she turned back to the people.

Newspapermen know about these things. They went to see Alice Faye. She saw them all. They found her a girl still in her teens, and she spoke quietly, she spoke directly, and they knew that she was telling the truth.

"I was just somebody's shoulder for Rudy to cry on," she said. "I was just the one he could tell about his wife, and how much he loved her, and how unhappy she made him. That's the truth, and I'm telling it now, and he never loved me and I never loved him—and if people don't believe any more in friendship and in trying to help a pal when he's in trouble—all right, I'm through."

They believed her and in time, perhaps without knowing it, the public believed her—believed in her, at least.

WHEN she became a star and a great and greater one, people in Hollywood couldn't understand about Alice Faye. Why, she was almost as much of a hermit as Garbo herself. She never went to parties, she didn't get into any of the Hollywood cliques.

Had riches and fame spoiled her, had the girl from Tenth Avenue gone Hollywood?

That couldn't be it, because her best friends were her pretty blonde stand-in, Helene Holmes, and her old friend of chorus days, Betty King Scharff, now married to a musical director in pictures.

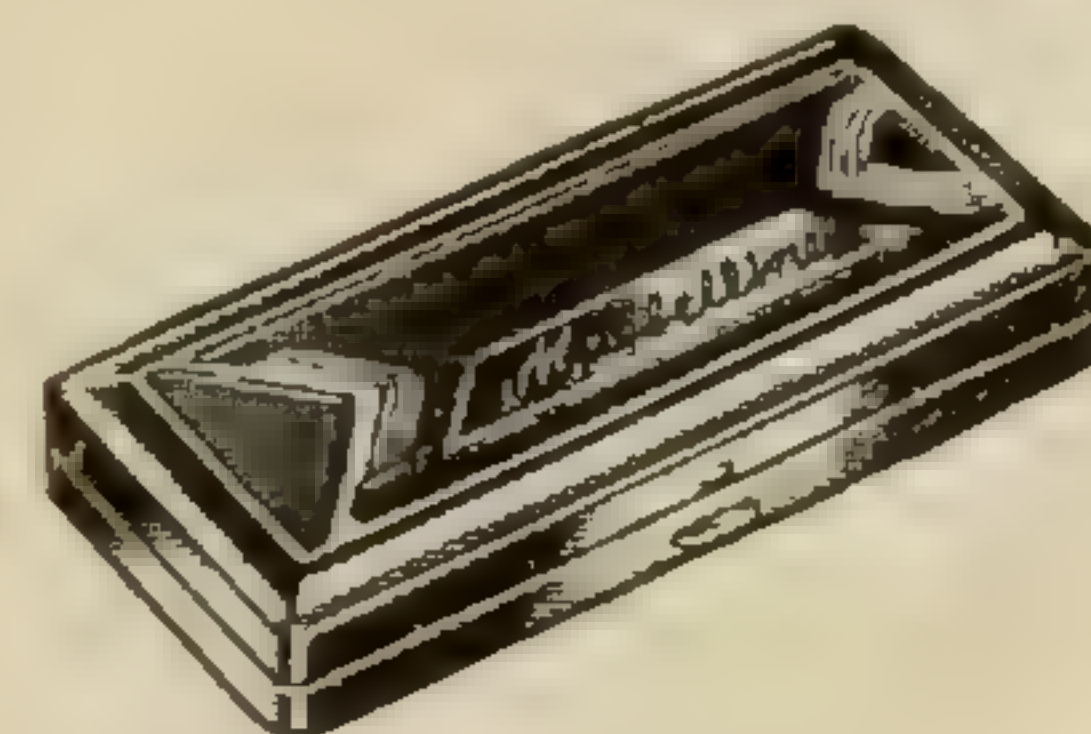
The truth was that those early days, those terrible days, had left their mark.



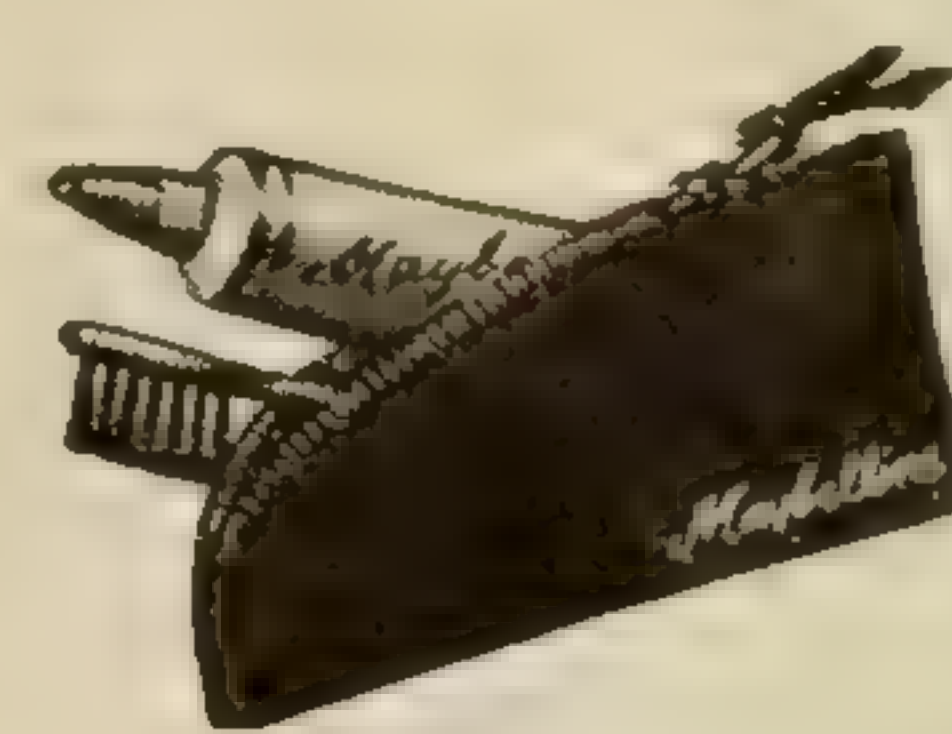
KEY YOUR

Eye Make-Up TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes... expressive eyebrows... soft, shimmering eyelids, and look—there's the stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—*Maybelline*.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zipper case.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE EYES OF FASHION

by
Maybelline

For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!



MAIDEN FORM designs for the "DIMINISHING WAISTLINE"



Waistlines must be accented, to be smart—and Maiden Form accomplishes this new silhouette by proper cut alone, without bulky, uncomfortable laces! Try a "Once-Over" (one-piece foundation) or one of Maiden Form's long-line brassieres combined with a "Curtsy" girdle, for fashionable new shapeliness.

Above: One of many long-line brassieres, "Intimo" gives a smart "dividing line." Shown with "Curtsy" Girdle No. 1301. The "Once-Over" has an "Allo" top, for heavier-than-average breasts. Send for free Style Folder L: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. BRASSIERES and GIRDLES—\$1.00 to \$5.00 "ONCE-OVERS"—\$5.00 to \$10.00

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES "ONCE-OVERS"

COPYRIGHT 1935 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO. INC. "There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Unique for Xmas HUARACHES FROM OLD SANTA FE

ONLY \$2.50
Attractively Boxed
Delivered Immediately

Here's utter comfort for indoor loafing! These Mexican house slipper sandals make ideal gifts for men, women. Hand-woven of same honest steerhide as outdoor type. All sizes for men or women.

TO ORDER
Send shoe size,
if possible outline of foot.

**The
OLD MEXICO
SHOP**
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Alice Faye, they say, has an inferiority complex. But it is more than that. It is the echo of old fear and loneliness, the childhood panic that came to her then, when at eighteen she found herself deserted, in a strange world, with strange work to do, and the ugliest thing life could do to her haunting her. She learned then to stand alone, to find companionship with her brothers and her mother, and to care little for the surface things of life.

The inferiority complex is there—result partly perhaps of Vallee's domination and training, which is never easy for anyone even though it gets great results—but it is more than that.

The girl who married Tony Martin was hungry for love and for tenderness and for care as few women have been, even though she shone on the screen and was the idol of packed theaters and the dream girl of men all over the world.

CAME swiftly the years between. Mad dashes to New York every time she had a moment off. That clause in her contract that, no matter what the shooting schedule was, Alice was always to be released to lock herself in and listen to the Vallee program. Moving her family west—her mother and Dad, her two brothers. Hard and harder work. Plenty of men who took her out, sent her flowers, made love to her. The newspapers were always listing a new suitor for Alice Faye. Lyle Talbot, Ty Power at first, Billie Seymour—a young millionaire whose father objected wildly to the "notorious" Alice Faye—Michael Whalen, Johnny McQuire, Dick Powell—long before his marriage to Joan Blondell—all of them laid siege to the blonde singing star.

Alice went out with them sometimes. In New York, Rudy Vallee said, "Miss Faye is a most charming girl with a great future ahead of her—but she has many boy friends, and I have girl friends, and we are just the best friends in the world but nothing more."

In Hollywood, Alice Faye said, "The romance is ended between Rudy and me simply because it never started. We've been best friends and I hope we will continue to be. I think the world of him and rumor mongers and gossip hounds are not going to succeed in breaking up my friendship with him."

That covered the many emotions, the many months, of their devotion.

Her pictures were more and more successful.

A home now, in Hollywood. Rudy had won a suit with his wife, who was no longer to be allowed to harass Rudy, or his best friend, Alice Faye. Rudy and Hymie had seen to that, they had taken care of her as they promised.

But where in all this was love?

Where was her own man?

She had been so close to it. She had listened to Rudy Vallee's despair and knew how a man might love. When she locked the door now and listened to Rudy sing across 3,000 miles, it no longer tore her heart with loneliness for him—no longer made her want to get on the first plane and be back in the broadcasting studio—but it tore her heart with loneliness for love itself. She was made for love, but she found no one who fitted the picture in her heart.

Sure, she was seen around at night clubs and night spots with this young man and that. Night clubs were her social background, she had sung and danced in them, they were Broadway to her—even 3,000 miles away.

But where was love? In spite of it all, she didn't find it.

Then one day a tall, dark, young man walked onto the set of "Sing, Baby, Sing." He was somehow, instantly, all that she had pictured in her heart since she was a kid—she'd always wanted to

fall in love with a man who was dark and handsome and had big, dark eyes.

Tony Martin.

Alice Faye fell in love at first sight, as madly, as completely, as romantically as a girl well could. So did Tony Martin.

That, perhaps, was and is the trouble. They started in high. They started at the peak. They didn't know each other at all, or anything about each other. And they were two very emotional, very dramatic young people, really in love for the first time.

They will tell you that Alice Faye had been around New York night clubs and knew the score. They will tell you she sang hot numbers for college boys with success that was phenomenal. They will tell you she was Broadway's own child and that she was a chorus girl and danced for her supper.

True enough.

But Tony Martin was the first man she ever loved!

In her chorus girl days, she had been protected by Hymie Bushel, who is so well-known in New York as a gentleman it is better to agree with. Hymie loved Alice as though she were his own daughter, and he took her out and showed her how to behave and believed in her first of all.

In her gay and entrancing teens when she should have been finding out about young love, sitting in the back of cars with college boys and listening to a line, when she should have been engaged half a dozen times, and proposed to by young men about town, she was giving all her young life to Rudy Vallee and his tragic love story. Growing up—learning—being a confidante and comforter instead of somebody's sweetheart.

In Hollywood, she was too lonely and too unhappy to care for the young men who admired her.

So that Tony swept her off her feet completely. All that had been denied her came true suddenly, miraculously—and with much too much emotion.

To be held in Tony's arms was heaven. To find herself loved and loving at last. To hear him sing to her, and her life had always been song. It was a dream come true. Everything else fell away. They quarreled wildly, and Alice had never quarreled with anyone before in all her life—but it was grand and glorious fun to quarrel, to say what you thought, to be free to be yourself.

They were equals. She wasn't a kid singer being taught to sing, being told what to do by an older man or a man who was miserable and had to be humored, or upon whom her future depended.

This was freedom—freedom to quarrel like kids, fight and make up, do lovely, silly, childish things, forget life as a serious affair.

Too much in love they were to be serene, too much in love not to be easily hurt, frightened, jealous, confused.

Sorrow always, with Alice Faye, goes hand in hand with joy, as tears go with laughter in her work and her personality.

THE final blow that drove her into herself was the misunderstanding around her father's death. She took it too seriously—as she takes most things too deeply. He had gone East to prepare for them an old-fashioned home Christmas. They'd all be together in New York again—and maybe it would be a white Christmas. He wasn't used to the cold after California—and pneumonia caught him, he collapsed in a restaurant where he wasn't known and was taken to a hospital.

By the time his name was known, the papers had it. Alice Faye's father was dying in a charity ward of a public New York hospital.

Perhaps, right then, there happened to Alice Faye the thing that really changed her into a great actress—into a real star. For she had to go on working. They didn't realize how ill her father was. Her mother hurried to his bedside, so did her brothers. Alice stayed, dry-eyed, white-lipped, and like a trouser finished the picture.

She never saw him alive again—the girl who loved her family, her father, her home, her town, better than she has ever loved Hollywood and all its glamour.

It meant she was an actress and that the love of the theater Broadway had given her at her cradle was a real thing, a part of her inner being, not just a career, not just a job to be done for fame and money.

THAT is the real story of Alice Faye.

That is why today she is so important, why she will be one of the few of the really great stars in another year.

The first days of a picture are agony for her. She suffers torture, she is afraid, she weeps and trembles. Then she hits her stride and everyone draws a long breath.

From the beginning down there on Tenth Avenue that has been in her. And that, today, is the great truth of her marriage. She loves Tony Martin—but perhaps it is only first love, after all. Perhaps the quarrels and separations that go on are part of a real marriage, but if so, the pattern of the story is all wrong.

Some days Alice wants to be free for her work, or Tony goes away on his own personal appearance tours when she feels she needs him. Some days they quarrel over the thousand things that happen to a man and his wife when she is the big name, the big money-earner, the better-known. Sometimes it may be that Tony Martin isn't able to give her the tenderness and care that she needs when she comes home exhausted, licked, defeated—as such women always must. Men aren't made like that—as the lives of most stars prove.

Other days, Alice loves him so much that she thinks she could give up everything—forget acting, forget the camera, and just be Mrs. Tony Martin, and have the children she longs for, and a home.

There has never been a woman of Alice's type who wasn't torn like that. The end is not yet written.

The end—according to the pattern—would be the inevitable breaking up of that marriage. For Alice, whether she knows it herself or even whether she wants it—will never escape her destiny. Her destiny of the theater, of the work that is more to her than anything else, the heritage of Broadway at its best.

Perhaps she can have them both. Perhaps Tony Martin loves her enough to understand that this thing is bigger than she is.

If he doesn't, the marriage that Alice loves and has tried so hard to keep, to which she gives more of thought and time than most women, cannot survive.

But if it has to be a choice, Alice won't have any choice, whether she thinks so or not.

Some day, I hope to write for you the final chapter—and when that day comes, five years from now maybe, I think my prediction will have come true. There have been, in my estimation, only seventeen great motion-picture stars in all Hollywood's history, though hundreds have been called by that precious title.

My nomination for the eighteenth is Alice Faye—the girl from Tenth Avenue. Nothing—Tony Martin, nor marriage, nor heartbreak, nor her own inferiority complex, nor her own fights with herself—will stand between her and her destiny. Once in a while, it happens like that.

THE END.

A House to Live In

(Continued from page 41)

house, in that it has been created to suit the twin-careered lives of the stars of Warner Brothers' "Four Wives." Note the two dressing rooms off the master bedroom toward the back or "living" side of the house, which faces away from the road. This means Rosemary and Priscilla can get up in the morning and dress without getting in each other's way. Note the den, separated from the living room by a central hall and a passageway. This means each girl can have a private "date," or one girl may retire to read in the den while the other entertains in the living room.

Now no home is worthy of the name unless it takes into consideration the lives of those who inhabit it. Very often, these days, there is more than one working member of a family who must make an early-morning train to the office. For families with two high-pressure workers, a home should be planned, like the Lanes', for simultaneous morning grooming, for evening entertainment for two separate groups. Two bathrooms or two dressing rooms in the bedroom wing of the house, and a den for after-hours' relaxation are important assets.

LAURENCE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles architect who planned the Lane girls' home, has kept this workable plan very simple, unostentatious, homey. If you arrive afoot, you enter the house from the front loggia under that overhanging cedar-shingled roof, which is stained light grey to give the weather-beaten effect of houses on Cape Cod, quite effective in brilliant California sunshine, too. If you drive in, you go up the driveway to the right of the house and walk from the car apron behind the detached garage to the long loggia at the rear, overlooking the garden. There you find a door going down to the rumpus room in the basement, another leading into the same central hall the front loggia entrance gives on, and—if Rosemary or Priscilla wants to go straight to their own room—there's still another door to the small hall between their bedroom and their mother's. Also, a service porch entrance and a kitchen entrance have been provided. These six doorways give easy access to the out-of-doors.

From the inside out, the rooms make the most of their closeness to garden and lawn. The rear loggia is the outdoor living room, with one corner of it, behind the living room and in front of the master bedroom, the special lounging place of the two lovely stars. Note here a squared-off section, labeled "flowers." A brick pier about four feet three inches square, standing three and a half feet high, has been recessed on top with earth placed in the recess and potted plants installed. Thus the garden almost enters the house! Not an expensive detail, and easily imitated in the corner of a terrace in many a home.

This same observance of the relation of the outside to inside is noticeable in the living room, where three windows make a bay and provide light in the wall opposite the fireplace, while the windows at either side of the fireplace are really long French doors, opening on the rear loggia with its garden view. Note the long vista through arches from the living room, through the hall, into the den—giving a feeling of grace and space within the house, too.

The living room is the most formal room of the Lane girls' dream bungalow, but it isn't very formal, at that. Carpeted in rose taupe, with draperies of cream, green and pale rose chintz, the

chairs and sofas are upholstered in lemon yellow or finely-checked brown-and-white whipcord. The built-in cupboards hold a few antique china pieces, including one of Mrs. Lane's mother's old English china plates; they also serve as bookcases. All the incidental bits of furniture are of maple in early American design.

The den is the informal living room of the house. Its walls are paneled in white pine stained a light reddish color, but the beamed ceiling has been painted white, to give more light reflection. The huge natural red brick fireplace, the window seats upholstered in red leather, a large red leather armchair, a dull green carpet and a green-and-white ottoman make this an unusually cheery room. Pay special attention to what looks like an extra built-in seat at the left of the fireplace; it's a wood box holding logs and kindling for the fire.

The powder room, with its black enamel fixtures and flowered wallpaper, its small red-satin stool before a built-in dressing table, is easy to reach from the den or from the living room. From the den, also, the girls can step right into the kitchen without going through the hall or dining room. The kitchen walls are covered with washable fabric wall covering, except the breakfast nook, which is orange and yellow tile; the floor is brown and orange linoleum, laid over rough flooring.

The dining room is actually a smallish room—the Lanes wanted it that way, since they don't go in for large parties—and the wine-colored, silver-flowered wallpaper has kept it snug, as dark backgrounds do. The built-in china cupboards are a decorative note as well as a convenience.

THE bedroom wing of the house is reached from the rear loggia or from the living room. Mrs. Lane's bedroom is used as a combination den and bedroom. It is separated from the girls' quarters by Mrs. Lane's bathroom and by the small hall, which, incidentally, has two closets in it—one for linen and one, cedar-lined, for wool clothes.

The sanctum sanctorum of Rosemary and Priscilla is sufficiently large to make double-living possible. The carpet, as well as the background of the soft plaid wallpaper, is delft blue. The intricately beamed ceiling, the Venetian-blinded and white marquisette-draped windows, the cream-and-rose chintz chairs, all give to the room a lightness suitable to the girls' youth.

Of course, those dressing rooms are their pride and joy. Each has two large enclosed closets, divided into two sections, which are in turn divided again to become drawers in one case, shoe space in the other. Deep hat closets run the length of each dressing room, above the clothes closets. Both dressing rooms open into the bathroom. It's streamlined in wine and delft blue tile, and the towels are wine with the name "Lane" embroidered on them in blue.

With a good-sized maid's room and bath, a servants' porch and the rumpus room below, that's all there is in this home for two stars. How easily its living arrangements could be adapted to the needs of an average family of four—parents and two children—the sort of home about which so many of us dream. The house requires a lot of at least 150 by 75 feet; the Lane lot is 180 by 100. It was built for about \$17,000, including landscaping and a unit gas heating system.

AN Inexpensive GIFT IDEA



SCOLDY LOX
COMB 'N PINS
ONLY **10c**

AN appreciated gift need not cost a lot of money!

Do as other smart girls are doing! Delight your friends with a charming gift that looks much more expensive than its 10¢ cost!

Go to your favorite store today and see the Scoldy Lox Comb 'n' Pins Card ... with a 10¢ professional rat-tail comb in addition to 12 highest quality bob pins. It's just what you and your friends will want to keep your hair beautifully groomed and curled!

Do You Want To "Feel Like A Million Dollars" ALL THE TIME?

Then follow the simple, easy directions Bernarr Macfadden gives you in this new book, *Exercise And Like It*. No longer is exercising a dull, laborious effort. Bernarr Macfadden's book makes it *fun* ... a game with glowing, vibrant health as the prize. Here's a new start for countless men and women who have been living a half-power existence—the same formula that Bernarr Macfadden has applied to his own life and made him the most amazing specimen of dynamic good health of our age.

Regain Your Youthful Vigor

In *Exercise And Like It*, Bernarr Macfadden offers you men a new, simple method for regaining youthful vigor ... a definite plan for increasing your personal efficiency. He places at your disposal a program which takes you out of your depths of despair and makes you vitally alive ... full of zest and enthusiasm. By following his plan you soon become a more attractive person ... a happier person ... a healthier person.

Exercise properly done develops not merely the external appearance of youth, but the internal stimulus of youth as well. Sex rejuvenation by gland treatment has been exaggerated by many writers as the only way to regain sexual youthfulness. Yet, if we would develop the general qualities of physical youth, then these will be reflected in the more specialized qualities of sexual youthfulness.

Become A Human Dynamo

In *Exercise And Like It*, Mr. Macfadden shows you how to reach out and pluck the greatest rewards which life has to offer.

Make no mistake about this book—it is not an exercise drill-book ... not a dry discourse on health. It's alive ... its every page contains priceless information—information which will transform men into dynamos of energy—information which will develop women into lovely, sparkling, beautifully formed creatures.

Practically from the time you begin using *Exercise And Like It*, you will notice immediate improvement. Don't put off the sound, zestful health you should—and can—have any longer. Order your copy of *Exercise And Like It* TODAY. At your booksellers or direct from the publishers.

Only \$1.00

The price of this powerful, new 192-page book, containing over 50 illustrations, is but \$1.00. If not obtainable from your bookseller, send one dollar to address below and book will be sent to you postage prepaid.

**Macfadden Book Co., Inc., Dept. P-12
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

Send me postage prepaid, Bernarr Macfadden's great new book, *Exercise And Like It*. I enclose \$1.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Check here if you wish the book sent C. O. D.—you to pay postal charges upon delivery.

"HOODWINKER"
A Helen Harper
Sweater



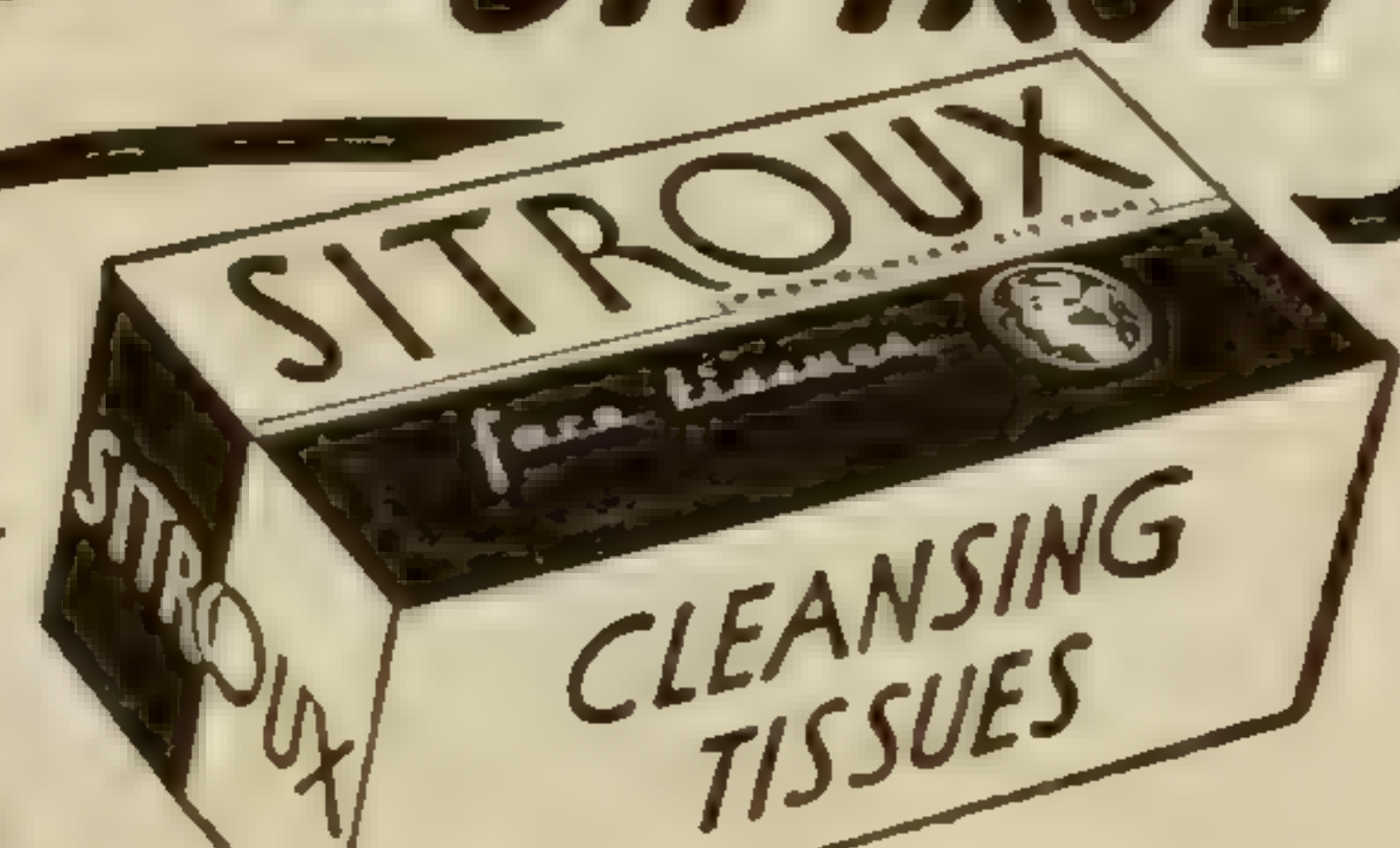
Be capricious as a pixie... pull the wool hood over your head... or drop it back, collar fashion, flaunting its gay lining! Or take it off, it's detachable via three buttons! Gold buttons wink brightly down the front of this cardigan you'll adore... for it's a soft hand-knit, double-rib zephyr! About **350**

As a Christmas Gift
its tops!

FREE... Helen Harper Booklet
on request

BLUME KNITWEAR, Inc., 1372 Broadway, N. Y. C.

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



STRONGER. MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER
DEPARTMENT STORES

for
Discomforts from
COLDS

use
MENTHOLATUM

Link them together
in your mind!

WHEN colds cause sniffing, sneezing, soreness, and stuffiness in the nostrils use Mentholum. It gives quick relief from these discomforts and promotes healing of the irritated membranes in the nostrils. Its vapors also reach deep into the air passages, bringing grateful comfort.

Also rub some Mentholum on your chest and back to improve the local blood circulation. Rub it on your forehead and temples to allay headache and neuralgia due to colds.

The Queen's Office Hours

(Continued from page 17)

The Queen was disappointed. "Man? Which one, for God's sake?"

"Master Willoughby, Madam."

Elizabeth's eyes blazed. "I sent for him, did I not?"

"Madam, you did."

"So he desires speech, does he? I'll beat courtesy into him!"

The usher made an apologetic gesture. "Madam, the fault is mine. He was correct, even humble."

The Queen looked at the paper on her knee and resumed her writing. She could write and talk at the same time. "I'll speak with him."

The usher turned, thinking he was dismissed. "When the Earl of Essex comes, announce him at once."

The usher reversed himself and bowed. Elizabeth raised her head suddenly. "Where is the Tax Collector?"

The usher lifted an eyebrow. "I know not, Madam."

The Queen smiled. "'Sblood, nor I either! Tell the sheriff to wait."

The usher, with his mind on the sheriff, forgot to move till the Queen roused him. "Fetch me Willoughby!"

WILLOUGHBY was ready to be fetched. At the first holding back of the curtains in he strode, a middle-aged adventurer, none too sure of himself but affecting boldness. He was tall and thin-faced and his clothes were splashed with mud. Not for him was the Queen wearing her best gown.

Until the usher retired she stared at Willoughby, making him nervous. He cleared his throat.

"Here I am, Madam, at your service."

"Stand further off." He backed two or three feet away.

"I like not," she said, "the smell of a spy."

He resented her harshness. "Madam, I wouldn't do it if you didn't make me. I have no stomach for this work."

She smiled grimly. "It is better than hanging, is it not? What news?"

"Madam, you will not like it."

She leaned forward, impatient. "Spit it out, man!"

"The Earl of Essex—"

"Go on!"

"The cause of his increasing neglect of you—"

The word "neglect" was unfortunate. "Say that again and you hang!"

The man looked frightened. "Madam, you bade me learn why he avoided your presence."

Elizabeth, controlling herself, spoke quietly. "Where does the Earl—spend his hours?"

"With the household of Sir Francis Walsingham."

"But Walsingham is dead!"

"His daughter isn't. The Earl of Essex is a favored visitor. Very favored. He visits for days at a time."

In the Queen's face there was no change, but she spoke with a peculiar deliberateness. "You mean—he—will marry her?"

"Madam, it is to be hoped. They love each other."

"You lie!"

Again the look of fright came over Willoughby, and he pleaded. "Before God, Madam—"

"She is nothing but a child."

His luck in repartee was atrocious. "Madam, she's only a little younger than the Earl."

For a second the Queen glared at him, then took up the paper on which she had been writing. "You are a thief and should be hanged, but your father was

a gentleman, and the rope is vulgar. I caught you stealing, did I not?"

At that moment the tall man was a sorry figure. "Madam, your mercy is registered in heaven!"

"The sheriff," said the Queen, "had better know it, too. This paper will tell him."

The tall man held out his hands in supplication. "You gave me my life if I proved faithful!"

"If! You're a traitor! For your father's sake I let you earn the ax!"

The man's voice rose. "Madam, I told you the truth! The Earl himself will bear me out—he loves the girl, he spends the time wooing her. For that reason he is absent from court!"

Elizabeth glanced down at the paper. "I have not finished writing. There is space at the bottom for one line."

Before Willoughby could answer the usher announced, "Madam, the Earl of Essex."

The Queen looked at Willoughby with a queer smile. "You swear you have told truth?"

"Let me face him!"

The Queen nodded to the usher. "I will speak with the Earl—shortly."

She waited till the usher had left them. "If you have told truth, Willoughby, I will write here a word to set you free. If you have bungled, you hang. If you have deliberately played the Earl false—"

"Madam, I'll take my oath—"

The Queen raised her hand for silence. "Let him not see you. Behind these curtains"—she motioned over her shoulder—"there is a door. Close it carefully. The corridor brings you to the guard room where the sheriff is waiting. Wait with him."

Crossing behind the table he fumbled a moment with the curtains, then disappeared. She laid the paper on the table, smoothed her gown, made sure her hair was in order; then she waited, very regal in her great chair, till the usher brought Essex in and vanished with practiced speed, having introduced Essex before.

IN silence the Earl dropped on one knee, then came forward to kiss the Queen's hand, and she studied him without a word—a handsome youth, not yet twenty-five, with a slight mustache and a diminutive goatee.

"My Queen!" said he.

"Your neglected Queen," said Elizabeth, using Willoughby's word and putting meaning into it.

Essex thought best to drop on his knees again and gaze at her eyes. "Take back that word, my Queen, more than Queen! Great Lady!"

"How handsome you are!" said Elizabeth quite objectively. "And how young! You may rise."

"At your feet forever!"

"Get up!" said she, and he rose with more dignity and grace than you'd think possible. He even remembered not to dust off his knees.

"We have missed you," said she.

"The business that keeps me from you," said the Earl, "I do badly, having no heart in it."

It was a good start, but she laughed at him, and his temper was ruffled. "Does it amuse you, Madam?"

"Something you once did well," said she, "you now do not at all, having no heart in it. Essex, you have found me out."

"Madam?"

She stood up. "Am I so old?"

The question caught him off his guard, but he rallied. "You are the youngest of us all!"

Nothing he could have said just then would have made her more angry. "Idiot! Imbecile! Look at these hands! This neck! Tell the girls you fly to how wrinkled is this skin! Look at it!"

He was trying to stem the tirade. "Madam, I beg of you—"

But she resumed her chair as abruptly as she had risen from it, and her passionate voice became controlled.

"Is there news from Ireland?"

He was puzzled. "You know better than I, Madam."

"Or from Spain?"

"I have heard nothing."

"WHAT has stopped your ears?" said she, dropping the politeness. "Has your horse strained a tendon? Will not your dog eat?"

"Madam, there is nothing wrong," said Essex, in the tone of one who suffers injury.

"Ah, but there is—very wrong!" Her voice rose. "To defend my kingdom I gathered a bright company, young and tireless, generous and devoted. You and those who came before you were, for a while, what I hoped!"

"Madam, if I have failed you—"

"Robert Dudley, Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh! What men they were!"

"God be praised, Madam, some still are."

"And here am I, their Queen, raised to pride and danger—"

"Madam, you are our destiny."

Her voice weakened, almost trembled. "But I am a woman, always lonely, and now old. No, I am not a woman, I am only a symbol."

He started to speak but she pressed on.

"I wanted affection for myself, someone who in my absence would feel desolate, as I have felt. I wanted love." Her voice sank. "I wanted your love."

The moment was awkward, but he found a formula. "Madam, you have my heart."

She smiled. "Respect for old age. When you forget my need of you, I know what displaces your thought of me—no rival passion, nothing heroic—small matters, distractions too trivial to recall, but pleasant enough, one by one, to fill a young man's day."

"Madam, if I have offended you—"

"I think so only when I am weak. When I am myself, I understand."

It seemed they had come to the end and there was no more to say, but after an awkward pause Essex spoke.

"Have you considered, Madam, by what magic you enchant us? You dispense glory, you teach us the steps to our portion, you become, not in a trick of words but in very fact, our way of life. Madam, you taught me to love."

"Shame on you! Let us be honest," said the Queen, obviously pleased.

"Madam," he insisted, "you taught me to love, to yearn for loveliness, for beauty of conduct, grace of word and deed. I shall meet no other such woman, not in this world. I worship you!"

He said it as though he meant it, and Elizabeth, rising, put her hands on his shoulders.

"No woman like me?"

"None," said he, firmly but not loud.

"Can you forget," said she, "how old I am?"

"Ah, Madam!" said he, not knowing what else to say.

She took her right hand off his shoulder to lay a finger on his lips. "Do not lie. Can we be lovers? Not Queen and courtier, but woman and man?"

"You are my Queen," said he, groping.

Her right hand was back on his shoulder and she had a strong grip on him. "I am the woman who loves you and cannot have you. I am jealous! At moments, for your sake, I am not sane. We should have been happy, had I been poor—and young. Kiss me!"

With that she drew down his lips to hers, then with sad dignity returned to the chair and footstool, and for a moment he was thinking he had got out of it pretty well.

"Now," said she abruptly, "how about this Walsingham girl?"

"I beg your pardon, Madam?"

As he reeled from the blow, she smiled and pressed the assault.

"She is somewhat young, but I dare say she has brains. Her father had. The Walsinghams are homely, for the most part, but nature does provide a few happy accidents, and she may grow to something. I hear you visit her."

"Madam, her father was my friend," said Essex, reddening. "The family receive me."

"How often?" said she, in the tone of a police magistrate.

His patience broke. "Whenever I present myself, Madam. They have not yet shut the door in my face."

"The widow, the girl's mother," said the Queen,—"I hope you pay some attention to her."

"I admire Lady Walsingham," said Essex coldly.

"And her daughter?" prompted Elizabeth.

"And her daughter," he echoed defiantly.

The Queen laughed. "Does she show you her dolls?"

"Madam," said he, letting caution go, "she is a woman, however young, intelligent and charming."

"Have you kissed her yet?"

She enjoyed his silence, knowing that his temper couldn't last much longer. "Surely she expects you to kiss her hand!"

"Her hand, certainly," said he.

"Nothing more? Speak up, man! Don't let me frighten you."

"Madam," said Essex, just a shade too loud, "I have kissed her!"

"No doubt the little fool adores you."

It wasn't a question and Essex saw no cause to answer. Had he been calm, he would have observed that she too was about to lose her temper.

"You visit her frequently?"

"Frequently, Madam."

"Daily?"

"Madam, I keep no record."

"When you visit her—that is, when you have kissed her—do you sometimes forget to go home?"

He bit his lips.

"You are a little cruel."

"Cruel, Madam?"

"She hasn't a chance against you."

He turned on his heel. "This is intolerable, Madam!"

"Come back here," said the Queen. "I was about to remark how easily she too will fall into the net. You do not intend to marry her, do you?"

He faced his tormentor. "I have married her, Madam! Six months ago. She is my wife!"

Elizabeth slumped back on the chair as though visited by apoplexy, but he thought he might as well keep on, having begun.

"I married her, Madam, as I had the right to do. We are of an age suitable to each other, our fortunes are equal, she loves me and I love her. You upbraided me for my absences—I have

been spending my time most villainously at home with my wife."

When he paused she didn't stir, didn't wink an eyelid. He noticed with satisfaction that his voice was getting stronger.

"Not my own home, strictly speaking—I spend my time with her in her father's house. Madam, I was a little afraid of you, like others upon whom your august affection has lighted. Perhaps you would distribute your love less magnificently if there were danger of marrying any of us, but your Queenship protects you. You wish to be flattered. We must speak of your youth, we must call you beautiful—" her eyes snapped,—"and you are beautiful, of course, but fate has set you apart, matchless, and if we in our lowly world would find a mate, would beget children, would build a home, then the Tower for us and your enduring detestation! Madam, I was a coward not to tell you this before. It's a pleasure to tell you now, and you may accept the news as you will."

Elizabeth leaned forward as though to spring at him.

"Coward is too handsome a word! You married and then hid her away! You white-livered lady-killer, with your oiled hair and your thin mustache, product of prayers and culture! The line has run out. The house of Devereux has given birth to a sneak, one who might pick a purse or steal a linen sheet. Have I opened my arms to you? Have I kissed a puppet? Fie on me! I must go wash my face!"

The Earl was not impressed. "Madam, friendship will not bear these insults. Tax not my loyalty too far."

She clenched her fist. "You, loyal? There's a cell waiting in the Tower, intended for another, but you may fill it!"

He bowed. "Your habit is well-known, Madam—jail us if we are human. But I warn you, I shall not be patient."

Her voice rose to a scream. "Shall you not? To whom will you appeal? Do you threaten me?"

Essex looked at her with a certain weariness which bordered on disdain. "Madam, while I live I will be true to my Queen, and I shall love my wife. If my Queen judge me untrue because I

love my wife, I thank God she has no better ground for her unkind opinion."

The dignity of his reply melted her. "There was a time," she said, "when you were true to me."

"I am true now."

"You loved me."

"Ah, Madam," said he, "why pretend that life is other than it is? Will you marry me? Would you if you could? Would you if I still were free?"

Elizabeth raised her handkerchief to her eyes, with a slight snuffle. "Men are weak. I dare say they cannot help it. The opinion of the world overcomes them. Love is not enough, they must have marriage."

An unmistakable grin lighted the Earl's face, but he hid it.

Finishing with the handkerchief, she drew a long breath. "Take your wife to your home, Essex. Be a man."

He knelt again and reached for her hand to kiss it, but she drew back.

"Remember," said she, "you are married. Learn constancy, it is high time."

He seized the hand firmly. "My Queen! My adoration!"

It was a beautiful moment. She leaned over and kissed his forehead.

"We do not deceive ourselves," she said. "We have loved truly. Had the stars permitted, we should have been happy always."

He laid his head on her lap, which is an effective posture when practicable, and for a moment she stroked his soft hair. At last he rose slowly as though obliged, against his will, to keep another appointment. In the same resigned mood she arranged her gown.

"Ah, me!" she sighed.

"Madam," said he, in a sudden challenge, "who told you my secret?"

"That man Willoughby."

The start the Earl gave was obviously sincere. "You don't mean the tall rascal with the thin face? Madam, he's a spy!"

"He is indeed," said she smiling. "I employ him."

Essex stared. "So does the King of Spain!"

This time she did the staring. "Are you certain?"

"Madam, I can prove it. How did he deceive you?"

The curtains behind the Queen's chair shook and bulged, and Willoughby rushed out, making straight for Essex, who drew his sword. The tall thin man, since he was unarmed, turned to the Queen.

"Madam, that's a damnable lie!"

"We were not deceived," said she.

Essex gasped. "Has this fellow heard what we said?"

"Every word, my dear. I expected he would."

"Then he dies!"

"If you please, not on this carpet."

She took the paper from the table and dipped the pen in the inkhorn. "Hold him your prisoner while I write."

With obvious enjoyment she added the final line and signed her name. For one instant Willoughby clasped his hands imploringly, then turned stoical, while she waved the paper in the air to dry.

"Hand him over to the sheriff. This is the warrant. To the Tower!"

The bald-headed usher showed no astonishment at the procession coming out as he came in, Willoughby in front with the Earl's sword tickling his shoulders. The Queen was sucking the end of her right forefinger, to remove an ink stain.

"Madam, the Tax Collector."

"Here at last, is he?" said Elizabeth drying the finger on her handkerchief. "God be thanked! My purse is empty."

Be wise, take Aika-Seltzer

WE'RE HAPPIER EACH TIME WE GIVE, IF WE JUST STOP TO HEED IT.

LIKE AIKA-SELTZER, GIVING BRINGS RELIEF TO THOSE WHO NEED IT.

WHEN UPSET STOMACH, HEADACHE, COLDS, RETARDS OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

WE TAKE AN AIKA-SELTZER, THEN THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR STOPPING.

THE FIRST CLASS OF Defense

in millions of homes for the relief of Headache, Acid Indigestion, Muscular Fatigue, Muscular aches and pains and Cold symptoms.

The next time YOU want relief from these common ailments, take Aika-Seltzer and see how much better it makes you feel.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

AT ALL DRUGSTORES BY THE PACKAGE OR GLASS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SAT. NIGHT... NBC

FOR YOUR WIFE

NEW CANTON KIMONO
(Jinken Silk Crepe)

福寿祥

THESE LOVELY new Kimonos are the most attractive of garments for lounging, etc.—make ideal Christmas gifts. Come in Royal Blue trimmed with Chinese Gold, Black with Red trim, Red & White, Maroon & Gold, Rose & Melon, Green & White. Hand-embroidered in silk floral designs. Belt to match. State size wanted: Large, Medium, Small.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE

\$2.85

Post Paid (Sells regularly for \$5)

SEND NO MONEY

Shipped C.O.D. or send check, currency, stamps or money order on my money-back guarantee.

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
206 Art Center Bldg. San Francisco, Calif.

Write for catalog of Oriental Articles from \$2 to \$50

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. Warren William, William Powell
2. The gold statuette given Academy Award winners
3. George Brent, Ralph Forbes (To Ruth Chatterton)
4. Ann Sothorn
5. Marlene Dietrich
6. "The Old Maid," "The Gorilla"
7. Mickey Rooney
8. Ann Sheridan
9. Errol Flynn
10. Loretta Young
11. Resident club for girls connected with pictures
12. Constance Bennett, Kay Francis
13. Thomas Edison
14. Emil Jannings, Janet Gaynor
15. Wayne Morris, Jane Bryan
16. Paul Muni
17. Seventh
18. Shirley Temple
19. "The Real Glory," "Dust Be My Destiny"
20. "Melancholy Baby," "I'm Just Wild About Harry"

FOR YOU! Hollywood Glamour with Westmore Make-up!



Perc Westmore, Make-up Artist at Warner Bros., and Priscilla Lane, now starring in the Warner Bros. picture, "The Roaring Twenties."

The Westmores, make-up directors and beauty experts of 4 great Hollywood film companies, now offer you the very cosmetics they use to make up Hollywood stars—Westmore Color-filtered Cosmetics, flattering in all lights... no aging gray tones! 25¢ in variety stores. Big economy 50¢ size in drug stores.

Get Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide with Measuring Wheel which enables you to determine your own face type. Tells you exactly how to make up for your type... for more glamour! 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics are sold. If the store near you hasn't it, send 25¢ and your name and address to: The House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. E-12, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



House of **WESTMORE**
HOLLYWOOD

GRAY FADED HAIR

Shampoo and color your hair at the same time at home with French Method "SHAMPO-KOLOR." Any shade, no dried look. Colors hair close to scalp, most lasting. Permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dpt 43-H, 254 W. 31st St. N.Y.



"I WANT YOU"

Work for "Uncle Sam"

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year MEN—WOMEN. Get ready now for 1940 examinations. Write today sure for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to qualify for one.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. T171, Rochester, N. Y.



MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS

Exceptionally Fine Quality
CONTRASTING
COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES

12 Decks \$5.50

Orders shipped same day received

Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE

Send CHECK—MONEY ORDER or STAMPS
American Engraving & Ptg. Co., 1474 B'way, N. Y.

GULBRANSEN CONSOLE Pianos

America's smartest piano fashions

Prices start at \$245... Write for catalog



Superb Tonal Quality

GULBRANSEN CO., 816 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago

★ THE CHALLENGE—Denham Films

THE villain of this melodrama is no Karloff or Laughton, but a mountain, one that hurls rockslides against those foolish mortals who challenge its impregnability. The hero is its superb photography of breath-taking escapes and sudden death among eternal snows in the Alps of the 1860's. Rivalry runs rampant through the plot—the rivalry of an Italian mountaineer and an English artist (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas, ingratiating, persuasive actors, both) to be the first to scale the Matterhorn; the rivalry of three countries (England, Switzerland, Italy) for the same honor; and the aforesaid rivalry of man against mountain. The apparent climax, the successful scaling of the peak, is surprisingly followed by an equally intense drama of man against suspicious mountaineers. Throughout, the action hinges upon mountain climbing and life-and-death struggle. Perhaps not a woman's picture, since women find it hard to understand why men must conquer apparently unimportant things simply because they're still unconquered, but even so they must appreciate the spirit behind such conquest. "The Challenge" shows graphically how such victories are won, and in so doing presents something different, with many departures from the expected. Of the women in the cast, Mary Clare is magnificent as the Italian's grim, bitter mother, and Joan Gardner is pretty and ineffectual as his sweetheart. Fred Groves, as Joan's father, lends effective support, as do the other members of the cast—though you may find the Oxford accents or Cockney whine of mountain villagers a trifle disconcerting at times!

★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

BOY, Fred MacMurray must be the envy of all those college boys who voted Madeleine Carroll to be on a South Sea Island with. Because that's what happens to Fred. You see she's a business woman who is content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes into her ken. Then Sex, à la the Tropics, suddenly intrudes. And very welcome, too. She puts up some resistance, the silly girl, but after all the basic natural laws hold sway. This thing has color and glamour at its best; besides which, production and cast are both terrific. Neither MacMurray nor Miss Carroll has ever done better work. You'll like Helen Broderick and pretty little Carolyn Lee, too.

★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

GOSH, that Jackie Cooper is a good actor! Wait until you see him walk away with the difficult assignment he has in this really amusing picture. He's cast as an adolescent, which indeed Jack is, with all the need for adjustment peculiar to that time of life. Story comes from the play, which was successful, and also from the play comes Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart. James Corner is the rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart offer especially good performances. You will get a lot of laughs out of this.

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

YOU'D expect Warners to take advantage of the news and run up something at this moment about the guys who get the spies. Joel McCrea is the steely-

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

eyed Nemesis of those who snoop around America's secrets. He marries Brenda Marshall, a foreign espionage agent, and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post in the foreign diplomatic service in order to help her hunt down the ringleader of the spy group. George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. The picture is full of thrills, too lengthy in spots, but sufficiently timely to make your hair rise near the roots.

★ THE DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT—RKO-Radio

DESPITE its peculiar title, this is a highly successful comedy, with Joe Penner at his very best. He's a New York cab driver who trains pigeons and loves Betty Grable. His pals send him off to Kentucky to buy a horse and, of course, he gets stuck with a worn-out old nag—which hobbles about at a dismal rate until Betty discovers it likes liquor. What that girl accomplishes with a keg of beer you can hardly believe, but it doesn't matter because you'll be laughing too hard at Joe.

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

HERE'S another morbid but thrill-packed movie, the idea, this time, revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a purchased confession, a chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson. Besides that, you'll see more fire and more oil than you ever imagined. The notion is new, certainly, and production is keyed to a terrific pace. Robinson does good work, as does Gene Lockhart. Bobs Watson has a role.

\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

MARTHA RAYE owns a school again, and this time she has a mouth as big as hers playing opposite her. It was a natural, teaming La Raye with Joe E. Brown. There's no sense whatever to the story, but it's funny: Martha's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, and discovers Joe, descendant of a long line of actors. So she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team, and puts the claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins the big game?

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

THERE is a line, you know, supposed to be drawn between real comedy and that which is merely ridiculous. The Ritz Brothers have done things that in terms of fantasy had great humor, but this is not one. The timing, for obvious reasons, is set during the last World War, and the Ritz Freres, a vaudeville team, are unable to get booking because of their German name. They join the cavalry and are sent to France. There they team up with Jane Withers, discovered in a tavern singing, "Who'll Buy My Flowers?" Her father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. Well, anyway, there is action on the front, with bombers blasting the earth away from under the characters, but leaving them for further antics. Much misunderstanding is worked around the fact that the Ritz Bros. wear German helmets for an act. In any analysis, the whole piece is a reminder to Americans of a hate long past and, furthermore, it is unworthy cinema so far as its purpose of entertainment is concerned. As Queen Victoria once said over a far more impor-

tant matter, "We are not amused." Nor will you be.

RIO—Universal

THIS story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict starts off to its eventual destination of nowhere with fair promise. It's a pity the purpose and end of the film were not more clearly defined in the producer's mind. Victor McLaglen is the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, Robert Cummings the young American she meets and falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. Trouble is, you aren't likely to believe much of what is going on.

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

NEW and old—Richard Greene and Richard Dix—combine talents here, and both very good, too. The idea is that Greene has been raised in England by his mother and his stepfather. Later, through changing circumstances, he meets his real father. The rest of the piece is given over to the emotional adjustment of the two to each other. Gladys George plays the mother, Roland Young, Edward Norris and Russell Gleason help. We forgot to mention that Dix' trouble is that he drinks too much, and that Sonny helps in the regeneration.

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

PICTORIALLY speaking, this French film of royal romance is super-super. Breath-taking are the settings and the Nineteenth Century costumes; and Danielle Darrieux, as the Princess Katia who wins the heart of Czar Alexander II (John Loder) with her capricious ways, is again the lovely-to-look-at creature of "Mayerling" and "The Rage of Paris." The story, however, as it traces the unswerving devotion of the handsome monarch for his mistress who finally becomes his wife, seldom achieves any strong dramatic impact. The characters all seem to move like puppets, propelled by slow-moving wires and performing in a nostalgically beautiful dream world. Too much emphasis has been placed on the wide range of Miss Darrieux's acting talents and on her exquisite beauty to the detriment of the picture's balance. John Loder, a fine actor in his own right, is merely a foil for his leading lady, while the rest of a capable French cast is kept discreetly in the background—with one exception, Marie Helene Daste succeeds in dominating her every scene with her role of the sorrowful Czarina, slowly dying of tuberculosis. If escape is what you want from the grim realities of today, this delicate love-tale of another era is definitely your dish.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER—Roach-U. A.

IT'S a little hard to imagine why Joan Bennett allowed herself to be cast in this. It's a farce turning on the experiences of a rich boy who turns reporter and accidentally uncovers a gangster murder, without knowing how to handle it. Miss Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and arrives home dressed like a movie star although no one seems to think this unusual. Despite the fact she has been a gangland moll, now reformed, she gets the hero. Adolphe

Menjou, John Hubbard and others try pretty hard. There are a few laughs for the unsophisticated.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

YOU may have been tremendously concerned about the fate of the *Five Little Peppers* when you were six, and busy with your kiddy books, but it's all a little hard to consider for adult consumption. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb, Dorothy Peterson and sundry others follow the script dutifully. All the *Little Peppers* are very virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a hard-hearted business man when he is stuck in their house under quarantine. You wouldn't wish such a fate on the worst of your enemies.

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

YOU may be able to work yourself up into a frenzy over this strange and peculiar story of gangsters who attack the United States Marines to steal a bomb, but it's doubtful. No one can deny there's plenty of blasting and noise, but the performers aren't extraordinary and seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. They include Helen Mack, who's very pretty, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer.

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

FOOTBALL time is here and Universal jumps the gun with this mild picture. Charley Grapewin is cast as the ex-football star, now a fading night watch-

man, who is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. The college officials can't find any other alumnus so they spread the news that he's a rich contractor and make a kind of male "Apple Annie" out of him. Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, as usual, and lovely Anita Louise, Charley's niece, falls in love with him.

COAST GUARD—Columbia

THERE'S something awfully reminiscent about the plot of this otherwise entertaining film. Randy Scott plays a cocky pilot in the coast guard whose easygoing friend, Ralph Bellamy, is in love with Frances Dee. But Randy takes her away from his buddy and then rushes off and gets in a situation, so that Bellamy has to go and save him. Walter Connolly is wasted in a small role. Your interest will be held by the action, which is consistently fast, and by the documentary nature of the piece, covering as it does the coast guard phase of national service.

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

THE Little Tough Guys of Universal have merged with the Dead End Kids, snatching Billy Halop and Huntz Hall away from the original group. Robert Armstrong, a telegraph official, thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs; and he does give them jobs (as messenger boys), and the idea does work. There is a warehouse robbery thrown in for good measure, and Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys.

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and Melville Cooper, son and father who live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, oil baron. He uses them to make a grab at oil land owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. Jackie is a serious boy and Freddie isn't, and there you have it. Both do nice jobs. Melville Cooper provides romantic interest, such as it is, with Jackie's mother. There's a good loud climax, and for that matter the whole picture's worth seeing.

THE FIGHT FOR PEACE—Warwick-Monogram

WITHOUT its almost hysterical anti-war propaganda, this medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons, based on an original script by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, could have been an amazing documentary film. As it is, even its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the causes of the First World War up to the eve of the present conflict, is well worth seeing—especially for those sequences which depict the armament race, and the rise to power of such personalities as Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. However, its gruesome revelation of outrages against civilians in both Spain and China become too graphic when they arouse thoughts of the Poland of today, a subject not included in the present treatment. If it succeeds in strengthening a firm resolve to cling to freedom and peace, then it will achieve its avowed purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment.



• The world looks brighter—more friendly—when you're feeling well.

• Take comfort right now in knowing that some of the symptoms commonly credited to weariness, that dragged-out feeling, and even to growing old may be due to causes that you can now remedy. Get enough of Nature's own healthful herbs. Get a package of SWISS KRISS brand Herbal Laxative today—enough for yourself and your family. A trial will convince you.

• SWISS KRISS brand Herbal Laxative with its 14 important ingredients is pleasant and easy to take. Ask for it at health food, drug and department stores.

50c and \$1.00



Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

fidelity. Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent give the top performances of their careers; with Maria Ouspenskaya, H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut and Brenda Joyce following close on their heels. (Nov.)

RANGE WAR—Paramount

Strictly formula, with one exciting change—Hopalong Cassidy rides a new range. Bill Boyd, as Cassidy, buckety-buckets across the prairies to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railroad. Russell Hayden, Britt Wood and Pedro de Cordoba add their bit. (Oct.)

★ REAL GLORY, THE—Goldwyn-U.A.

Another blood-and-thunder epic. Locale: Philippines. Year: 1906. When the Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, use the dreaded cholera as their lethal weapon, Gary Cooper does an excellent job as doctor, soldier, organizer, and still has time for some tender love scenes with Andrea Leeds. David Niven and Broderick Crawford are excellent. (Oct.)

RETURN OF DR. X., THE—Warners

Wow! what a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown in as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter finds actress Lya Lys murdered. She turns up later to sue his paper. Another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound, and no evidence of blood. Then Humphrey, as Dr. Xavier, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo. (Nov.)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—RKO-Radio

In this, the *Saint* (George Sanders) starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. It's all one grand chase. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Sept.)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

Assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee's music; a few laughs. Debts: phony dialogue and situations; no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the *Scarlett O'Hara* search, with Power playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought-after role. Sonja's too few skating numbers are enchanting. (Sept.)

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

Phil Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The blow-off comes when he finds she has used his voice to dub one of her cartoon characters. (Sept.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

Here's the *Higgins* bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. All the fuss is about Pa's job, because there's going to be a merger and Ma messes things up. Marie Wilson is her usual dumb-bunny character. (Oct.)

SPELLBINDER, THE—RKO-Radio

A natural for Lee Tracy. He's a fast-gab lawyer verging on the shady side. Plot: Tracy defends murderer; freed rascal woos and weds Tracy's daughter, Barbara Read; Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles and Allan Lane struggle hard. (Oct.)

★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox

Inspiring and dignified, this story of Henry M. Stanley's safari into darkest Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as *Livingstone*, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (Oct.)

STAR MAKER, THE—Paramount

Bing Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, darn it! It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. This introduces songstress Linda Ware; Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra; Bing sings; Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy. (Nov.)

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

"Marrying daughter off" is cleverly exploited here. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley, expends her energy to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean finds Bob Kellard, but Mama almost ruins the romance. (Nov.)

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where *Tailspin Tommy*, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges and there's a murder. Everyone thinks Tommy did it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. John Trent plays Tommy and Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart. (Sept.)

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

This is intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy

Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley when her parents are killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the small Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Sept.)

★ THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M

Youth scintillates against a college background. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debts, and you know Lew Ayres is a college senior without being told. A crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honky-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's viddy exclusive houseparty. Marsha Hunt makes a fine college widow. (Oct.)

THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

This started out as a short, but the documentary material about Federal prisons was so dramatic, the studio made it into a feature. It's the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early and given regenerative influence in corrective institutions. Something to think about. (Sept.)

★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this picture. When Walter Brennan's music school for underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds solicits Heifetz' influence and saves the day. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The music is grand. (Sept.)

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

Captain Valia Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey, until a Boche sub puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge but his former rival, Chester Morris, is now his superior officer and Beery doesn't take kindly to discipline. So he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the subs. (Nov.)

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

A formula Western—but a good one. A lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants to get the land he wants. But George O'Brien fixes him. Lots of fighting and shooting. (Sept.)

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this romantic finale of the *Torchy Blane* series, when she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins. There's

YARN TREMENDOUS SAVINGS
FREE—Surprise Gift Offer. Free instructions, sample book 1001 colors. Just out. Winter Style. Flash 73 models. Write for our "Something New List." WOOL TRADING CO., Estab. 1920, 361 Grand Street, Dept. X-12, New York City.

MOVIE MAKE-UP KIT

DIRECT TO YOU FROM HOLLYWOOD!
Learn secrets of Make-Up from the Glamour Capital of the World. Add that "professional touch" to your appearances in School Plays, Little Theater, Home Movies, etc. Look better! Photograph better! Enhance your personality and charm in Portraits—especially those sent to Casting Offices for business reasons! Our **Cinéma Make-Up Kit** gives the smooth appearing complexion so typical of Hollywood. This delightful Kit has the identical articles used professionally by your favorite Artists—the five essentials for Screen Make-Up—in generous quantities for repeated use. Beautifully packaged, plastic containers, purest ingredients, detailed instructions. Behind footlights or facing the camera—you will want this wonderful Kit. Special \$1.00 Introductory Offer—Act Now! Don't delay! Send only \$1.00 (\$1.25 outside U.S.A.) today to Dept. 5.

CINÉMAKE-UP STUDIO

6411 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

GENUINE UNDERWOOD

No. 5

1/2 PRICE!

10 DAY TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY!

Buy Your Underwood No. 5 direct from us and save over \$60.00 on the mfrs. original price—on easy terms too—only 10c a day. Greatest rebuilt typewriter bargain ever offered! Think of it! This genuine full-sized Underwood has all standard improvements—keyboard, back spacer, 2 colors, tabulator, etc. Made to sell at \$102.50—yours for only \$38.90 cash (while they last), or buy on easy terms (\$42.90 term price). Mail coupon NOW for 10 day trial!

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 1262

Send Underwood No. 5 (F.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10-days' trial.

If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 a month until I have paid \$42.90 (term price) in full.

For quick shipment give references and occupation

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Stop at
WESTERN AMERICA'S
Largest • Finest HOTEL

VISIT BILTMORE BOWL

RATES
\$4 up
SINGLES
\$6 up
DOUBLES

SUPPER CLUB OF THE STARS

BILTMORE HOTEL
Los Angeles

SPECIAL OFFER
DIENER'S ★
Diamond Ring
and Jewelry Cleaner
\$1 postpaid
Let your rings and jewelry reveal their full brilliance and value. Easy to use, removes dirt and grime in a jiffy. Complete kit in gift box. Order today!

P. G. DIENER, Jeweler
402 Walnut St., Harrisburg, Pa.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." Dept. 57P D. J. Mahler Co., Inc., Providence, R. I.

DR. J. MAHLER

TYPEWRITER Brand NEW!

\$19.95 and up

10-Day Trial—Easy Terms
Guaranteed Brand New latest REMINGTON CADET model only \$19.95 during this sensational sale. Also Royal, Corona and famous Featherweight Portables at real money-saving prices. Also standard full size office models rebuilt and fully guaranteed at ½ saving. SEND FOR BIG FREE CATALOG IN COLORS.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. P-1262, Chicago 20.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name, 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

EXTRA CASH FOR YOUR EXTRA TIME!

It's surprising how far a little effort will go. Just drop us a penny post card with your name and address on it and we'll show you how to pick up some of the spare dollars you've been letting slip through your fingers. You can set up your own business with one of the largest publishing companies without investing a single cent.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd St., New York City

prison stuff, and a chase. Tom Kennedy and Bruce MacFarlane trot along with the story. (Nov.)

UNDER-PUP, THE—Universal

Cinema history is made in this with the discovery of a new singing star in the person of eleven-year-old Gloria Jean. The story is a simple one, that of a poor girl who wins a contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings snoot Gloria—except little Virginia Weidler, but Gloria works out her problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance. See this. (Nov.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

Reminiscent of Shirley Temple's "Little Miss Broadway," this, with Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role of a child in danger of being put in an institution and vaudeville folk rallying round.

Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy. (Oct.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal—RKO-Radio

Bobby Breen's latest has better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana when Ralph Morgan, playing Bobby's father, is killed and Edwin Maxwell, the attorney, tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. (Oct.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Tragedy and trouble stalk Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in this. It all starts when Charles, a famous pianist, drops into the restaurant where Irene is a waitress. It takes a hurricane to show them that they love one another, but love is not for them. Charles can't desert his irrational wife, Barbara O'Neil. You may like this, if you enjoy suffering in charming company. (Oct.)

WOMEN, THE—M-G-M

Clare Boothe's Broadway success is a brutal, uncompromising story of the eternal battle of women for males and money. Norma Shearer is excellent as the devoted mother and wife, and Joan Crawford is in there slugging as the hard-bitten clerk who uses every feminine wile to catch Norma's husband. The fat part fell to Roz Russell and she made capital of it. Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine are grand. Both sexes will have fun at this. (Nov.)

★ WIZARD OF OZ, THE—M-G-M

This superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland is a "must" for children and adults alike. The cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy; Bert Lahr, the Cowardly Lion; Ray Bolger, the Scarecrow; Jack Haley, the Tin Woodman; Billie Burke, the Good Fairy; and Margaret Hamilton, the Wicked Witch; might have been dreamed into being just for this picture. In Technicolor. (Oct.)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BLACKMAIL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by David Hertz and William Ludwig. Story by Endre Bohem and Dorothy Yost. Directed by H. C. Potter. Cast: John R. Ingram, Edward G. Robinson; Helen Ingram, Ruth Hussey; William Ramey, Gene Lockhart; Hank, Bobs Watson; Moose McCarthy, Guinn Williams; Diggs, John Wray; Rawlins, Arthur Hohl; Sarah, Esther Dale.

"CALL A MESSENGER"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Original story by Sally Sandlin and Michele Kraike. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Jimmy Hogan, Billy Halop; "Pig," Huntz Hall; Kirk Graham, Robert Armstrong; Marge Hogan, Mary Carlisle; Frances O'Neill, Anne Nagel; Ed Hogan, Victor Jory; Chuck, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; Baldy, El Brendel; Murph, Hally Chester; Trouble, William Benedict; Yap, David Gorcey; Sailor, Harris Berger.

"CALLING ALL MARINES"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Earl Felton. Original story idea by Harrison Carter. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: Blackie, Donald Barry; Judy, Helen Mack; Snooker, Warren Hymer; Marvin Fox, Robert Kent; Big Joe, Cy Kendall; Murdock, Leon Ames; Colonel Blythe, John Beal; Jack Wilder, Douglas Montgomery; Miss Lu, Gale Sondergaard; Cicily, Nydia Westman; Lawyer Crosby, George Zucco; Hendricks, Willard Robertson; Aunt Susan, Elizabeth Patterson.

"CAT AND THE CANARY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Walter De Leon and Lynn Stirling. Based on the stage play by John Willard. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Cast: Wally Hampton, Bob Hope; Annabelle, Paulette Goddard; Fred Blythe, John Beal; Jack Wilder, Douglas Montgomery; Miss Lu, Gale Sondergaard; Cicily, Nydia Westman; Lawyer Crosby, George Zucco; Hendricks, Willard Robertson; Aunt Susan, Elizabeth Patterson.

"CHALLENGE, THE"—DENHAM FILMS, LTD.—Screen play by Emeric Pressburger. Scenario by Patrick Kirwan and Milton Rosmer. Directed by Milton Rosmer. Cast: Edward Whymper, Robert Douglas; Jean-Antoine Carrel, Luis Trenker; Carrel's Mother, Mary Clare; Fatre, Fred Groves; Felicitas, Joan Gardner; Rev. Charles Hudson, Frank Birch; Lord Francis Douglas, Geoffrey Wardwell; Giordano, Cyril Smith; Hadow, Moran Caplat.

"COAST GUARD"—COLUMBIA.—Original screen play by Richard Maibaum, Albert Duffy and Harry Segall. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast: Diz, Randolph Scott; Ray, Ralph Bellamy; Nancy, Frances Dee; Toby, Walter Connolly; O'Hara, Warren Hymer; Thompson, Edmund MacDonald; Hooker, Stanley Andrews; Bradley, Lloyd Whitlock; Florence, Sara Edwards; Culbert, Harold Minjir.

"DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet and George Jeske. Story by Daniel Fuchs. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: Ernest, Joe Penner; Ina, Betty Grable; Firpo, Richard Lane; Brophy, Tom Kennedy; Colonel, Thurston Hall; Margie, Bernadene Hayes; Patsy, Carol Hughes; Harry, Jack Arnold.

"DISPUTED PASSAGE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Sheridan Gibney. Based on a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: Audrey Hilton, Dorothy Lamour; Dr. "Tubby" Forster, Akim Tamiroff; John Wesley Beaven, John Howard; Anderson, Gordon Jones; Winifred Bane, Judith Barrett; Dr. Cunningham, William Collier, Sr.; Mrs. Cunningham, Elizabeth Risdon.

"ESPIONAGE AGENT"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff, Michael Fessier and Frank Donoghue. From an original story by Robert Henry Buckner. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: Barry Corvell, Joel McCrea; Brenda Ballard, Brenda Marshall; Lowell Warrington, Jeffrey Lynn; Dudley Garrett, George Bancroft; Hamilton Peyton, Stanley Ridges; Dr. Rader, James Stephenson; Walter Forbes, Howard Hickman; Karl Mullen, Martin Kosleck; Mrs. Corvall, Nana Bryant; Paul Strawn, Robert O. Davis; Dr. Helm, Hans von Twardowsky; Decker, Lucien Prival; Secretary of State, Edwin Stanley; Bruce Corvall, Addison Richards; Phineas T. O'Grady, Granville Bates; Mrs. O'Grady, Grace Hayle; Larsch, Egon Brecher; Instructor, Emmet Vogan.

"FAST AND FURIOUS"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Harry Kurnitz. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: Joel Sloane, Franchot Tone; Garda Sloane, Ann Sothern; Lily Cole, Ruth Hussey; Mike Stevens, Lee Bowman; Ted Bentley, Allyn Joslyn; Eric Bartell, John Miljan; Ed Connors, Bernard Nedell; Jerry Lawrence, Mary Beth Hughes; Sam Travers, Cliff Clark; Clancy, James Burke; Captain Joe Burke, Frank Orth; Emmy Lou, Margaret Roach; Miss Brooklyn, Gladys Blake; Chief Miller, Granville Bates.

"FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW"—COLUMBIA.—Based on a novel by Margaret Sidney Lathrop. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: Polly Pepper, Edith Fellows; Mrs. Pepper, Dorothy Peterson; Mr. King, Clarence Kolb; Jasper, Ronald Sinclair; Phronsie, Dorothy Ann Seece; Joey, Tommy Bond; Ben, Charles Peck; Truck Driver, George Lloyd; Martin, Leonard Carey.

"HERE I AM A STRANGER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Milton Sperling and Sam Hellman. Based on a story by Gordon Malherbe Hillman. Directed by Roy Del-Ruth. Cast: David, Richard Greene; Duke Allen, Richard Dix; Simpson Daniels, Brenda Joyce; Professor Daniels, Roland Young; Clara, Gladys George; Lillian Bennett, Katharine Aldridge; Sortwell, Russell Gleason; James K. Paulding, George Zucco; Lester Bennett, Edward Norris; R. J. Bennett, Henry Kolker; Digby, Richard Bond; College Students, Robert Shaw and Robert Kellard; Managing Editor, Charles Wilson; Landlady, Jan Duggan; Landlord, Harry Hayden; Evans, Minor Watson; Professor, John Dilson.

"HERO FOR A DAY"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Harold Buchman. Original story by Matt Taylor. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: Sylvia Higgins, Anita Louise; Brainy, Dick Foran; Frank Higgins, Charley Grapewin; Mr. Dow, Berton Churchill; Mom Higgins, Emma Dunn; Billy Higgins, David Holt; Abbott, Richard Lane; Coach Bronson, Samuel S. Hinds.

"HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes. Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: Molly Adair, Alice Faye; Michael Linnell Connors, Don Ameche; Dave Spingold, J. Edward Bromberg; Nicky Hayden, Alan Curtis; Pete Tinney, Stuart Erwin; Chief of Police, Jed Prouty; Buster Keaton, Himself; Lyle P. Slout, Donald Meek; Englishman, George Givot; Keystone Cops, Eddie Collins, Hank Mann, Heinie Conklin, James Finlayson; Assistant Director, Chick Chandler; Henry Potter, Robert Lowery; Roberts, Russell Hicks; Agent, Ben Welden; Valet, Willie Fung; Filson, Paul Stanton; Mrs. Gaynes, Mary Forbes; Attorney, Joseph Crehan; Clerk, Irving Bacon; Bartender, Ben Turpin; Sheriff, Chester Conklin; Telephone Operator, Marjorie Beebe; Thomas, Frederick Burton; Lee Duncan, Himself; Rin Tin Tin, Jr., Himself; Al Jolson, Himself.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on stories by Grace Sattwell Mason and Katharine Brush. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: Bill Burnett, Fred MacMurray; Gail Allen, Madeleine Carroll; Eric Sinclair, Allan Jones; Lorna Smith, Helen Broderick; Noel Van Ness, Osa Massen; Rosie, Carolyn Lee; Window Washer, Akim Tamiroff.

"HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE"—HAL ROACH-U. A.—Screen play by Rian James and Gordon Douglas. Based on the novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast: Hilda, Joan Bennett; Deakon Maxwell, Adolphe Menjou; Ed O'Malley, William Gargan; Robert Randall, John Hubbard; Benny, George E. Stone; Olga, Peggy Wood; Editor Wilson, Donald Meek; Floyd, Marc Lawrence; Gladys, Lilian Bond; Lefty, Victor Mature; Professor Randall, John Hyams; Mrs. Randall, Leila McIntyre; Veroni, Luis Albern; Mrs. Veroni, Rosina Galli; Gangsters, Tom Dugan and Gene Morgan.

"INTERMEZZO; A LOVE STORY"—SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL-U. A.—Screen play by George O'Neil. From the original scenario "Intermezzo" by Gosta Stevens and Gustav Molander. Directed by Gregory Rattoff. Cast: Holger, Leslie Howard; Anita, Ingrid Bergman; Margit, Edna Best; Thomas, John Halliday; Charles, Cecil Kellaway; Greta, Enid Bennett; Eric, Douglas Scott; Emma, Eleanor Wesselhoft; Marianne, Maria Flynn; Ann Marie, Ann Todd.

"KATIA"—A METROPA FILM.—Screen play by Jean-Jacques Bernard. Scenario by Jacques Compagnez. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Cast: Katia, Danielle Darrieux; Czar Alexander II, John Loder; Prince Dolgoruki, Marcel Simon; Count Schwuloff, Aime Clarioud; The Czarina, Marie Helene Daste; General Polapoff, Marcel Carpentier; Baroness, Therese Dorny; Countess, Marcelle Praince; Trubetskoy, Jacques Ervin; Napoleon III, Georges Fleateau; Mademoiselle Trepeau, Jeanne Prevost; A Parisian Citizen, Aimos.

"KID NIGHTINGALE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Charles Belden and Raymond Schrock. From a story by Lee Katz. Directed by George Amy. Cast: Steve Nelson, John Payne; Judy Craig, Jane Wyman; Skip Davis, Walter Catlett; Mike Jordan, Ed Brophy; Charles Paxton, Charles D. Brown; Fitts, Max Hoffman; Whitey, John Ridgely;

Strangler Columbo, Harry Burns; Rudolfo Terrassi, Harry Burns; Rocky, William Haade; Marge, Helen Troy; Mrs. Reynolds, Winifred Harris; Announcer, Lee Phelps; Trailer, Frankie Van.

"\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Delmar Daves. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: Marlowe Mansfield Booth, Joe E. Brown; Martha Madison, Martha Raye; Henry, Eric Blore; Betty McGlen, Susan Hayward; Bill Anders, John Hartley; Brick Benson, Matt McHugh; Bangs, Sid Saylor; Lorelei, Joyce Mathews; Mr. Hamilton McGlen, Joseph Swickard.

"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Lou Breslow and Owen Francis. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Cast: Collette, Jane Withers; The Ritz Brothers, Themselves; Yvonne, Lynn Bari; Hugo Ludwig, Joseph Schildkraut; Sergeant "Angel Face" Walker, Stanley Fields; Pierre Ferrand, Fritz Leiber; General Von Boech, Lionel Royce; Colonel Giraud, Georges Renavent; Madam Marchand, Adrienne d'Ambriocourt; Adjutant, Leon Ames; Mueller, William Von Brincken; Sentry, Ed Gargan; Kane, Robert Emmett Keane; Colonel Schlager, Henry Victor.

"PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine and Aeneas MacKenzie. Based on the stage play by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Queen Elizabeth, Bette Davis; Earl of Essex, Errol Flynn; Lady Penelope Gray, Olivia de Havilland; Francis Bacon, Donald Crisp; Earl of Tyrone, Alan Hale; Sir Walter Raleigh, Vincent Price; Sir Edward Coke, Leo G. Carroll; Lord Burghley, Henry Stephenson; Sir Robert Cecil, Henry Daniell; Sir Thomas Egerton, James Stephenson; Mistress Margaret Raddiff, Nanette Fabares; Lord Knollys, Ralph Forbes; Lord Mountjoy, Robert Warwick.

"RIO"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Stephen Morehouse Avery, Frank Partos, Edwin Justus Mayer and Aben Kandel. Original story by Jean Negulesco. Directed by John Brahm. Cast: Paul Reynard, Basil Rathbone; Dirk, Victor McLaglen; Irene Reynard, Sigrid Gurie; Bill Gregory, Robert Cummings; Roberto, Leo Carrillo; Mushy, Irving Bacon; The Old Convict, Maurice Moscovitch.

"ROARING TWENTIES, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen. From a story by Mark Hellinger. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: Eddie Barilett, James Cagney; Jean Whelan, Priscilla Lane; George Hally, Humphrey Bogart; Kansas Smith, Gladys George; Lloyd Hart, Jeffrey Lynn; Danny Green, Frank McHugh; Nick Brown, Paul Kelly; The Sergeant, Joe Sawyer; Henderson, Ed Keane; Mrs. Whelan, Elizabeth Risdon; Mrs. Gray, Vera Lewis; Michaels, Joseph Crehan; Ist Detective, Robert Elliott; 2nd Detective, Eddie Chandler; Judge, John Hamilton; Mr. Masters, George Meeker; Bobby Hart, Donnie Kerr.

"RULERS OF THE SEA"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play and story by Talbot Jennings, Frank Cavett and Richard Collins. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: David Gillespie, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Mary Shaw, Margaret Lockwood; John Shaw, Will Fyffe; Captain Oliver, George Bancroft; Donald Fenton, David Torrance; Malcolm Grant, Montague Love; Junius Smith, Vaughan Glaser; Lt. Com. Roberts, Lester Mathews.

"THREE SONS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. From the novel "Sweepings" by Lester Cohen. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: Daniel Paraway, Edward Ellis; Thane Paraway, William Gargan; Gene Paraway, Kent Taylor; Abe Ullman, J. Edward Bromberg; Abigail Paraway, Katherine Alexander; Phoebe Paraway, Virginia Vale; Bert Paraway, Robert Stanton; Freddie Paraway, Dick Hogan; Grimson, Grady Sutton; Mamie, Adele Pearce; Phoebe's Husband, Alexander D'Arcy; Viola, Barbara Pepper.

"TWO BRIGHT BOYS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Val Burton and Edmund L. Hartmann. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: Rory O'Donnell, Jackie Cooper; David Harrington, Freddie Bartholomew; Bill Hallett, Alan Dinehart; Hilary Harrington, Melville Cooper; Kathleen O'Donnell, Dorothy Peterson; Mike Casey, J. M. Kerrigan.

"WHAT A LIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Chas. Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on the play by Clifford Goldsmith. Directed by Theodore Reed. Cast: Henry Aldrich, Jackie Cooper; Barbara Pearson, Betty Field; Mr. Nelson, John Howard; Miss Shea, Janice Logan; Mr. Bradley, Vaughan Glaser; Ferguson, Lionel Stander; Mrs. Aldrich, Hedda Hopper; George Bigelow, James Corner; Miss Wheeler, Dorothy Stickney; Miss Pike, Kathleen Lockhart; Mr. Patterson, Lucien Littlefield; Pinkie Peters, Sidney Miller.

Here's How To REDUCE The Hollywood Way



SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD is the famous beauty expert who astonished the cinema center with her miraculous beauty treatments.



HERE's the great, new Sylvia of Hollywood book that is jammed full of definite, practical suggestions that will enable you to acquire a beautiful, glamorous figure. In *Streamline Your Figure* the author tells you how to take off excess fat safely and surely. There's nothing impossible about it. In fact, it's fun to reduce this modern Hollywood way.

In this grand book, *Streamline Your Figure*, Sylvia of Hollywood goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and tells you simple ways to mold your body into beautiful proportions in double quick time. One of the many reviews lavishly praising Madame Sylvia's book states: "Its excellent photographs, clear directions and careful charts, sensible diets for reducing, make the way to beauty simple for the woman determined to have it."

Fall Fashions Demand Alluring Figures

Again this Fall fashion does the unexpected. Smart, New York shops are featuring the new cigarette-thin silhouette. And here's more fashion notes. Hips should be rounded . . . bosoms high and wasp waists and stem-lined midriffs will be the vogue. This, Miss and Mrs. America, means that Tomboy fashions are out and a new era of lovely figures is here. Now, more than ever before, your figure should be graceful, romantic, alluring.

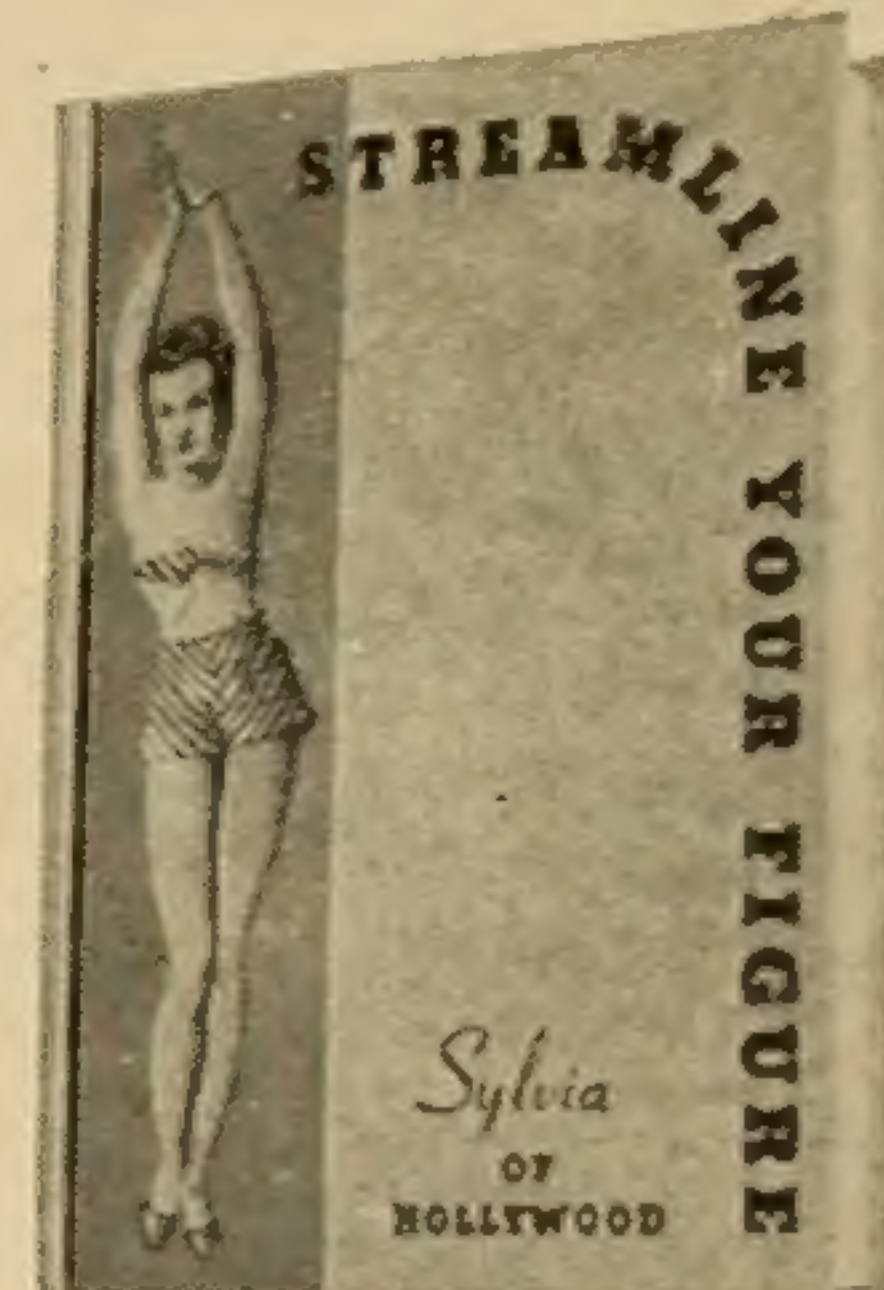
Your favorite Hollywood screen star will be glamorous in her frills and bustles.

Naturally, her figure will be most alluring in these fashionable new gowns. But you need not envy these perfect figures of the Hollywood stars—for you, too, can have a glamorous figure! Yes, you can, by following Sylvia of Hollywood's suggestions as contained in her new book, *Streamline Your Figure*, acquire a lovely Hollywood figure and wear the Fall's latest creations with the utmost of charm.

Madame Sylvia doesn't talk in circles. She starts right out on page one and tells you how you can develop beautiful legs. Then without any fuss or frills she explains how to preserve the loveliness of your breasts. From there on she goes after the bulges in your waistline . . . then she shaves down your hips. But that is not all. In six more

chapters she reveals secrets that cover you with beauty.

Streamline Your Figure contains 32 full page photographs from life. And remember, you can carry out Sylvia's instructions in the privacy of your boudoir without the aid of extra equipment. The price of this great new book is only \$1 at all booksellers. If not obtainable at your book or department store use coupon below.



★ **ONLY \$1.00** ★
AT ALL BOOK STORES OR FROM PUBLISHERS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NEW STYLES DEMAND LEG BEAUTY

Muscle Builders Taboo
Bulgy Calves and Ankles
Make the Legs Appear
Straighter

THE BREASTS . . . Preserve Their Loveliness

Reducing the Bust
Stringy and Saggy Bosoms
Support for the Breasts

SKIM DOWN THE WAISTLINE

A Stomach Must Be Flat

Have Your Baby and Keep
Your Figure
An Eating Program for
Reducing

HIPS, HIPS AWAY

Reduce the Rear of the Hips
Bulges on the Sides of the
Hips

A Word about Girdles

THE CALL TO ARMS

If Your Arms are Thin
Firming the Upper Arm
Developing the Arms

A BEAUTIFUL BACK
Backbone Builds Backbone
Straightening Up
That "Old Woman's
Bump"

DO YOU WANT A LOVELY NECK?

A Neck is a "Tattle Tale"
Trim Off Fat on the Chin
Stringy and Scrawny Necks

PUTTING CURVES ON
THE THIN GIRL
Inability to Gain

Food to Put on Weight
Liquid Health

YOU CAN STREAMLINE YOUR FACE

Types of Faces
For Double Chin
The Perfect Nose

HOW YOUNG DO YOU WANT TO BE?

Women Over Forty
Excess Fat Spells Age
You Can Still Have
Romance

MACFADDEN BOOK CO.,
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Dept. P-12

Send me, postage prepaid, the book *Streamline Your Figure*
by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

"Uncle Sam Helped make tobacco better than ever!"

...and Luckies have bought the 'cream' of the better-than-ever crops!" says Billie L. Branch, a tobacco auctioneer for 21 years.

Suppose you talked with this independent expert about Luckies:

You: "In recent years, you say, tobacco crops have been better than ever?"

Mr. Branch: "Yes, even though crops vary with weather conditions, new U. S. Government methods have worked wonders for farmers."

You: "Do Luckies buy this better kind of tobacco?"

Mr. B: "Yes, and they always have bought the choicer grades. That's why

I've smoked them for 15 years."

You: "What do the other independent experts like you smoke?"

Mr. B: "Among the tobacco men I know, Luckies are by far the favorite!"

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1!**

Ollie Mangum of Rougemont, N. C., proudly shows Mr. Branch his new tobacco seedlings, raised with the help of U. S. Government experts.

Have you
tried a
LUCKY
lately?

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company.